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A ROMAN SINGER.

XXI.

"LET us sit upon the stone and talk," said Hedwig, gently disengaging herself from his arms.

"The hour is advancing and it is damp here, my love. You will be cold," said Nino, protesting against delay as best he could.

"No; and I must talk to you." She sat down, but Nino pulled off his cloak and threw it round her. She motioned him to sit beside her, and raised the edge of the heavy mantle with her hand. "I think it is big enough," said she.

"I think so," returned Nino; and so the pair sat side by side and hand in hand, wrapped in the same garment, deep in the shadow of the rocky doorway. "You got my letter, dearest?" asked Nino, hoping to remind her of his proposal.

"Yes, it reached me safely. Tell me, Nino, have you thought of me in all this time?" she asked, in her turn; and there was the joy of the answer already in the question.

"As the earth longs for the sun, my love, through all the dark night. You have never been out of my thoughts. You know that I went away to find you in Paris, and I went to London, too; and everywhere I sang to you, hoping you might be somewhere in the great audiences. But you never went to Paris

at all. When I got Professor Grandi's letter saying that he had discovered you, I had but one night more to sing, and then I flew to you."

"And now you have found me," said Hedwig, looking lovingly up to him through the shadow.

"Yes, dear one; and I have come but just in time. You are in great trouble now, and I am here to save you from it all. Tell me, what is it all about?"

"Ah, Nino dear, it is very terrible. My father declared I must marry Baron Benoni, or end my days here, in this dismal castle." Nino ground his teeth, and drew her even closer to him, so that her head rested on his shoulder.

"Infamous wretch!" he muttered.

"Hush, Nino," said Hedwig gently; "he is my father."

"Oh, I mean Benoni, of course," exclaimed Nino quickly.

"Yes, dear, of course you do," Hedwig responded. "But my father has changed his mind. He no longer wishes me to marry the Jew."

"Why is that, sweetheart?"

"Because Benoni was very rude to me to-day, and I told my father, who said he should leave the house at once."

"I hope he will kill the hound!" cried Nino, with rising anger. "And I am glad your father has still the decency to protect you from insult."

"My father is very unkind, Nino mio, but he is an officer and a gentleman."

"Oh, I know what that means, — a gentleman! Fie on your gentlemen! Do you love me less, Hedwig, because I am of the people?"

For all answer Hedwig threw her arms round his neck, passionately.

"Tell me, love, would you think better of me if I were noble?"

"Ah, Nino, how most unkind! Oh, no: I love you, and for your sake I love the people, — the strong, brave people, whose man you are."

"God bless you, dear, for that," he answered tenderly. "But say, will your father take you back to Rome, now that he has sent away Beuoni?"

"No, he will not. He swears that I shall stay here until I can forget you." The fair head rested again on his shoulder.

"It appears to me that your most high and noble father has amazingly done perjury in his oath," remarked Nino, resting his hand on her hair, from which the thick black veil that had muffled it had slipped back. "What do you think, love?"

"I do not know," replied Hedwig, in a low voice.

"Why, dear, you have only to close this door behind you, and you may laugh at your prison and your jailer!"

"Oh, I could not, Nino; and besides, I am weak, and cannot walk very far. And we should have to walk very far, you know."

"You, darling? Do you think I would not and could not bear you from here to Rome in these arms?" As he spoke he lifted her bodily from the step.

"Oh!" she cried, half frightened, half thrilled, "how strong you are, Nino!"

"Not I; it is my love. But I have beasts close by, waiting even now; good stout mules, that will think you are only a little silver butterfly that has flit-

ted down from the moon for them to carry."

"Have you done that, dear?" she asked doubtfully, while her heart leaped at the thought. "But my father has horses," she added, on a sudden, in a very anxious voice.

"Never fear, my darling. No horse could scratch a foothold in the place where our mules are as safe as in a meadow. Come, dear heart, let us be going." But Hedwig hung her head, and did not stir. "What is it, Hedwig?" he asked, bending down to her and softly stroking her hair. "Are you afraid of me?"

"No, — oh, no! Not of you, Nino, — never of you!" She pushed her face close against him, very lovingly.

"What then, dear? Everything is ready for us. Why should we wait?"

"Is it quite right, Nino?"

"Ah, yes, love, it is right, — the rightest right that ever was! How can such love as ours be wrong? Have I not to-day implored your father to relent and let us marry? I met him in the road" —

"He told me, dear. It was brave of you. And he frightened me by making me think he had killed you. Oh, I was so frightened, you do not know!"

"Cruel" — Nino checked the rising epithet. "He is your father, dear, and I must not speak my mind. But since he will not let you go, what will you do? Will you cease to love me, at his orders?"

"Oh, Nino, never, never, never!"

"But will you stay here, to die of solitude and slow torture?" He pleaded passionately.

"I — I suppose so, Nino," she said, in a choking sob.

"Now, by Heaven, you shall not!" He clasped her in his arms, raising her suddenly to her feet. Her head fell back upon his shoulder, and he could see her turn pale to the very lips, for his sight was softened to the gloom, and

her eyes shone like stars of fire at him from beneath the half-closed lids. But the faint glory of coming happiness was already on her face, and he knew that the last fight was fought for love's mastery.

"Shall we ever part again, love?" he whispered, close to her. She shook her head, her starry eyes still fastened on his.

"Then come, my own dear one, — come," and he gently drew her with him. He glanced, naturally enough, at the step where they had sat, and something dark caught his eye just above it. Holding her hand in one of his, as though fearful lest she should escape him, he stooped quickly and snatched the thing from the stair with the other. It was Hedwig's little bundle.

"What have you here?" he asked. "Oh, Hedwig, you said you would not come!" he added, half laughing, as he discovered what it was.

"I was not sure that I should like you, Nino," she said, as he again put his arm about her. Hedwig started violently. "What is that?" she exclaimed, in a terrified whisper.

"What, love?"

"The noise! Oh, Nino, there is some one on the staircase, coming down. Quick, — quick! Save me, for love's sake!"

But Nino had heard, too, the clumsy but rapid groping of heavy feet on the stairs above, far up in the winding stone steps, but momentarily coming nearer. Instantly he pushed Hedwig out to the street, tossing the bundle on the ground, withdrew the heavy key, shut the door, and double turned the lock from the outside, removing the key again at once. Nino is a man who acts suddenly and infallibly in great emergencies. He took Hedwig in his arms, and ran with her to where the mules were standing, twenty yards away.

The stout countryman from Subiaco, who had spent some years in breaking

stones out of consideration for the government, as a general confession of the inaccuracy of his views regarding foreigners, was by no means astonished when he saw Nino appear with a woman in his arms. Together they seated her on one of the mules, and ran beside her, for there was no time for Nino to mount. They had to pass the door, and through all its oaken thickness they could hear the curses and imprecations of some one inside, and the wood and iron shook with repeated blows and kicks. The quick-witted muleteer saw the bundle lying where Nino had tossed it, and he picked it up as he ran.

Both Nino and Hedwig recognized Benoni's voice, but neither spoke as they hurried up the street into the bright moonlight, she riding and Nino running as he led the other beast at a sharp trot. In five minutes they were out of the little town, and Nino, looking back, could see that the broad white way behind them was clear of all pursuers. Then he himself mounted, and the countryman trotted by his side.

Nino brought his mule close to Hedwig's. She was an accomplished horsewoman, and had no difficulty in accommodating herself to the rough country saddle. Their hands met, and the mules, long accustomed to each other's company, moved so evenly that the gentle bond was not broken. But although Hedwig's fingers twined lovingly with his, and she often turned and looked at him from beneath her hanging veil, she was silent for a long time. Nino respected her mood, half guessing what she felt, and no sound was heard save an occasional grunt from the countryman as he urged the beasts, and the regular clatter of the hoofs on the stony road.

To tell the truth, Nino was overwhelmed with anxiety; for his quick wits had told him that Benoni, infuriated by the check he had received, would lose no time in remounting the stairs, sad-

dling a horse, and following them. If only they could reach the steeper part of the ravine, they could bid defiance to any horse that ever galloped, for Benoni must inevitably come to grief if he attempted a pursuit into the desolate Serra. He saw that Hedwig had not apprehended the danger, when once the baron was stopped by the door, conceiving in her heart the impression that he was a prisoner in his own trap. Nevertheless, they urged the beasts onward hotly, if one may use the word of the long, heavy trot of a mountain mule. The sturdy countryman never paused or gasped for breath, keeping pace in a steady, determined fashion.

But they need not have been disturbed, for Hedwig's guess was nearer the truth than Nino's reasoning. They knew it later, when Temistocle found them in Rome, and I may as well tell you how it happened. When he reached the head of the staircase, he took the key from the one side to the other, locked the door, as agreed, and sat down to wait for Hedwig's rap. He indeed suspected that it would never come, for he had only pretended not to see the mules; but the prospect of further bribes made him anxious not to lose sight of his mistress, and certainly not to disobey her, in case she really returned. The staircase opened into the foot of the tower, a broad stone chamber, with unglazed windows.

Temistocle sat himself down to wait on an old bench that had been put there, and the light of the full moon made the place as bright as day. Now the lock on the door was rusty, like the one below, and creaked loudly every time it was turned. But Temistocle fancied it would not be heard in the great building, and felt quite safe. Sitting there, he nodded and fell asleep, tired with the watching.

Benoni had probably passed a fiery half hour with the count. But I have no means of knowing what was said on

either side; at all events, he was in the castle still, and, what is more, he was awake. When Hedwig opened the upper door and closed it behind her, the sound was distinctly audible to his quick ears, and he probably listened and speculated, and finally yielded to his curiosity.

However that may have been, he found Temistocle asleep in the tower basement, saw the key in the lock, guessed whence the noise had come, and turned it. The movement woke Temistocle, who started to his feet, and recognized the tall figure of the baron just entering the door. Too much confused for reflection, he called aloud, and the baron disappeared down the stairs. Temistocle listened at the top, heard distinctly the shutting and locking of the lower door, and a moment afterwards Benoni's voice, swearing in every language at once, came echoing up.

"They have escaped," said Temistocle to himself. "If I am not mistaken, I had better do the same." With that he locked the upper door, put the key in his pocket, and departed on tiptoe. Having his hat and his overcoat with him, and his money in his pocket, he determined to leave the baron shut up in the staircase. He softly left the castle by the front gate, of which he knew the tricks, and he was not heard of for several weeks afterwards. As for Benoni, he was completely caught, and probably spent the remainder of the night in trying to wake the inmates of the building. So you see that Nino need not have been so much disturbed, after all.

While these things were happening Nino and Hedwig got fairly away, and no one but a mountaineer of the district could possibly have overtaken them. Just as they reached the place where the valley suddenly narrows to a gorge, the countryman spoke. It was the first word that had been uttered by any of the party in an hour, so great had been their haste and anxiety.

"I see a man with a beast," he said, shortly.

"So do I," answered Nino. "I expect to meet a friend here." Then he turned to Hedwig. "Dear one," he said, "we are to have a companion now, who says he is a very proper person."

"A companion?" repeated Hedwig, anxiously.

"Yes. We are to have the society of no less a person than the Professor Cornelio Grandi, of the University of Rome. He will go with us, and be a witness."

"Yes," said Hedwig, expecting more, "a witness" —

"A witness of our marriage, dear lady; I trust to-morrow, — or to-day, since midnight is past." He leaned far over his saddle-bow, as the mules clambered up the rough place. Her hand went out to him, and he took it. They were so near that I could see them. He dropped the reins and bared his head, and so, riding, he bent himself still further, and pressed his lips upon her hand; and that was all the marriage contract that was sealed between them. But it was enough.

There I sat, upon a stone in the moonlight, just below the trees, waiting for them. And there I had been for two mortal hours and more, left to meditate upon the follies of professors in general and of myself in particular. I was beginning to wonder whether Nino would come at all, and I can tell you I was glad to see the little caravan. Ugh! it is an ugly place to be alone in!

They rode up, and I went forward to meet them.

"Nino mio," said I, "you have made me pass a terrible time here. Thank Heaven, you are come; and the contessina, too! Your most humble servant, signorina." I bowed low and Hedwig bent a little forward, but the moon was just behind her, and I could not see her face.

"I did not think we should meet so

soon, Signor Grandi. But I am very glad." There was a sweet shyness in the little speech that touched me. I am sure she was afraid that it was not yet quite right, or at least that there should be some other lady in the party.

"Courage, Messer Cornelio," said Nino. "Mount your donkey, and let us be on our way."

"Is not the contessina tired?" I inquired. "You might surely rest a little here."

"Caro mio," answered Nino, "we must be safe at the top of the pass before we rest. We were so unfortunate as to wake his excellency the Baron Benoni out of some sweet dream or other, and perhaps he is not far behind us."

An encounter with the furious Jew was not precisely attractive to me, and I was on my donkey before you could count a score. I suggested to Nino that it would be wiser if the countryman led the way through the woods, and I followed him. Then the contessina would be behind me, and Nino would bring up the rear. It occurred to me that the mules might outstrip my donkey, if I went last, and so I might be left to face the attack, if any came; whereas, if I were in front, the others could not go any faster than I.

XXII.

The gorge rises steep and precipitous between the lofty mountains on both sides, and it is fortunate that we had some light from the moon, which was still high at two o'clock, being at the full.

It is a ghastly place enough. In the days of the Papal States the Serra di Sant' Antonio, as it is called, was the shortest passage to the kingdom of Naples, and the frontier line ran across its summit. To pass from one dominion to the other it would be necessary to go

out of the way some forty or fifty miles, perhaps, unless one took this route ; and the natural consequence was that outlaws, smugglers, political fugitives, and all such manner of men found it a great convenience. Soldiers were stationed in Fillettino and on the other side, to check illicit traffic and brigandage, and many were the fights that were fought among these giant beeches.

The trees are of primeval dimensions, for no one has yet been enterprising enough to attempt to fell the timber. The gorge is so steep, and in many places so abruptly precipitous, that the logs could never be removed ; and so they have grown undisturbed for hundreds of years, rotting and falling away as they stand. The beech is a lordly tree, with its great smooth trunk and its spreading branches, and though it never reaches the size of the chestnut, it is far more beautiful and long-lived.

Here and there, at every hundred yards or so, it seemed to me, the countryman would touch his hat and cross himself as he clambered up the rocky path, and then I did likewise ; for there was always some rude cross or rough attempt at the inscription of a name at such spots, which marked where a man had met his untimely end. Sometimes the moonbeams struggled through the branches, still bare of leaves, and fell on a few bold initials and a date ; and sometimes we came to a broad ledge where no trees were, but only a couple of black sticks tied at right angles for a cross. It was a dismal place, and the owls hooted at us.

Besides, it grew intensely cold towards morning, so that the countryman wanted to stop and make a fire to warm ourselves. Though it was the end of March, the ground was frozen as hard as any stone wherever it was free from rocks. But Nino dismounted, and insisted upon wrapping his cloak about Hedwig ; and then he walked, for fear of catching cold, and the countryman

mounted his mule and clambered away in front. In this way Hedwig and Nino lagged behind, conversing in low tones that sounded very soft ; and when I looked round, I could see how he held his hand on her saddle and supported her in the rough places. Poor child, who would have thought she could bear such terrible work ! But she had the blood of a soldierly old race in her veins, and would have struggled on silently till she died.

I think it would be useless to describe every stone on the desolate journey, but when the morning dawned we were at the top, and we found the descent much easier. The rosy streaks came first, quite suddenly, and in a few minutes the sun was up, and the eventful night was past. I was never so glad to get rid of a night in my life. It is fortunate that I am so thin and light, for I could never have reached the highroad alive had I been as fat as De Pretis is ; and certainly the little donkey would have died by the way. He was quite as thin when I sold him again as when I bought him, a fortnight before, in spite of the bread I had given him.

Hedwig drew her veil close about her face as the daylight broke, for she would not let Nino see how pale and tired she was. But when at last we were in the broad, fertile valley which marks the beginning of the old kingdom of Naples, we reached a village where there was an inn, and Nino turned every one out of the best room with a high hand, and had a couch of some sort spread for Hedwig. He himself walked up and down outside the door for five whole hours, lest she should be disturbed in her sleep. As for me, I lay on a bench, rolled in my cloak, and slept as I have not slept since I was twenty.

Nino knew that the danger of pursuit was past now, and that the first thing necessary was to give Hedwig rest ; for she was so tired that she could not eat, though there were very good eggs to be

had, of which I ate three, and drank some wine, which does not compare to that on the Roman side.

The sturdy man from Subiaco seemed like iron, for he ate sparingly and drank less, and went out into the village to secure a conveyance and to inquire the nearest way to Ceprano.

But when, as I have said, Nino had guarded Hedwig's door for five hours he woke me from my sleep, and by that time it was about two in the afternoon.

"Hi, Messer Cornelio! wake up!" he cried, pulling my arm. And I rubbed my eyes.

"What do you want, Nino?" I inquired.

"I want to be married immediately," he replied, still pulling at my elbow.

"Well, pumpkin-head," I said angrily, "marry, then, in Heaven's name, and let me sleep! I do not want to marry anybody."

"But I do," retorted Nino, sitting down on the bench and laying a hand on my shoulder. He could still see Hedwig's door from where he sat.

"In this place?" I asked. "Are you serious?"

"Perfectly. This is a town of some size, and there must be a mayor here who marries people when they take the fancy."

"Diavolo! I suppose so," I assented.

"A sindaco, — there must be one, surely."

"Very well, go and find him, good-for-nothing!" I exclaimed.

"But I cannot go away and leave that door until she wakes," he objected. "Dear Messer Cornelio, you have done so much for me, and are so kind, — will you not go out and find the sindaco, and bring him here to marry us?"

"Nino," I said, gravely, "the ass is a patient beast, and very intelligent, but there is a limit to his capabilities. So long as it is merely a question of doing things you cannot do, very well. But

if it comes to this, that I must find not only the bride, but also the mayor and the priest, I say, with good Pius IX., — rest his soul, — non possumus." Nino laughed. He could afford to laugh now.

"Messer Cornelio, a child could tell you have been asleep. I never heard such a string of disconnected sentences in my life. Come, be kind, and get me a mayor that I may be married."

"I tell you I will not," I cried stubbornly. "Go yourself."

"But I cannot leave the door. If anything should happen to her" —

"Macchè! What should happen to her, pray? I will put my bench across the door, and sit there till you come back."

"I am not quite sure" — he began.

"Idiot!" I exclaimed.

"Well, let us see how it looks." And with that he ousted me from my bench, and carried it, walking on tiptoe, to the entrance of Hedwig's room. Then he placed it across the door. "Now sit down," he said authoritatively, but in a whisper; and I took my place in the middle of the long seat. He stood back and looked at me with an artistic squint.

"You look so proper," he said, "that I am sure nobody will think of trying the door while you sit there. Will you remain till I come back?"

"Like Saint Peter in his chair," I whispered, for I wanted to get rid of him.

"Well, then, I must risk whatever may happen, and leave you here." So he went away. Now I ask you if this was not a ridiculous position. But I had discovered, in the course of my fortnight's wanderings, that I was really something of a philosopher in practice, and I am proud to say that on this occasion I smoked in absolute indifference to the absurdity of the thing. People came and stood at a distance in the passage, and eyed me curiously. But they knew I belonged to the party of foreigners, and doubtless they supposed it

was the custom of my country to guard doors in that way.

An hour passed, and I heard Hedwig stirring in the room. After a time she came close to the door and put her hand on the lock, so that it began to rattle; but she hesitated, and went away again. I once more heard her moving about. Then I heard her open the window, and at last she came boldly and opened the door, which turned inward. I sat like a rock, not knowing whether Nino would like me to turn round and look.

"Signor Grandi!" she cried at last in laughing tones.

"Yes, signorina!" I replied respectfully, without moving. She hesitated.

"What are you doing in that strange position?" she asked.

"I am mounting guard," I answered. "I promised Nino that I would sit here till he came back." She fairly laughed now, and it was the most airy, silvery laugh in the world.

"But why do you not look at me?"

"I am not sure that Nino would let me," said I. "I promised not to move, and I will keep my promise."

"Will you let me out?" she asked, struggling with her merriment.

"By no means," I answered; "any more than I would let anybody in."

"Then we must make the best of it," said she. "But I will bring a chair and sit down, while you tell me the news."

"Will you assume all responsibility toward Nino, signorina, if I turn so that I can see you?" I asked, as she sat down.

"I will say that I positively ordered you to do so," she answered, gayly. "Now look, and tell me where Signor Cardegna is gone."

I looked indeed, and it was long before I looked away. The rest, the freedom, and the happiness had done their work quickly, in spite of all the dreadful anxiety and fatigue. The fresh, transparent color was in her cheeks, and

her blue eyes were clear and bright. The statue had been through the fire, and was made a living thing, beautiful, and breathing, and real.

"Tell me," she said, the light dancing in her eyes, "where is he gone?"

"He is gone to find the mayor of this imposing capital," I replied. Hedwig suddenly blushed, and turned her glistening eyes away. She was beautiful so.

"Are you very tired, signorina? I ought not to ask the question, for you look as though you had never been tired in your life."

There is no saying what foolish speeches I might have made had not Nino returned. He was radiant, and I anticipated that he must have succeeded in his errand.

"Ha! Messer Cornelio, is this the way you keep watch?" he cried.

"I found him here," said Hedwig shyly, "and he would not even glance at me until I positively insisted upon it." Nino laughed, as he would have laughed at most things in that moment, for sheer superfluity of happiness.

"Signorina," he said, "would it be agreeable to you to walk for a few minutes after your sleep? The weather is wonderfully fine, and I am sure you owe it to the world to show the roses which rest has given you."

Hedwig blushed softly, and I rose and went away, conceiving that I had kept watch long enough. But Nino called after me, as he moved the bench from the door.

"Messer Cornelio, will you not come with us? Surely you need a walk very much, and we can ill spare your company. My lady, let me offer you my arm."

In this manner we left the inn, a wedding procession which could not have been much smaller, and the singing of an old woman, who sat with her distaff in front of her house, was the wedding march. Nino seemed in no great haste, I thought, and I let them walk as they

would, while I kept soberly in the middle of the road, a little way behind.

It was not far that we had to go, however, and soon we came to a large brick house, with an uncommonly small door, over which hung a wooden shield with the arms of Italy brightly painted in green and red and white.

Nino and Hedwig entered arm in arm, and I slunk guiltily in after them. Hedwig had drawn her veil, which was the only head-dress she had, close about her face.

In a quarter of an hour the little ceremony was over, and the registers were signed by us all. Nino also got a stamped certificate, which he put very carefully in his pocket-book. I never knew what it cost Nino to overcome the scruples of the sindaco about marrying a strange couple from Rome in that outlandish place, where the peasants stared at us as though we had been the most unnatural curiosities, and even the pigs in the street jogged sullenly out of our way, as though not recognizing that we were human.

At all events, the thing was done, and Hedwig von Lira became for the rest of her life Edvigia Cardegna. And I felt very guilty. The pair went down the steps of the house together in front of me, and stopped as they reached the street; forgetting my presence, I presume. They had not forgotten me so long as I was needed to be of use to them; but I must not complain.

"We can face the world together now, my dear lady," said Nino, as he drew her little hand through his arm. She looked up at him, and I could see her side face. I shall never forget the expression. There was in it something I really never saw before, which made me feel as though I were in church; and I knew then that there was no wrong in helping such love as that to its fulfillment.

By the activity of the man from Subiaco, a curious conveyance was ready

for us, being something between a gig and a cart, and a couple of strong horses were hired for the long drive. The countryman, who had grown rich in the last three days, offered to buy the thin little ass which had carried me so far and so well. He observed that he was blind of one eye, which I had never found out, and I do not believe it was true. The way he showed it was by snapping his fingers close to the eye in question. The donkey winked, and the countryman said that if the eye were good the beast would see that the noise was made by the fingers, and would not be frightened, and would therefore not wink.

"You see," said he, "he thinks it is a whip cracking, and so he is afraid."

"Do donkeys always wink when they are frightened?" I inquired. "It is very interesting."

"Yes," said the countryman, "they mostly do." At all events, I was obliged to take the man's own price, which was little enough,—not a third of what I had given.

The roads were good, and the long and the short of the matter, without any more details, is that we reached Rome very early the next morning, having caught the night train from Naples. Hedwig slept most of the time in the carriage and all the time in the train, while Nino, who seemed never to tire or to need sleep, sat watching her with wide, happy eyes. But perhaps he slept a little, too, for I did, and I cannot answer for his wakefulness through every minute of the night.

Once I asked him what he intended to do in Rome.

"We will go to the hotel Costanzi," he answered, "which is a foreigners' resort. And if she is rested enough we will come down to you, and see what we can do about being married properly in church by the old curato."

"The marriage by the sindaco is perfectly legal," I remarked.

"It is a legal contract, but it is not a marriage that pleases me," he said gravely.

"But, caro mio, without offense, your bride is a Protestant, a Lutheran; not to mince matters, a heretic. They will make objections."

"She is an angel," said Nino, with great conviction.

"But the angels neither marry nor are given in marriage," I objected, arguing the point to pass the time.

"What do you make of it, then, Messer Cornelio?" he asked, with a smile.

"Why, as a heretic she ought to burn, and as an angel she ought not to marry."

"It is better to marry than to burn," retorted Nino triumphantly.

"Diavolo! Have you had Saint Paul for a tutor?" I asked, for I knew the quotation, being fond of Greek.

"I heard a preacher cite it once at the Gesù, and I thought it a good saying."

Early in the morning we rolled into the great station of Rome, and took an affectionate leave of each other, with the promise that Hedwig and Nino would visit me in the course of the day. I saw them into a carriage, with Nino's small portmanteau and Hedwig's bundle, and then mounted a modest omnibus that runs from the Termini to St. Peter's, and goes very near my house.

All the bells were ringing gladly, as if to welcome us, for it was Easter morning; and though it is not so kept as it used to be, it is nevertheless a great feast. Besides, the spring was at hand, and the acacia-trees in the great square were budding, though everything was still so backward in the hills. April was at hand, which the foreigners think is our best month; but I prefer June and July, when the weather is warm, and the music plays in the Piazza Colonna of an evening. For all that, April is a glad time, after the disagreeable winter.

There was with me much peace on that Easter day, for I felt that my dear boy

was safe after all his troubles. At least, he was safe from anything that could be done to part him from Hedwig; for the civil laws are binding, and Hedwig was of the age when a young woman is legally free to marry whom she pleases. Of course old Lira might still make himself disagreeable, but I fancied him too much a man of the world to desire a scandal, when no good could follow. The one shadow in the future was the anger of Benoni, who would be certain to seek some kind of revenge for the repulse he had suffered. I was still ignorant of his whereabouts, not yet knowing what I knew long afterwards, and have told you, because otherwise you would have been as much in the dark as he was himself, when Temistocle cunningly turned the lock of the staircase door and left him to his curses and his meditations. I have had much secret joy in thinking what a wretched night he must have passed there, and how his long limbs must have ached with sitting about on the stones, and how hoarse he must have been from the dampness and the swearing.

I reached home, the dear old number twenty-seven in Santa Catarina dei Funari, by half past seven, or even earlier; and I was glad when I rang the bell on the landing, and called through the key-hole in my impatience.

"Mariuccia, Mariuccia, come quickly! It is I!" I cried.

"O Madonna mia!" I heard her exclaim, and there was a tremendous clatter, as she dropped the coffee-pot. She was doubtless brewing herself a quiet cup with my best Porto-Rico, which I do not allow her to use. She thought I was never coming back, the cunning old hag!

"Dio mio, Signor Professore! A good Easter to you!" she cried, as I heard the flat pattering of her old feet inside, running to the door. "I thought the wolves had eaten you, padrone mio!" And at last she let me in.

F. Marion Crawford.

THE ANATOMIZING OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

I.

IF Shakespeare had but known what he was doing! Not the greatness of his work; which, even if he had suspected it, would not have pleased him much, and would have troubled him little. But had he been able to foresee the load of labor which he was laying upon the shoulders of many worthy men, poets, scholars, and critics, and of more who, not poets, are neither scholars nor critics; and could he, with all his imagination, have imagined the sort of literature and the quantity with which he would cause the world to be afflicted, in the one case his easy good nature when his interests were not at stake, and in the other his supreme and ever-present sense of humor, would have led him to leave his plays unwritten, — *if* he could have got the money that he wanted by any other writing or doing. The shadow never falls toward the light, and Shakespeare only knew that he was shining, — how brightly and how warmly he was as careless and as ignorant as the sun in the heavens, — and could not see what lay beyond those who rejoiced in the beams of his intellect.

More inflated nonsense, more pompous platitude, more misleading speculation, has been uttered upon Shakespeare and his plays than upon any other subject but music and religion. The occasion of which calamity is that of all subjects which are of general interest, these are the most remote from reason, the most incomprehensible. Wherefore it is that certain men wish to show the world that they are the high-priests of this mystery, and can prophesy of it, and utter fine sayings about it, apocalyptically, by way of revelation. And there be literary scribes and pharisees, whose function it is to stone prophets, and, by a sort of

reverse action of nature, to build their tombs when they are dead and buried. Of which the result in this case is a mountain cairn of rubbish above the poet's remains, which tells little but of the multitude who have thrown their missiles there. Each, however, has written his name upon his stone; as who should say, Lo, it is I who have glorified the name and perpetuated the memory of this prophet.

Less than two hundred years ago it was that this began; and at first there was no threatening of what has come of it. Shakespeare, the favorite playwright of his day, but not regarded by the critics and the other playwrights as king among them by the grace of God ("Oh, no! A clever writer, who has done some remarkably good things, — one of us, you know; has a way of entertaining his audience that makes him popular; and a pleasant fellow enough, were it not for an overweening notion of his own superiority," — the cause of offense being not that he thought much of himself, but that he thought little of them), — this man grew year by year to be more and more the intellectual delight and comfort of thinking Englishmen. But some obscurity was found in his writings. Of which there were two causes manifest: first, the lapse of time (for a century was longer then than now; thicker, too, and not so easily seen through); next, the very inaccurate way in which his plays had been printed. Whereupon editors set themselves to work to explain the obsolete and obsolescent phrases and allusions, and to correct, here and there, an obvious typographical error. This done, there remained, however, not a few passages which still seemed dark and perplexing, although there was no odor of antiquity about them, nor any reason to suspect

corruption of the text. Then as this writer of plays began to tower above all other writers who had used the English tongue, and to overtop the classics and overshadow with a clear-obscure the whole field of English literature, little literators began to take their abode beneath his spreading branches, and to live little literary lives and make little literary reputations by being guides to others who came to worship and admire; and Shakespeareanism became a profession with all grades of function, from the higher literary criticism to pedantry and quidnuncery.

What was done for Shakespeare and his readers by scholarship, by painful investigation, by comparison of texts, by research into the social fashions and intellectual habits of the past, although it often degenerated into literary pettifoggery, was on the whole of real worth and no small service. For most of these critics sought only to discover what it was that Shakespeare had actually written, and what there was in the history and the literature of his time that would make his meaning clear; and although they had their little pride in their little excavations, they were truly modest, and sought to illustrate their subject rather than themselves. They seemed to work in a moleish fashion; but after all, moles have a way of getting at the roots of things. We can forgive much pedantry for the sake of what some pedants have done for us.

Besides these critics, and beside them, there arose enthusiasts who began to found a new literary religion, and to proclaim, Shakespeare is Shakespeare, and I am his prophet. Unlike the prophets of other religions, however, they did not accept and proclaim their divinity pure and simple, but set themselves to dissecting and anatomizing him, and telling the world what a marvelous mystery they had discovered this Shakespeare to be: how he saw more than eyes could see, and said more

than words could mean; how wise he was, how great, how good; how grand in purpose, how absolute in execution; how perfect, how blemishless, because what would be blemish in others in him was beauty. Deliberately they gave themselves up to that most degrading manifestation of human capacity of smallness, hero-worship, and, unsatisfied with the manly homage of intelligent admiration, sought their own applause and that of others by the groveling antics of intellectual abasement before their idol. They would do for the sibylline Shakespeare the contortioning that he neglected. Their studies and their pleasure led them beyond the bounds of reason and of nature. Shakespeareanism became a cult, a religion, — in which becoming there is always death at heart and withering at root, — a cult and a religion, with priests and professional incense-burners, who lived, at least in literature, by his worship. And these shrine-makers have shouted forth continually the greatness of their god, and his veiled ineffability. Wherefore, although Shakespeare wrote to please a miscellaneous and uncultivated public, and succeeded, it has come to be believed, as they wished, that the reading of Shakespeare is an art, and the editing him a mystery.

They attained their end, and were able to do so the more readily because this Shakespeare *was* the most potent spirit that ever cast a spell upon the minds of men. Moreover, he *was* a miraculous manifestation of the power of the human mind. He did not work according to any known law; nor did he reveal the law of his action, or leave behind him the evidence by which that law could be discovered. In Shakespeare, nature produced as nearly as possible the supernatural. Springing from nearly the lowest social level, without education, without instruction, without discipline of any kind, with limited means of obtaining knowledge, at

twenty-two years of age a poverty-stricken vagabond, by the time he was forty years old he had done that which places him at the intellectual summit of the human race. This he had done with no strong impulse to literary art, no social aim, religious or political, no motive of intellectual ambition, but merely at first to earn his bread, and afterward in the furtherance of an almost sordid desire for money, and for the poor sort of consideration which is awarded to the possessors of money. In all he had his heart's desire. The outcast of the dirty little village returned to live in its largest and handsomest mansion; to have the profitable investment of his money in parish "securities" accepted, and even solicited, as if it were a favor; to take his place among the notables of the neighborhood, where the meagre annals of his life give us our last glimpse of him standing against the interests of the poor, and on the side of grasping privilege. The world's history has no record of a similar achievement.

Such a marvel is Shakespeare in reality, and so abnormal, that endeavors to find in him something that is not there, to attribute to him motives and purposes which he did not know, and which indeed it would seem that he never felt, even as hidden impulses, and to discover meanings of portent in words that dropped from him, many of them, almost without consciousness, and connected, some of them, only with a semblance of thought, are perhaps natural and pardonable, although they often lead to what is laughable. There is no road through literature that is strewn with more rubbish of shattered absurdity than Shakespeare avenue; which, once a narrow path through the brambles of confusion and the thickets of obscurity, has become a great highway, along which throngs a motley crowd, of all tongues

and peoples, bearing gifts and babbling praises, wise or otherwise. The efforts to laud and magnify the name of Shakespeare have too often been of a sort to make both the deity and the worshiper ridiculous. Nor have these efforts always been those of the least mentally gifted of his critics. That witness of the meanest, saddest trait of human nature, the disposition — a constant moral force — to give, in Shakespeare's own phrase, the "sum of more to that which hath too much," has never been exhibited more flagrantly than in the eagerness of his professional admirers to decorate his solar splendor with their satellite praises, and to repay his careless bounty with their parasite acknowledgments.

The pedants, the poor idea-less scholars, the painful grubbers among musty parchments and mouldy books in black-letter, have done Shakespeare and his readers some good, and very little harm. It is from the philosophers (so called); from the men who pose as seers and sages; from the critics who, failing as professional beauties, set up as professional beauty-finders; from the psychological anatomists, from the makers of metaphysical systems, and from the very profound folk who are ever diving into mud in hope of finding hidden treasure; from the seekers of the "inner life," and generally from those who, according to the old proverb, would have finer bread than is made of wheat, that he and they who are content to delight in him untransfigured, and to love him with all his faults, have most sorely suffered. The vast expanse of the thin flood of addled adulation which these have poured out upon him is known only to those whose lot it is to labor in this field of literature; and fortunately they need not know it all.¹ A part of this proceeds from simple, honest self-delusion; a part from the feeling that in the treatment of such a subject it is be-

¹ Some notion of it may be obtained by an examination of the last three hundred pages of vol.

ii. of Dr. Furness's marvelously complete variorum edition of Hamlet.

coming to say, or at least to endeavor to say, something worthy of it (the cause and motive of more literary folly than can well be estimated); and a part from an ambition to seem profound and subtle.

Now although this anatomizing and glorifying of William Shakespeare has been going on and increasing for more than a hundred years, and although men of mark in literature, not only of Shakespeare's own race, but Germans and Frenchmen, have presented themselves in crowds, scalpel in one hand and pen in other, before the great cadaver, it still remains to be said, in truth and soberness, that at the present day the higher Shakespearean criticism has not advanced one step beyond where it was during Shakespeare's life. It has spread, but it has neither mounted nor penetrated. It has proclaimed, but it has not revealed. The character of his genius; the source and secret of his wonderful, delightful, but not always admirable style; the unequaled charm and suggestiveness of his writing (when he was not writing literature), were as thoroughly understood and appreciated in the reign of Elizabeth as they are in the reign of Victoria. Beyond what was then known of him, and even beyond what was then said, we have little that is other than not very articulate cries of O wonderful Shakespeare! O mysterious! O divine! protracted sometimes through hundreds of pages, or philosophic systems of Shakespeare's art which are hardly more than formulated folly. Enough of this hereafter.

The tendency of deliberate eulogy of Shakespeare toward absurdity has striking exemplification in more than one passage of Emerson's essay on him as the representative poet. Of these, the following, of early occurrence, is typical:—

"I remember I went once to see the Hamlet of a famed performer, the pride of the English stage; and all I then

heard, and all I now remember, of the tragedian, was that in which the tragedian had no part,—simply, Hamlet's question to the Ghost:—

"What may this mean,
That thou, dread corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon?"

That imagination which dilates the closet he writes in to the world's dimension, crowds it with agents in rank and order, as quickly reduces the big reality to be the glimpses of the moon."

There could not be a more characteristic or impressive example of the preposterousness of much of the most pretentious Shakespearean criticism than is afforded by this passage. The writer, in his character of sage, philosopher, and friend of humanity, seemed to wish to say something subtle, and he simply said something which showed that in his endeavor to see through a millstone he failed to see the palpable Peter before his eyes. In a phrase which, on examination, will be found almost nonsensical he brushes aside the poor tragedian, who doubtless understood what he was speaking better than one, at least, of his hearers did; and then tells us he has discovered that this wonderful Shakespeare was so very wonderful that he could regard the earth as something that existed merely as glimpses of the moon.

In the first place, the plural form "glimpses" (in which the rhythm shows there is no error) should have prevented such a misapprehension. With all his recklessness in the use of language (for which let us be daily on our knees with thankfulness), Shakespeare would never have called the earth "glimpses." But next, and finally, a consciousness of the scene, which possesses every reasonable reader,—to wit, Hamlet and his two companions of the watch, in a clear, cold night on the platform of the castle, passing to and fro from light to shadow,—makes it needless to say, for mere purposes of explanation, that the Prince

asks simply, although with picturesque beauty of phrase, why his father thus returns to sight under the glimpses of the moon, which in his life had glanced, and now glance again, upon his steel as well as upon theirs. Had Shakespeare's wonder-hunting critic continued Hamlet's speech but one phrase further, he would have shivered his own fantastic fancy by a single touch, —

"Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous."

Hamlet asks the Ghost why it is that his horrid apparition mars the beauty of the moonlit night. The thought is not akin to that in Antony and Cleopatra, —

"And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon," —

where by the word "visiting" the earth is presented as something to which the moon returns from time to time; but in Hamlet it is the light (that is, the glimpses) of the moon which is visited — by the Ghost.

Now this extravagant exposition follows directly upon an equally extravagant eulogy, which it is intended to justify and illustrate. The critic, speaking of the efforts of such men as "Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Kean, and Macready" to put Shakespeare's work to the use for which it was intended, thus proclaims: —

"The genius knows them not. The recitation begins: one golden word leaps out from all this painted pedantry, and sweetly torments us with invitations to its own inaccessible homes."

This passage has found admirers. It could not fail to do so; for it is rhetorically pretty, and it seems to mean more than it says. But all of it that is not commonplace is simply high-sounding nonsense. That Shakespeare's words are golden, and that they are immortal, we all know; we have been told it long ago. But when, looking into what is left of this judgment, we ask what it means, we find that it means nothing; that it is empty, pretentious

rhetoric; fine language well ordered, but nothing more. For what is the painted pedantry out of which the word leaps? As to pedantry, the actor is merely reciting what Shakespeare wrote to be recited; and as to paint, the actor might be painted, and the scenery: but in what possible way or by what imaginable figure of speech can painting be connected with pedantry upon the stage? And what are the inaccessible homes of this word? Or how can a word or a man have more than one home? The criticism is intended as a eulogy of Shakespeare's inimitable felicity of phrase; but the effort to be fine has ended in the fact of extravagance. The homes of Shakespeare's words are never inaccessible: that is, the germ of the thought of which they are leaf and flower is never hidden out of sight, unless he perverted their meaning or his heedlessness has wrought confusion. It is quite in keeping that laudation like this should be illustrated and enforced by such a monstrous misapprehension as that of taking the phrase "the glimpses of the moon" to mean the earth.

This is a characteristic specimen of the extravagance in the wonder-seeking school of Shakespearean criticism. For an example of the trite in the same school, we have only to turn back a scene or two in the same tragedy to find (in Singer's beautiful and valuable Chiswick edition) the lines,

"The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine," —

over which no person who should be allowed to read Shakespeare, or any other poet than Tupper, would pause an instant, unless in enjoyment, — illustrated with a note that takes up half a page, and gravely tells us that "extravagant" means wandering, and "erring" straying. To this it is added that "Mr. Douce has justly observed that the epithets *extravagant* and *erring* are highly poetical and appropriate, and seem to prove that Shakespeare was not alto-

gether ignorant of the Latin language." That learned and serviceable antiquary might have as "justly" and as pertinently remarked that when, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Armado says that deuce-ace "doth amount to one more than two," and Moth rejoins "which the base vulgar do call three," the words *one, two, and three* are highly numerical, and seem to show that Shakespeare was not altogether ignorant of arithmetic.

Of the platitudinarian style of comment, this example (which I find, to my surprise, quoted in Mr. Rolfe's excellent edition of *Antony and Cleopatra*) is typical. Pompey says, —

"Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly."

Upon which we have the following exhibition : —

"The historical fact of Sextus Pompey's having courteously received Antony's mother in Sicily, when she fled from Italy, is recorded by Plutarch; but the touch of delicacy in sentiment — declaring that to remind or reproach another with a benefit conferred is to forfeit the merit of it — is the dramatist's own exquisite addition. Shakespeare has more than once taken occasion to enforce this refinement in social morality; he has made that noble-minded, warm-natured, delicate-souled being, Antonio, the sea-captain in *Twelfth Night* (whom we can never help associating, in strange closeness of analogy, with Shakespeare himself in character and disposition) say, —

" 'Do not tempt my misery
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.' "

And this feeling, which is one of the veriest commonplaces of the minor morals, and the expression of which in literature is as old as Homer, is set down to Shakespeare as "a touch of delicacy" and an "exquisite addition." It well be-

comes such a maundering critic to find in that kind-hearted fellow, Captain Antonio, a likeness to Shakespeare. Shakespeare and Antonio were, either of them, about as like Julius Cæsar as they were like one another. But of such exquisite drivel is not a little of the eulogistic comment on Shakespeare composed.

Editors and commentators, however, are not responsible for all the current misapprehensions and perversions of Shakespeare's meaning. The general reader has done his part. I shall not apologize for referring once more to a monstrous misapprehension and perversion of a passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, which is so common as to be universal, and so deeply rooted that it seems to defy eradication. Shakespeare, in one of the wisest and most thoughtful but most cynical and scornfully satirical passages in all his plays, makes Ulysses say to Achilles that there is one petty trait of human nature which shows that all men are akin, and that this trait is,

"That all, with one consent, praise new-born
gauds,
Though they are made and moulded of things
past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted."

He introduces this by saying, —

"One touch of nature makes the whole world
kin," —

that touch being this petty trait. The meaning is so plain that no man who was capable of editing a spelling-book could mistake it; but some reader, incapable of Shakespeare, having seized upon this isolated line, and having misapprehended it as meaning that one natural touch will unite the whole world in the bonds of conscious kindred, it has gone with this meaning over the civilized earth, and is used by hundreds of thousands of people who never read a line of Shakespeare, by millions who never read a line of *Troilus and Cressida*, in a wholly different and almost opposite sense to that in which Shakespeare wrote it. This perversion has been pointed

out by others as well as by me ; it was done years ago, — but in vain. The world prefers its *mumpsimus* to the authentic *sumpsimus*, and will have it that there is Shakespeare's authority for saying that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin. Nay, I do not doubt that the world rather resents the truth, and would fight against deprivation of the error, as a robbery of something precious. Just so it still clings to what it calls the aphorism, "The exception proves the rule" (which never was an authentic aphorism), although its absurdity has been clearly shown. But the world is sometimes its own Shakespeare; and in this line, having found a formula of words which expresses tersely a sentiment that it wishes to believe, it insists upon using it to serve its needs. If Shakespeare did not mean that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, so much the worse for Shakespeare. In such a case as this, one blunderer is sure to be followed by all that are behind him. No man can see a flock of sheep follow one of their number over a fence or into a ditch without strong leaning to belief in the theory of evolution.

Sometimes the antiquaries, who have on occasion done good service, have blundered sadly in their attempts to glorify Shakespeare. In the first act of *King Lear*, the Fool, gibing his master for stripping himself of his royal authority, points at him, and says, "That's a shelled peascod." Tollet, on the authority of the great antiquarian Camden, a contemporary of Shakespeare, pointed out, in illustration of this passage, that the effigy of Richard II. in Westminster Abbey "is wrought with *peascods open*, and the *peas out* ; perhaps an allusion to his once being in full possession of sovereignty, but soon reduced to the empty title ;" intimating that Shakespeare had found in this sad typical presentation of the dethroned Richard the thought which he had skillfully put into the mouth of the wisest of his Fools.

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Tollet's notion was adopted by many editors and solemnly set forth as their own. But alas for antiquarian lore and Shakespearean glorification ! On examining the effigy, Aldis Wright, the principal editor of the Cambridge edition, who is conspicuous among Shakespeare's editors for his union of scholarship, poetic sense, and common sense, discovered that the peascods were no peascods at all, but the *planta genista*, the badge of the Plantagenets ; and, moreover, that although the pods are open the seeds are indicated ; and — "what becomes of all their supposes ?"

To mention one in ten of all the noteworthy blunders and perversions and extravagances (omitting the uncountable multitude of the insignificant) into which editors and critics and other anatomists of Shakespeare have been led by the desire to see and set forth some hidden fact, or motive, or purpose, or wonderful manifestation of insight or wisdom on his part, would be to fill half this number of *The Atlantic* with their wise saws and modern instances. Let these suffice as typical examples in their various sorts ; and let us now turn to broader and more general misapprehensions of our subject.

No trait of Shakespeare's mind has been more strongly insisted upon, or more frequently set forth as his great intellectual distinction, than that he is the most objective of writers. This has been so generally adopted that it has become one of the commonplaces of Shakespearean criticism. But it is not true. It is true, in fact, that in the writings on which his great fame rests, he is impersonal and objective, quite self-forgetful. This, however, is not at all to the purpose. For how could he, in those writings, have been otherwise than impersonal ? They are dramas ; he is the great dramatist. He was not speaking for himself ; nor was he telling stories in which he could have introduced an expression of his personal thought and

feeling. His business was to give utterance to the thought and feeling of others, his personages. And as we shall see, those thoughts and feelings, or at least the controlling occasions of them, were in general already prescribed for him; set down before he took up his pen. There was nothing about William Shakespeare in the old stories that he dramatized and the old plays that he worked over. Other dramatists are, of necessity, just as impersonal and objective as he, — Beaumont, and Fletcher, and Jonson, and Corneille, and Molière, and Congreve, and Sheridan, and Bulwer, and Boucicault. When Shakespeare came to write his Sonnets, he so filled them with subjectivity, with his own personality, that they have been called his autobiographical poems, and that they torment us with a perplexing, fascinating problem of his personal experience and feeling, in the maze of which we delight to lose ourselves, as we strive in vain to reach his heart. In one of them he tells us plainly how he loathed his profession, acting, and how he scorned his occupation, play-writing. This commonplace of Shakespearean criticism is one of its absurdities.

Chief among these absurdities, however, is the discovery in his dramatic works of moral plan and purpose, of an intention to teach, of a systematic setting forth of a philosophy of life, — the discovery of a central informing thought in his dramas (at least in the greater of them), of a conscious or unconscious revelation of an inner life (whatever that may be); the regarding him as a great sage, prophet, *vates*, inspired and sent upon the world to teach the dwellers on it the solution of the sad mystery of life. The most reasonable defense of this theory is that, as all the processes of nature are unconscious, Shakespeare unconsciously worked in accordance with ethical laws, which it is the task of criticism and philosophy to discover. It can be shown by facts, and by the evi-

dence of Shakespeare's way of working, that this supposition is impossible, this theory quite untenable. The course of the action of Shakespeare's dramas, and the motives of his personages, by which alone can ethical purpose and moral teaching work through the drama, were prescribed for him; and he very rarely varied from his instructions or went beyond his brief, and still more rarely did any change that he made affect the moral aspect or the ethical significance of the action. He was the first to introduce true character into modern fiction, and, as sometimes happens with a great inventor, he has never been surpassed in this highest department of literary art; never, indeed, approached except by Walter Scott, Robert Browning, and George Eliot.¹ But, with very few exceptions, the quality of the characters of his personages, involving all their distinctive moral traits, was marked out for him; and although this was done in a cold, rude, lifeless way, it nevertheless necessarily precludes the possibility that his character painting had in it any ethical purpose, even unconscious.

Of all Shakespeare's dramas, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth* have been the occasion of the most extravagant and unreasonable comment, of the greatest straining for effect in the effort to say something fine, of the most agonizing violence of critical contortion, and the longest disappearances out of wholesome air and light into profundity, in search of Shakespeare's central thought and hidden purpose. The first of these, because of its entrancing charm as well as of its representative character in its history and construction, offers itself instructively for our examination.

We are told by one of the most distinguished of Shakespeare's commentators, who is also neither the least sensi-

¹ Possibly by Thackeray in *Henry Esmond*; compared with which *Vanity Fair*, with all its entertaining qualities, is flimsy surface work.

tive of beauty nor the least apprehensive of truth in his class, — himself a poet, — Thomas Campbell, that “the general, the VAGUELY general,¹ conception of two young persons having been desperately in love had undoubtedly been imparted to our poet by his informants; but who among them had conceived the finely depicted progress of Juliet’s impassioned character?” etc., etc. Notwithstanding all that is known to those who have studied the origin of the tragedy and considered its construction, this is the general notion on the subject; and not only so; it is assumed as groundwork by the æsthetical critics and the profound philosophical critics who talk straight on, as if we owed to Shakespeare the design of the tragedy and the characters of its personages, with their experience, their passion, and their fate. We owe him nothing of the sort. The plot is certainly not his, either in its outline or its detail; and there is reason for believing that it is not even of his accepting, but that it was adopted by another playwright, with whom, or after whom, he worked. The characters, the distinguishing traits, of every one of the leading personages down to Mercutio, Friar Laurence, the Nurse, Tybalt, and old Capulet, and even Benvolio and the invisible Rosaline, were blocked out and sketched in with firm hand, although in dead, neutral tints, by his predecessors. Coleridge, who, amid much that is finely penetrative and soundly reasonable, has uttered more hysterical ecstasy about Shakespeare than any other writer of distinction, discovered and declared that “it affords strong instance of his [S.’s] insight into the nature of the passions that Romeo is introduced already love-bewildered. The necessity of loving,” he continues, by way of exposition, “creates an object for itself in man and woman;” and he remarks upon Romeo’s

¹ The strong typographical emphasis is Campbell’s.

easy forgetting his Rosaline that she “had been a mere name for the yearning of his youthful imagination.” A much later writer of the same school will have it that “in Romeo’s love of Rosaline we find represented the dream-life as yet undisturbed, the abandonment to emotion for emotion’s sake.”

Now the truth is that this incident, quite needless and altogether without significance in relation to the dramatic action, but just as we find it in the tragedy, is in the old story as it was told before Shakespeare was born by half a dozen dull, prosing writers of *novelli* and so-called poems, whom no one ever suspected of insight into the nature of the passions, or insight into anything else. In the old story and the old play Shakespeare found Romeo in love with Rosaline, and he left him as he found him, — that is all. And so far is this love of Romeo’s from being a yearning of youthful imagination, or an abandonment to emotion for emotion’s sake, that the young Montague is simply enamored of Rosaline, without any pretense, even to himself, of a higher or tenderer feeling. She is merely a beauty who has stirred his passions, and whom he wishes to possess without marriage. He fails to get her, not because she is cold, but because she is chaste. Nay, this very Romeo, Shakespeare’s Romeo, who, we are told, is abandoning himself to emotion for emotion’s sake, complains in set terms that he cannot *buy* this beauty, who the great philosophical critic, and the little philosophical critics after him, must have it is “a mere name for the yearning of his youthful imagination.” He plumps it straight out, this grief of his that she will not yield even “to saint-seducing gold;” these words being preceded in the tragedy by a very significant euphemistic phrase that Shakespeare uses elsewhere, and always with one meaning, — which indeed is a little plainer speaking than we find either in story or in poem. Shakespeare, at least,

meant to have no misunderstanding : and yet with what profound and penetrative perversity he has been misunderstood !

Coleridge's error as to matter of fact has received passing remark heretofore ; but his blind plunge into the bottomless blackness of empty space should be displayed here, because there could not be a more typical or significant example of the way in which the ecstatic and wonder-seeking school of philosophical criticism blunders into mare's-nests in its search for the birthplace of Shakespeare's Pegasus.

Schlegel, who, sweeter in his expression of a finer feeling for the tragedy, had also a more reasonable apprehension of it, recognizes the importance of the old story ; which, however, he seems to regard as no more than a sculptor's straddling wire, upon which the poet moulded his clay into forms of beauty, endowed with the spirit of life. The much-read German critic says that " it was reserved for Shakespeare to unite purity of heart and the glow of imagination, sweetness and dignity of manners and passionate violence, in one ideal picture ; " and the subsequent passages of his pleasingly picturesque criticism imply that the quick, fierce advance of the loves of the young Italians, their storms of rapture and despair, and the mingling throughout the tragedy of " love and hatred, festivity and dark forebodings, tender embraces and sepulchres, the fullness of life and self-annihilation, " is due to the power and the purpose of Shakespeare. The criticism means this, or else, so far as Shakespeare is concerned, it means nothing. But the truth is that the purity of heart, the sweetness and dignity of manners, the passionate violence, the tender embraces and the sepulchres, and so forth, and many *etceteras*, are all in full completeness in the old story ; where, indeed, they are much more exactly and copiously set forth than in our tragedy.

Critics of this outcrying sort, feeling, doubtless, the necessity of saying something to palliate Juliet's unrestrained although natural and exquisitely expressed ardor, — these critics (among them a very distinguished and estimable actress) even laud her modesty ; — the modesty of a young girl who not only accepts a kiss, not of compliment, from an enamored man on her first sight of him, but coquettishly provokes a second, — and he a young fellow whose very name she did not know ! What folly to demure upon such a girl, or to affect to misunderstand the meaning of her soliloquy when she is expecting Romeo, in the third act ! Juliet is perfectly chaste, — as chaste as that fair, calculating icicle Isabella ; but as to modesty, she has less sexual reserve than any of Shakespeare's women out of the class of Cressida and Cleopatra. Indeed, as not unfrequently happens in such cases, the wanton Trojan has in this respect the advantage of the pure Veronese.

One other exhibition of the results of the effort to find some marvelous hidden purpose in Shakespeare's management of his personages in this tragedy must suffice us before we turn to more general considerations. Every reader regrets the extinction of Mercutio, that witty, rakish cavalier, keen, bright, and flexible as the blade of his ready rapier ; and there has been much wonder at Shakespeare's sacrifice of such a splendid fellow in the middle of his drama. At last some wise-profound, bursting into brilliancy, declared that " Shakespeare was obliged to kill Mercutio, lest Mercutio should kill him ; " which, although it was a clever antithetical way of saying that Shakespeare could keep up Mercutio's wit and gayety no longer, was not a very wise conclusion. But the fact is simply this : that Mercutio vanishes early in the old story, in which he appears only in connection with the meeting of Romeo and Juliet at Capulet's house ; and as he was to disap-

pear, it was almost an obvious dramatic disposition of him to kill him in that fight between the Montagues and Capulets, which is the pivot upon which turns the whole action of the tragedy.

The facts about the origin of this tragedy (well known to all students of Elizabethan dramatic literature) are briefly these: Luigi da Porto told the story in or about 1530; Bandello retold it, with a variation of the catastrophe, in 1554; Boisteau translated Bandello's version into French in 1559; not long afterward, certainly before 1562, an English play written on the story had been performed; in 1562 Arthur Brooke published it in the form of verse; in 1567 Paynter gave an English prose version of it in his Palace of Pleasure. In 1574, as we learn from Barnaby Rich, the story was so widely known as to be the subject of the designs for tapestry hangings; in 1582 we find Juliet mentioned in the same line with Dido and Cleopatra; before 1597 yet another English play had been written upon it, of which our Shakespearean tragedy is a rewriting and a modification; containing, I think, without a doubt, as we have it, some of the work of Shakespeare's predecessor, which was not of very poor quality. The point of interest for us at present, however, is that in all these several versions by tale-tellers and verse-writers and playwrights there was no variation in the course of the story, or in its personages, or their characters, their motives, their actions, or their fate (although every one of the writers made some slight changes); and consequently there was in all the same moral and artistic purpose that, *in this regard*, there is in our Romeo and Juliet. That is, there was none at all; except, indeed, in the dullest and most prosaic of them, the so-called poem *Romeus and Juliet*, by Arthur Brooke, who does point his moral and adorn his tale with a revolting perversion of the spirit of the story, and a puritanical attack

upon the Church of Rome in the person of Friar Laurence; which the author or authors of the play that Shakespeare worked over entirely disregarded, although both consulted Brooke's poem, as they also did Paynter's prose version, during the performance of their task. But our tragedy is not founded upon Brooke's version alone, I am sure; rather upon an older play, with the additional help given by Brooke's poem.

The probability of this is shown by one incident (amongst others, of which I must spare the mention here) that is of singular interest. Juliet's age has always been a puzzle to the commentators and the psychologists, and a stumbling-block to the actresses. That a mere child, even in Italy, should act and speak as she does is phenomenal, indeed monstrous; and all sorts of intellectual squirmings have been gone through to prove that it is the properest thing in the world for a chit like her to feel the passion, to think the thoughts, and to do the deeds of a fully developed woman. But I do not remember any remark upon a very striking fact in regard to this question. In Bandello's early version of the story, which was that which came into England, Juliet, although he told the story in Italy of an Italian girl, is in her *eighteenth* year; an age at which our Juliet's feeling and action would be quite proper to a somewhat precocious and highly imaginative girl. But in Brooke's version of this very story, written in England for cold-blooded English folk, Juliet's age is reduced two years: he says, "Scarce saw she yet full xvi yeares." In our tragedy, however, her age diminishes yet two years more: she is only thirteen, in her fourteenth year. This change, if we accept it as intentional, is certainly very remarkable, quite unaccountable, and indeed unreasonable; affronting nature and defying probability. No one who believes in Shakespeare's "exquisite judgment" (as I do) will also believe

that he exercised it in this case. The age of Juliet is given in a passage which appears in the earliest version of the play (1597), and which bears unmistakable marks of Shakespeare's hand. But this version is made up (as I showed in 1861) of the old play and the rewritten version of 1596. Now if it was Shakespeare who determined what should be Juliet's age, he showed not only an extraordinary lack of good sense, but a disregard of essential consistency of which he has never yet been suspected.

The facts are these: Juliet's mother says she is only thirteen years old: this the Nurse confirms with circumstance. Juliet was therefore one of the most precocious of children. But, on the contrary, the circumstances mentioned, and repeated by the Nurse, as establishing Juliet's age, show that she was among the most backward of children; that she was not weaned until she was three years old, and that at that age she could just stand alone and toddle. From these facts, the conclusion seems unavoidable that Shakespeare either adopted this childish age of his heroine from a play already upon the stage, and adapted his Nurse's talk to it, as an accepted fact of the story, or that he committed the very grave indiscretion of choosing a boldly loving, boldly thinking, boldly acting, and still more boldly speaking heroine of thirteen, and then with open defiance of consistency, very elaborately making her out to be of notably backward physical development. As to her acts and her speech, she acts and speaks boldly in the play simply because she does so in the old tale and poem. The play subtracts five years from her age; but Shakespeare did not give a trait to her character nor an impulse to her soul.

In connection with this important trait of Juliet's personality, it seems quite impossible to pass by one more striking manifestation of Coleridge's ability to see what was not to be seen.

Upon Juliet's speech, Act IV. Sc. 3, ending,

"O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point. — Stay, Tybalt, stay! —
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee!"

he remarks, "Shakespeare provides for the finest decencies. It would have been too bold a thing for a girl of fifteen; but she swallows the draught in a fit of fright." The speech is indeed one of its writer's most marvelous and admirable exhibitions of dramatic and poetic power. But when it is made the occasion of declaring that Shakespeare provides for the finest decencies, we can only smile at the critic's extravagant ingenuity of eulogy, and at his ignorance. In the first place, the girl who utters this tremendous explosion of frenzy is not fifteen years old, but, as we have seen, only thirteen; in which the psychological inconsistency amounts to monstrosity, impossibility. Nor was there the least provision for decency or for probability. Juliet's fright, and not only her fright but her speech (as we shall see), is taken right out of the stupid old poem, and transmuted into splendor: —

"And whilst she in these thoughtes doth somewhat
dwell too long
The force of her ymagining anon did waxe so
strong,
That she surmysde she saw out of the hollow
vault,
(A griesly thing to look upon) the carkas of Ty-
balt.
As she had frantike been, in hast the glasse she
cought,
And up she dranke the mixture quite, withouten
farther thought."

Not the difference of an act or a thought, nor of the variation of an act or a thought, between the poem and the drama.

To see completely the real worth of the assertion as to the "vaguely general" conception of this story, its action, and its personages which Shakespeare received from others, let us briefly remark some only of the correspondences between the play and Brooke's poem,

published two years before Shakespeare was born. In this we find the cold Rosaline, and Romeo's warm love for her, and his consequent languishing; a sober, elder friend and confidant (Ben-volio), who advises him to give up Rosaline; the feast at Capulet's house, to which guests were invited by having their names written down on a paper, and at which Romeo, masked, first sees Juliet; Mercutio, a courtier, a wit and a bold gallant; the sudden mutual love of Romeo and Juliet; Juliet questions her nurse about Romeo; he sees her wakeful at her chamber window on a moonlit night, "leaning hir head upon hir hand;" she reproaches him for exposing his life to his deadly foes, her kinsmen; she stipulates very precisely that she requires to be married, but says if his intentions are honorable she yields herself at once;¹ they plight faith; Romeo consults Friar Laurence, who is

half botanist, half magician; the Friar hopes their marriage may appease the mutual wrath of the two households; Juliet sends her nurse to Romeo, who tells her that if Juliet will come to Friar Laurence's cell "she shall be shrived and married;"² the Nurse is a garrulous, foolish, but unprincipled and crafty old family servant; returning to Juliet, she praises Romeo highly, but is curtly interrupted by Juliet, who says she would rather know what she has to say about the marriage;³ the lovers are married at Friar Laurence's cell, and Romeo visits his wife by means of a rope-ladder;⁴ Tybalt, a strong, courageous, combative young Capulet, cousin of Juliet, is killed in a fray by Romeo, who is banished; Juliet bewails almost equally the death of her cousin and the banishment of her husband, whom she bitterly reproaches for taking her kinsman's life, and then censures herself severely for

¹ It is worth while to compare the very language of the poem and the play in this passage. Thus the poem: —

"But if your thought be chaste, and have on vertue ground,
If wedlocke be the end and marke which your desire hath found,
Obedience set aside, unto my parents dewe,
The quarrell eke that long ago betwene our householdes grewe,
Both me and myne I will all wholl to you be-take,
And following you where so you goe, my father's house forsake.
But if by wanton love, and by unlawfull sute,
You thinke in ripest yeres to pluck my mayden-hode's dainty frute,
You are begyld, and now your Juliet you be-seekes
To cease your sute, and suffer her to live among her likes."

The play, some twenty-nine years afterward: —

"If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy feet I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
[Nurse calls.] But if thou mean'st not well
I do beseech thee, [Nurse calls]
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief."

² "And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived and married."

(Act II. Sc. 4.)

³ In the poem thus: —

"Good newes for thee my gyrl, good tidings I thee bring,
Leave off thy woonted song of care, and now of pleasure sing.
For thou mayst hold thyselfe the happiest under sonne,
That in so little while so well so worthy a knight hast woone.
The best yshapde is he, and hath the fayrest face,
Of all this towne, and there is none hath half so good a grace:
So gentle of his speche, and of his counsell wise:
And still with many prayses more she heaved him to the skies.
Tell me els what, quod she [Juliet]; this evermore I thought;
But of our mariage say at once what aunswer have you brought?"

In the play: —

"Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand and a foot and a body, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but I'll warrant him as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. — What, have you din'd at home?"

"Juliet. No, no; but all this did I know before. What says he of our marriage? what of that?"

⁴ See the corresponding passage in the tragedy: Act III. Sc. 2, lines 72-105, Riverside edition.

these reproaches; ¹ old Capulet proposes the marriage of Juliet to the County Paris; Juliet resists; she consults the Friar, who gives her a sleeping potion to take before the day of her wedding to Paris, tells her that she will be entombed as dead, and that he will send to Mantua for Romeo to rescue and carry her off when she wakes; the Nurse counsels her to marry Paris, whom she praises highly; ² Juliet takes the potion, but before doing so she is filled with horror at the thought of what

she may encounter in the tomb, and in her excitement fancies she sees the ghost of Tybalt; ³ by the neglect of a friar, Romeo does not receive Laurence's message, but he does hear of Juliet's death and burial; he buys poison of a poverty-stricken apothecary, in whose shop the "boxes were but few," writes a letter to his father, telling his story and his intended suicide, ⁴ and sets out for Verona; he goes to the tomb with his servant, enters it, dies there; Friar Laurence comes in too late, and Juliet,

¹ It is worth the while to glance here at the germ of Juliet's famous soliloquy on the eve of this occasion. (Act III. Sc. 2.)

"How long these lovers thought the lasting of the day,

Let other judge, that wonted are like passions to assay:

For my parte, I do gesse each howre seemes twenty yere:

So that I deeme if they might have (as of Al-cune we heare)

The sunne bond to theyr will, if they the heav-ens might gyde,

Black shade of night and double darke should straight all over hyde."

Shakespeare did nothing but expand and decorate these thoughts and certain others of a very ardent nature which he found in the context.

² In the poem:—

"She setteth forth at large the father's furious rage,

And eke she prayseth much to her the second marriage;

And County Paris now she praiseth ten times more,

By wrong, than she by right had Romeus praised before.

Paris shall dwell there still, Romeus shall not retourne;

What shall it boot her life to languish still and mourne?

The pleasures past before she must account as gayne;

But if he do retorne, what then?—for one she shall have twayne."

In the play:—

"Faith here it is.

Romeo is banish'd: all the world to nothing That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you; Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then since the case so stands as now it doth, I think it best you married with the county.

O, he's a lovely gentleman!

Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam, Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first: or if it did not,

Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were, As living here, and you no use of him."

³ In the poem:—

"And what know I (quoth she) if serpents odious, And other beastes and wormes that are of nature venomous,

That wonted are to lurke in darke caves under grounde,

And commonly, as I have heard, in dead mens tombes are found

Shall harme me yeay or nay, where I shall lye as ded,

Or how shall I that alway have in so freshe ayre been bred,

Endure the loathsom stinke of such an heaped store

Of carkasses not yet consumde, and bones that long before

Intombed were, where I my sleping place shall have,

Where all my auncesters doe rest, my kindred's common grave?

Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,

Fynd me (if I awake before ystified in the tombe)?

And whilst she in these thoughtes doth dwell somewhat to long,

The force of her ymagining anon did wax so strong,

That she surmised she saw out of the hollow vaulte

(A griesly thing to looke upon) the carkas of Tybalt.

As she had frantike been, in hast the glasse she cought,

And up she drank the mixture quite, withouten further thought."

The corresponding passage of the play (Act IV. Sc. 3, Riverside ed.), which is so admirable, is too long to be quoted here. It does not present or suggest a single thought, image, or sentiment which is not in the passage above.

⁴ Even this altogether unnecessary incident Shakespeare did not forget or pass over. See the very last speeches of the drama: Act V. Sc. 3, lines 270-290.

waking to find Romeo dead, stabs herself with his dagger; Prince Escalus enters, and in their conclusion poem and play are essentially the same, even to the Friar's long confession of what readers and spectators know already.

It has seemed to me desirable to set forth with some approach to closeness of detail these salient incidents of the poem, which ought to be known to every critic who undertakes to comment upon the plan and purpose of this tragedy. Yet needs it be said that this recital and the considerations previously presented show that, contrary to the assumption of most of those critics, Shakespeare could have had no share in that plan and purpose (supposing any to exist), and that he is not responsible, as a creator, either for the dramatic motive or even for the very characters of the personages of this play, which he simply transferred from the old play and poem in the most perfunctory manner. None the less is it true that we owe to him in *Romeo and Juliet* the most entrancing and intoxicating picture in all literature of youthful love between the sexes; and a tragedy so sad, and yet so sweet and so beautiful in its sadness, that our hearts dreamily ache over it in a luxury of mingled woe and pleasure.

Of one conception of genius (a very low one, in my judgment) Shakespeare's work is totally destructive. Genius has been defined as the ability to take great pains. Genius is rather the ability to conceive and to do, with or without pains, that which is admirable and which is peculiar to the doer. The former definition seems as if it were contrived for the comfort and countenance of that large body of men who regard themselves as undeveloped, or at least possible, geniuses, — men who could have written *King Lear* "if they had a mind to do it," and who have been prevented from elaborating that tragedy, or one equal to it, by adverse circumstances. Nevertheless, it has been growing in

favor, of late; probably because of the daily increasing importance of science, which proceeds by the careful collection and comparison of facts, and which demands that the most daring and imaginative theories shall be advanced by the slow and patient steps of toil and caution. However true this conception of genius may be in science, it is not true in art, in literature, the annals of which are studded with splendid lights, which have been spoken into existence by the creative will, if not by the creative word, of omnipotent genius, exercising its native powers almost unconsciously. Of Shakespeare, at least, it is to be said that great pains were no condition of the working of his wonders. On the contrary, the achievement of this genius was always in directly inverse ratio to the height of his aim and the greatness of his endeavor. When he toiled, when he wrought with deliberate effort, when he set up for himself a high standard of attainment, he was comparatively feeble and dull and insignificant, with no fire in his prophecy, no truth in his fable. It was when he was doing his journey work, with small trouble to himself, with the lowest purpose and the least possible labor either in planning or in finishing, that he was splendid and beautiful and strong, with a splendor, a beauty, and a strength that are beyond the conception of any other man who has left the mark of his hand upon the ages. When he set out to be a poet, to do something that would bear criticism and give him a place in literature, he produced *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, which would have been utterly forgotten long ago had they not been his. When, with lower purpose, he undertook only to please "his private friends," he evolved the marvellous mystery of his fascinating *Sonnets*. But when, grinding in his daily mill, he blindly put out his hands, and took for grist almost any old play or old tale the story of which he thought

would interest a miscellaneous London audience, he turned out such job work as *Romeo and Juliet*, *As You Like It*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Othello*, *Antony and Cleopatra*. Nothing is made clearer by a study of his work than that at the times when he wrote those dramas it was in him to write them in the way in which they are written, and in no other. It was just as easy for him to turn them off as he did as it is for any minor journalist of nowadays to elaborate his little paragraph. They were mere "pot-boilers," the chief value of which in his eyes was that they boiled his pot to some purpose; and when his mess was cooked they were turned out as refuse upon the world, which finds in his leavings a store of splendid treasure.

Of all his dramas, that which shows the peculiar traits of his genius in their highest manifestation, their most unapproachable splendor and beauty and strength, is *Antony and Cleopatra*. It is not the greatest of his works in dramatic interest, although it is dramatically great; and although wise and profound, it is not the wisest of them nor the profoundest. But in mere dramatic interest Shakespeare has been approached, if not equaled, even in *Othello*; and in wisdom, in deep, strong, subtle thought, we can at least conceive him as approachable. In that utterance of thought and feeling, however, which blends, without a perceptible combining, imagination, fancy, wisdom, and passion, welding them at white heat into phrases that leap straight from his brain to the world's heart, — the trait of style which, in the conscious poverty of words to which it reduces us, we call Shakespearean, and which no other man has attempted, and no sane man would attempt, — *Antony and Cleopatra* is supreme among his dramas. So, too, in the portraying of character with a pen that seems dipped

in the blood and guided by the brain of the personage he has created. Now the study of this supremest manifestation of the peculiar Shakespeare faculty in connection with the materials of which he built it shows him — nothing can be clearer — sitting down with his Plutarch before him, and taking a scrap here and a scrap there, with little care for continuity or connection, or even for consistency, and turning them with heedless ease into a dramatic form, so that the story could be told and its personages presented on his stage. Plutarch filtered drop by drop through Shakespeare's brain, and not only purging thus of prose and dross, but taking tint and quality and force and fire from the medium through which it passed, issued in that dazzling, flaming flood of gold and jewels.

To see this clearly it is only necessary for any student who is thoroughly well acquainted with the play to read those passages of North's Plutarch which it represents in action.¹ Do the Shakespeare anatomists tell us that in his *Cleopatra* we receive an impression of perpetual and irreconcilable contrast? True enough; but the same perpetual and irreconcilable contrast is found in Plutarch. Is Shakespeare's *Cleopatra* a compound of passion, and craft, and vanity, and love of power? So is Plutarch's. And when we are solemnly told that the best proof of the individual truth of the character is "the admission that Shakespeare's *Cleopatra* produces exactly the same effect on us that is recorded of the real *Cleopatra*," what empty, pretentious platitude it is! The same effect is produced simply because the same thing produces it. Shakespeare sought nothing but a faithful representation in his dramatic blank verse of the *Cleopatra* whom he found in Plutarch. To that character *in its essence* he added

¹ This may be done to best advantage by using Mr. William J. Rolfe's edition of this play, in his admirable series of the single plays of Shakespeare.

In the introduction to his discriminative notes will be found all of Plutarch that Shakespeare used.

nothing, not a single trait. Must we remark, as one anatomical demonstrator points out to us, waving the scalpel with rhetorical grace, that "the idea of this frail, timid, wayward woman dying with heroism from the mere force of passion and will takes us by surprise," and that "the Attic elegance of her mind, her poetical imagination," and so forth, "predominating to the last, and the sumptuous and picturesque accompaniments with which she surrounds herself in death, carry to its extreme height that effect of contrast which prevails through her life and character"? Well enough; but what mean all these words? We remark the same in Plutarch. Of the reality and the essence of all this Cleopatra owes nothing, we owe nothing, to Shakespeare. In Plutarch she dies with heroism from the mere force of passion; in Plutarch we see her assuming the same sumptuous and picturesque accompaniments of her death which Shakespeare shows us, following his original with what, had he not been Shakespeare, would have been rightly called plodding faithfulness, and sometimes hardly varying in phrase from Plutarch in his setting forth of the action of the scene. Just so it is, too, as to Antony: nothing of lordliness and littleness, of courage and conduct, and waywardness and passion, in Shakespeare which was not before in Plutarch. For illustration we have little space or time; but this one passage is typical. Read first what Plutarch, and then what Shakespeare, wrote.

PLUTARCH.

— "and moreover, sent Hircius and Pomsa, then Consuls, to drive Antonius out of Italy. These two Consuls together with Caesar, who also had an army went against Antonius that besieged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battle; but both the Consuls were slain there. Antonius, flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery all at once; but the chiefs want of all other, that pinched him most was famine. . . . And therefore it was a wonderful example to the soldiers to see Antonius, that was brought up in all fineness and superfluity, so easily to drink puddle-water, and to eat wild fruits and roots; and moreover it is reported that even as they passed the Alps they did

eat the barks of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before."

SHAKESPEARE.

When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou foughtst against
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at; thy palate then
did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st: on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh
Which some did die to look on.

Thus it is all through the tragedy. Shakespeare followed his original so closely, and worked up the material before him so savingly, not because of any such profound judgment and feeling as his eulogistic anatomists discover, but simply because he did follow it, and wasted no labor in doing over what he found done to his hand well enough to serve his purpose. Even all the little incidents which give life and color and truth-seeming to the action are taken bodily right out of Plutarch. And in the first scene of the fifth act, not only is Dercetas's entrance with the bloody sword with which Antony has wounded but not slain himself an incident furnished by the great Greek biographer, but Caesar's consequent lament over Antony — as "profound" in its indication of character as any passage of its kind in the tragedy — is a mere versification of Plutarch.

Perhaps, however, the purely perfunctory and almost mechanical way of Shakespeare's work (perfunctory and mechanical so far as his purpose was concerned) on this drama may be best appreciated by an examination of the third and fourth acts, and a comparison of them with Plutarch. In these acts the incidents are merely huddled upon the stage. There is no failure in constructive art; for there can be no failure where there is no attempt. Not the

slightest effort is made at grouping, at perspective, at dramatic movement, or even at dramatic effect. The story is told by little patches; patch being tacked to patch. Not only are there no changes of scene announced in the text (according to the general fashion of the day), but none are indicated, and the dramatic story runs right on, like that in the history; jumping (as Dr. Faustus's pupil jumped out of France into Spain) from Syria to Rome, from Rome to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Athens, then to Rome again, then to Actium; and there we have our Romans, dying, Kirby-like, all over the plain, in different spots in scenes of a few lines (in one case only six). But when modern editors come, as they must, to divide these acts according to real changes of place and action, there are no less than thirteen clearly defined scenes in the former, and fifteen in the latter, of which one consists of but four lines; and some are of no dramatic or character-showing value whatever.

Shakespeare, as I have said before, plainly sat with his copy of North's Plutarch before him, and picked out here and there the incidents which he thought suitable to his purpose, — some because they told the story, some because they might be made effective by the actors, others because they appealed to his poetical and reflective powers; and then he worked them up piecemeal as he picked them out. In this, his most transcendent and his most characteristic production, he is even more closely adherent to his original, more parsimonious in the use of material, and less constructive and purpose-showing than in *Romeo and Juliet*.

If any other man, even any other man of his day, had done this, — Jonson, Beaumont, Chapman, or even Fletcher, — instead of the most splendid dramatic poem that exists, we should have had one that would now allure as few readers as *Sejanus*, or *Philaster*, or *Cæsar*

and *Pompey*, or *Evanthe* and *Demetrius* do. It is not to Shakespeare's ability to take great pains, not even to a high art aim, not even to a purpose of any kind, that we owe the stupendous difference, but to his thought-teeming, beauty-blooming brain, to his intuitive perception of the semblances and affluities of things and acts, to his ability to think and feel as the best minds of the world and the best hearts would see that the personages that he presented would have thought and felt under the circumstances in which they were placed; and above all it was owing to his ability, unconscious, spontaneous, to express all this in words charged with meaning as no other man ever charged them, — words loaded down, sometimes, with wealth of thought to their destruction, — to his ability to do all this because he was reckless of rule and careless of criticism.

We have thus far considered Shakespeare's way of working chiefly in a general study of two of his most lauded and most laudable dramas: one produced at the farther and the other at the hither limit of what has been called his great period, — the ten years from 1596 to 1607, when he was between thirty-three and forty-three years old. We have found that his method of doing his best work did not change in those busy years. We shall see hereafter that this accepted teacher of the world, this beloved master of its heart, was of all writers of high distinction the most lacking in purpose of any kind, the most indifferent to truth and to right, the most heedless both in plan and in the use of language, the most careless of consistency in his own designs, the most flagrant violator of the rules which he himself laid down, the most disregardful of decency, — a writer who, having the finest moral perception that has yet been manifest in words, and being capable of intellectual life in the highest moral atmosphere, could do his daily work as if he, like his own *Iago*, lacked the moral sense.

Richard Grant White.

LINGUISTIC PALÆONTOLOGY.

NEARLY two centuries ago Leibnitz called attention to the "collation of languages" as the best method of conducting researches into the early history of mankind. But this seed-thought, like so many others which the erudite and encyclopædic German philosopher scattered lavishly by the wayside, fell upon barren soil, and remained inert, until the discovery and cultivation of Sanskrit opened a broad and fertile field, in which it could take root and bear fruit. As early as 1770, Sir William Jones pointed out the remarkable similarity between Persian and Greek and Latin. Here, too, he was anticipated by Leibnitz, who had already detected this affinity, and had expressed his sense of it by the rather extravagant assertion that "entire verses may be written in Persian, and yet be understood by a German."

The recognition of a radical connection between certain languages led to the assumption of blood-relationship of the peoples speaking them. It was taken for granted that the nations composing the so-called Aryan branch of the human race were all actually akin. They were constantly spoken of in terms implying consanguinity, and genealogical trees of the Indo-Germanic family in all its ramifications were drawn out from data furnished by linguistics. Sanskrit was at first supposed to be the mother of this numerous progeny; but her claim was soon set aside, and it was finally agreed that no extant Aryan language could be regarded as the parent stock. They were all declared to be daughters of a mother long since deceased, — a mother who left no literary or artistic remains and no historical record of herself, and concerning whom the tenacious memory of tradition has not preserved the slightest reminiscence. No suspicion that such a person had ever lived would have

arisen even in the minds of her eldest children, had it not been for the existence of offspring who could not otherwise be accounted for.

Naturally enough, an intense curiosity was aroused as to the home and habits, the moral code and religious creed, the social status and intellectual character, of this mysterious, hypothetical ancestress. Where was her abode, and in what manner did she live? What were her theories of the universe, her ethical notions, the objects of her worship, her system of theology, and the nature and extent of her mental endowments? Were her stores of knowledge, her acquaintance with the arts and sciences, her domestic relations, and her observance of the amenities and comities of life such as to make her a worthy member of a civilized community, or to entitle her to a place among "cultured people"? No sooner was it satisfactorily settled that this venerable mother of all Aryans had actually existed, a thing of real flesh and blood, and not a merely supposititious creature, born of a philologist's heated imagination, than questions like these began to put themselves forward and press for an answer.

Assuming as a fundamental principle that what the children possess in common they must have inherited from the parent, it was only necessary to determine the exact extent of this heirloom in order to ascertain the nature and value of the original property. If, for example, all the daughters had radically the same word for "dog," it was deemed quite legitimate to infer that the mother had kept dogs. By this method of procedure a long list was formed of names of animals and plants and metals, industrial arts and implements, weapons of war and of chase; words expressing social customs and family ties, mental as

well as material objects, and a great variety of ideas and conceptions with which the primitive Aryans were presumed to have been familiar. An attempt was made to reconstruct preëthnic society out of the elements of language, and to paint with simple word-pigments vivid genre pictures of prehistoric times. Thus a new science was born, and christened Linguistic Palæontology.

But linguistic palæontology was rather unfortunate in its godfather. A quarter of a century has elapsed since Adolphe Pictet held this infant science at the font (baptismal and typographical), gave it its name, and thus made himself, in some sort, a surety for its proper discipline and development.¹ Unluckily, gossip Pictet proved to be a person quite devoid of the discernment and discretion essential to the fit exercise of the sponsorial office. He soon lost control of his precocious charge, indulged its wildest whims, admitted its most extravagant claims, nursed its budding vanity, mistook forwardness and frowardness for marks of genius, never questioned its assertions, and resented the slightest reprimand or suggestion of chastisement as an insult, until his pampered and over-petted godchild became the tyrant of the philological household and *l'enfant terrible* of the scientific world. In his foolish fondness and inordinate ambition, he was not content that the bantling should first creep, but wished that, like the dwarf Vishnu, it should suddenly swell into gigantic proportions, and step at once into full possession of heaven and earth. No wonder that many a lean and hungry-eyed ethnologist, as he peeped about under the huge legs of this upstart colossus, so presumptuously bestriding the world he had hitherto called his own, should indignantly exclaim, —

“Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great?”

¹ Les Origines Indo-Européennes, ou les Aryas Primitifs. Essai de Paléontologie Linguistique. Par Adolphe Pictet. 2 vols. Paris. 1859-1863.

Why, my dear Cassius, he is a vegetarian of the most radical type, and subsists on roots of speech, which he gathers indiscriminately from every quarter, and usually eats crude, but does not scruple to cook them, whenever he finds them too tough for mastication.

By a skillful manipulation of piquant sauces a French cook can make a palatable and plausible dish out of the most meagre materials. Monsieur Pictet, although a Genevan by nationality, was a Frenchman by blood, and endowed with his full share of the culinary genius of the race. It is the cleverness of the *chef de cuisine* applied to literary production that puts into French books, whether belletristic or scientific, a savory and appetizing quality independent of their substantial merits, and composes an elegant and relishable ragout out of ingredients which, in the hands of a German, would at once betray their poverty, and produce only a vile and vapid hotchpotch.

Monsieur Pictet sets out with the intention of placing the primitive Aryans on the highest possible pinnacle of culture, and persistently ignores or brusquely pushes aside whatever interferes with this design. In order to prove, for example, that they “already possessed most of the useful plants which form the basis of our agriculture,” he brings together a number of heterogeneous words, some arbitrarily compounded and others absolutely created, but scarcely one affording the slightest support to the proposition he wishes to maintain. No matter whether a Sanskrit word is found in the Vedas or in the later epic and dramatic poems, every watercourse is welcome that feeds his flume and grinds his grist. He introduces into philology the system of questioning by torture, long since banished from courts of law. Young and innocent words, which refuse to incriminate themselves, or to testify concerning events which occurred thousands of years before they were born, are put to

the rack, and stretched or lopped to fit a Procrustean theory. The same process of reasoning by which it is shown that the ancient Aryans cultivated nearly all our cereals and were familiar with our principal metals would also prove, beyond a peradventure, that the punch-bowl cheered their hearts and homes. The word "punch" is common to all European languages, and is found in Sanskrit and Hindustānī. It means a drink composed of five (*pancha*) ingredients, arrack, sugar, tea, water, and lemons, each of which must have been known to the primitive punch-makers. Whether the name of this beverage came into Europe with the first Indo-Germanic migrations, or was introduced by Englishmen from India within the memory of men still living, is a matter of minor importance. It suffices that we have the word, and that Sanskrit explains it.

Again, Monsieur Pictet imagines some old Aryan exclaiming, *Kabhara! quel aliment!* Hence the old German *habaro* and the modern German *hafer*, oats. That this utterance expressed, not disgust, but admiration, is inferred from Pliny's account of the fondness of the Germans for oatmeal gruel. It is pleasant to think of our remote ancestors as not "men of squeamish taste to entertain," but rather as sturdy, omnivorous feeders, who never vexed their good housewives by dainty appetites. If one went into interjectional ecstasies over oat-pap, another, as he sat down to his millet, cried out, also *dans le sens laudatif*, *Karasa! quelle nourriture!* hence the German *hirsi*, *hirse*, and the English *hyrse*. The same exclamation gave us the word for cherry: *Karasa! quel suc!*—*κέραρος*, *cerasus*, and *cerise*. It is to be regretted that the ingenious discoverer of this new and fruitful etymological principle did not apply it to a fuller extent. Who can doubt that the aboriginal Aryan waterman, as he paddled his dugout on the Oxus or the Yaxartes, exclaimed in delight, *Kanu!*

what a boat, *canoe!* What is more natural than that some mighty hunter of that day, as he saw a strange beast bounding through the primeval forest, should have shouted *Kāṅguruha!* what a body springing up, *kangaroo!* Would it be possible to find a more expressive term for the itinerant menagerie or *cara-van* which pitched its tent on the Bactrian plains than *karavana* (what roaring)? Perhaps, too, we owe the word *cimeter* to a warrior who, as he wiped the blood from his sword, condensed his Berserker exultation in the emphatic phrase, *kim atere*, how it went through them!

Having thus provided the primitive Aryans with cherries, Monsieur Pictet would fain comfort them with apples. The Kelts had their *ubhall*, the Anglo-Saxons their *æppel*, the old Germans their *aphul*, the Lithuanians their *obūlas*; but there is no corresponding word in Sanskrit. Many a wary and timorous scholar would have turned back from the brink of such a chasm, and concluded that his quest of this fruit must be confined to certain European branches of the Aryan stock. Not so, however, a bold, creative genius. "No word? Go to, let us make one. *Phāla* means fruit, and with the prefix *ā* or a prosthetic *a* we have *āphāla* or *aphāla*: *le voilà!*" To account for the absence of such a word in Sanskrit, it is suggested that the Indo-Aryans may have lost it in crossing the Himālaya, and passing into the zone of tropical fruits. Historiographers and botanists, from Quintus Curtius Rufus to Alphonse de Candolle, uniformly describe Bactria as a fruit-growing region. Our Aryan ancestors lived in Bactria; therefore they had fruit and ate apples. Thus a doubtful hypothesis is introduced as the minor premise of a syllogism, and made the basis of a still more questionable conclusion. In lack of linguistic data, this kind of reasoning is frequently employed, and by dint of it several important beasts,

such as the camel, the lion, and the tiger, are added to the primitive Aryan fauna.

Although Pictet's methods of conducting his researches were severely criticised by some of the more sober and circumspect philologists, and the results seriously called in question, they were, nevertheless, accepted by many others, who hastened to erect upon the newly won and rather queachy foundations prehistoric edifices, excessively florid in style and most fantastic in construction. French scholars, like Lenormant and De Rougemont, put implicit confidence in Pictet's deductions, and took them as the starting-point for further investigations into the origin and growth of Semitic culture and civilization. Even the Germans, so keen and cautious and skeptical in matters of historical evidence, so strong against documental proof, were ready to receive the slightest suggestion and most equivocal testimony of words with eager and uncritical credulity. An essay published by Ferdinand Justi in Raumer's *Taschenbuch* for 1862 depicts "the primeval period of the Indo-Germanic race" in the brightest and most attractive colors. It is a painting of scenes from Utopia, in which the German sets his palette to the key, and preserves the tone of the Genevan limner; a picture of the golden age, which might have borrowed its tints from Zuccheri's *Belli Anni d'Oro*, and taken its models from Milton's vision of Adam and Eve in Eden. Not only did men and women in this Aryan paradise dwell together in the most harmonious and delightful relations, but they were also exempt from the ills that flesh is heir to in our corrupt and degenerate age. Disease, with its dark and melancholy train of woes, found no admission there. Wounds received in battle and the natural decay which follows maturity in the development of the mental and physical powers were the only forms, we are told, in which death visited this happy people.

A prehistoric sketch of this kind is like an impressionist's landscape. Seen from a distance, it stands out in distinct outlines and well-blended colors; but on closer inspection the forms grow dim and disappear, and the whole scene dissolves into a mass of blurs and blotches, with here and there only faint traces of a vague and vaporous shape, —

"If shape it may be called that shape has none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb."

In either case, the result is not a reproduction or representation of any reality in nature, but merely the elaboration of a theory, the embodiment of a preconceived idea.

On the shore of Lake Leman, opposite Clarens, is a figure formed of the rocks and trees which cover the lower slope of the Savoyan Alps, and known as the "lady of the lake." It is so clearly defined against the mountain side that it can hardly escape the notice of even a Cook's tourist on his perfunctory pilgrimage to Chillon. But whoever should attempt to approach this majestic dame of the olden time with hoopskirt and coal-scuttle bonnet would find that she had suddenly vanished into a jumble of rugged cliffs and tangled thickets. Such would be the fate of the traveler who, were a journey of this kind possible, should visit the old Aryan homestead with Justi's essay as a guide-book, and Pictet's two stout volumes as a work of reference. How many illusions of etymology would the autopsy dissipate! What disenchantments, as the rude contact with actualities should break the spell woven of words, and the philological phantasm fade into a wild and savage waste!

The comparatively high culture which the linguistic palæontologist claims for primitive Aryan society is wholly inconsistent with the state of barbarism in which the descendants of the original stock are known to have lived at a period long after their supposed dispersion. It is incredible that a people

which had already made some progress in the mechanic arts and acquired considerable skill in metallurgy, had learned to fabricate weapons and tools out of iron, copper, and bronze, and to make ornaments of gold and silver, should lose all this knowledge, and revert to the use of rude implements of stone, and to a condition of life scarcely superior to that of the cave-dweller and contemporary of the mammoth. The demoralizing and barbarizing tendencies of emigration are utterly inadequate to account for such retrogression. Besides, all the deductions of linguistic palæontology are based on the assumption that the emigrants took with them whatever acquisitions had been made in the arts and sciences, in domestic manners, in social organization and civil polity. If this assumption be false, then the science itself has no ground to rest upon, but is the baseless fabric of a vision, — a mere *fata morgana*, produced by the heated atmosphere of an enthusiast's brain.

The Sanskrit *kshura* and the Greek ἔρπον led Benfey to infer that the primitive Aryans were familiar with the use of the razor; although it seems strange that they should shave, and yet have no common word for beard. Furthermore, the excavations of Alba Longa brought no razors to light, so that it is quite certain that the forefathers of the ancient Latins did not possess such instruments. This objection Benfey parries by suggesting that the ancestors of the Prisci Latini, during their long wanderings from the Aryan homestead, and in consequence of the privations they endured, "lost the desire and the art of taking off the beard, and also the instruments for doing it." *Kshura* is from *kshur*, to cut or to scratch, and is applied to the hoof of a beast, the claw of a bird, and the barb of an arrow. It is extremely doubtful whether it ever means razor even in the Rig-Veda, where the barber (*vaptri*) is alluded to, and there is not the slightest ground for supposing that

it had acquired this signification "previous to the Aryan separation."

This mistake of putting new wine into old bottles and vending it as a mature and mellow vintage is one to which the linguistic palæontologist is specially liable. An excellent illustration of the fallacy of such reasoning is furnished by the word *write*, which is common to all Germanic languages, and therefore implies that the primitive and as yet undivided Germans were acquainted with the art of writing. But the original meaning of the word was to prick or to mar with a pointed instrument, to tattoo. Indeed, the Polynesian *tatu*, which signified at first making indelible marks upon the body by pricking colors into the skin, afterwards, as civilization advanced among the Pacific Islanders, became a general term for drawing, painting, writing, reading, and counting. The Dinka negroes were also accustomed to scratch outlines of men and beasts with a thorn on gourds, and called the practice *gor*. The first time they saw a European writing they exclaimed, *Jen a gor!* — he makes gor; and in the Dinka language of the future this word will doubtless be used to denote the act of recording ideas by means of alphabetical characters, or other visible signs. Centuries hence, some Dinka philologist, finding that the word *gor* is common to all the Dinka tongues, may infer that his ancestors, previous to the Dinka separation, knew how to write, and had attained a considerable degree of culture.

In view of the radical affinity of *dama*, δῶμος, *domus*, *dom*, etc., Max Müller affirms, "We are fully justified in concluding that before any of these languages had assumed a separate existence, a thousand years at least before Agamemnon and before Manu, the ancestors of the Aryan races were no longer dwellers in tents, but builders of permanent houses." The ground of this inference seems to be the supposed connection of *dama* with the Gothic *timryan*,

to timber or to build; whereas the real connection is with the Gothic *tamyan*, to tame, and its cognate *timan*, *ziemen*, to befit. The word conveys no information whatever concerning the kind of dwellings inhabited by the primitive Aryans, and consequently throws no ray of light upon their social state or domestic life. So far as the signification of the root aids us in arriving at any conclusion as to the nature of the edifice, *dama* was originally a pen for unruly cattle, rather than a place of abode for man. The idea of restraint upon forces from within is far more prominent than that of protection against foes from without. Most probably it was a space inclosed by a hurdle, or by a fence made of logs and brushwood, in which the herdsman and his herd dwelt together; primarily a cote for kine, and secondarily a habitation for man. The conception of structure is wholly lost sight of in that of subjugation. *Damya* is a bullock to be tamed or broken; *damana* is a beast-tamer, a hero; even Nala's spouse, the beautiful *Damayanti*, is so called because she is a "subduer of men." Indeed, *dama*, in the sense of house, is peculiar to the Vedas, where it is used for the dwelling-place of the gods, especially for the fire-chamber of Agni and the storm-cloud of Indra; but here the idea of waxing strong and breaking out of the *dama*, as a wild bull bursts through a barrier, is uniformly associated with it. In its application to human relations, *dama* signifies authority, jurisdiction, dominion; in no case, however, does it furnish the slightest clue to the kind of houses in which men lived. A similar process of investigation applied to the religious beliefs of savage tribes enabled M. De Lamennais to prove to his entire satisfaction "*que la croyance du vrai Dieu est universelle en Afrique.*"

It was Jacob Grimm who first suggested "milkmaid" as the literal meaning of *dūhitri*, the Sanskrit word for

daughter. To the imagination of Max Müller this etymology disclosed new and charming features in the pastoral life of the primitive Aryans, and revealed idyllic scenes in which the father, with peculiar tenderness and playful humor, calls his little girl his milkmaid. How gentle must have been the life of such a parent! How beautiful and affectionate must have been the relations of a family in which a pet name, so expressive of the father's fondness and the daughter's function, could have sprung up and taken enduring root! Unless the Aryans, as a highly favored and exceptional race, came into the world in a civilized state, they must have lived a long time and begotten many generations of sons and daughters before they possessed milch cows. But if daughter means milkmaid, it presupposes milch cow; yet there is every reason to believe that it is the oldest word for female offspring in the Aryan languages, and not a mere epithet superseding an earlier appellation. Thus we are brought by this etymology to the absurd but inevitable conclusion that the Aryans had milch cows before they had daughters. It is utterly impossible that any primitive term should be derived from an industrial occupation which implies a somewhat advanced social condition. An unmarried woman was formerly called a spinster, because she made herself useful chiefly by spinning. But this was nothing more than a title, and could not be a primitive designation, since maidens existed and grew up unwooed and unwedded long before the art of spinning was known. *Duh* means not only to milk, but to yield milk; *dūhitri* would then signify milk-giver. The daughter was simply the future nurse of men children; indeed, among primitive peoples and barbaric tribes this is the sole function for which she is prized, the only reason for which she is even permitted to live. All we know of Zarathushtra's mother is that she was called Dughdâ; that is, the

suckler of the Iranian prophet. The definition which Monier Williams gives of *duhitri*, "drawing milk from the mother," is equally untenable, not as an anachronism, but as an incongruity, since male as well as female infants draw milk from the mother.

Again, we are informed that the mother of the primitive Aryan household was called *mātri*, because she measured out and distributed the things needful for the family. Justi speaks of her as "*die schaffende, ornenende Hausfrau*," the precursor and prototype of the modern German housewife, bustling about with a big bunch of keys at her belt, assigning to the servants their several tasks, and apportioning with economic care their allowances of food. The exercise of such an office implies an organization of domestic life, which, under the most favorable circumstances, must have been the result of generations and perhaps centuries of development. But the mother began to exist with the birth of the first child, and it was from this event that she received her name as the *mātri*, μήτηρ, *mater*, *matrix*, and *maker* of the new-born babe. Indeed, all primitive designations of members of the family, so far as they are not mere products of infantine onomatopœia, like *papa* and *mama*, refer to the preservation and propagation of the race. In early times this was the chief end of man, and even in the Vedic age the boons for which the singer is constantly entreating the gods are much cattle and many vigorous sons. Such sentimental etymologies as those which make sister (*svasri*) mean "one who pleases or consoles," and represent the brother-in-law (*devri*) as the playmate or *l'ami badin* of the wife, and the daughter-in-law (*snu-shā*) as a person who lives in a state of emotional dissolution, always "*melting* with fear and respect in the presence of her father-in-law," are really too childish to merit serious consideration. Words denoting relationship by marriage often

assume a humorous or satirical signification, originating in circumstances of which we are now ignorant. Thus the Indo-Aryans called a wife's brother a burglar (*kumbhila*), and a sister's husband a village buffoon (*grāmahāsaka*); and the Germans recognize a brother-in-law in a stage-driver (*schwager*), and characterize a mother-in-law as a marplot or disturber of the peace (*störenfried*), in justification of which they might safely appeal to the general opinion of mankind.

From a comparison of *śvan*, *spā*, *κύων*, *canis*, and *hund*, Weber infers that among the primitive Aryans "the dog protected the herd." This may have been the case, inasmuch as the dog is one of the oldest of domesticated animals; but language furnishes no proof of it. So far as any information conveyed by these words is concerned, the dog may have been known at that early period only in a wild state, as a wolfish beast of prey, against which it was necessary to protect the herd. It is also strange that in the Rîg-Veda, where cattle are frequently mentioned as constituting the chief wealth of the country, the dog is referred to only half a dozen times, and never as a companion of the herdsman and a protector of the herd. In the Avesta, on the contrary, dogs are often spoken of, and categorized with women, children, flocks, and fire as essential to a prosperous and perfect life. Allusions to Indra's bitch Saramâ and her four-eyed brindled whelps, the watchdogs of Yama, or to other canine monsters which guard the portals and the treasures of the lower world, do not warrant the conclusion that at the time when those myths arose dogs had been trained to perform similar services for man. In mythologies the same office is assigned to dragons, and yet no one would infer from this fact that dragons had ever been domesticated and taught to protect human habitations and human property. The same is true of the horse, *asva* or *âśu*,

aspa, ἄσπας, *equus*, the root of which (*as* or *ak*) denotes speed, but does not imply domestication. The great diversity in words for drawing and riding would indicate that the *fleet* animal had not yet been used for either of these purposes. The equestrian art was unknown both to the Indo-Aryans of the Rig-Veda and to the Greeks of Homer. The Irano-Aryans of the Avesta were horsemen; but they acquired this knowledge from their Tatar neighbors.

Benfey says of the primitive Aryans, "They had weapons, especially arrows; they painted and composed poems, especially hymns." On all these points the evidence of language is extremely vague and illusive. Clubs, stone missiles, and spears seem to have been the earliest weapons. Arrows are of later origin, and imply a bow; but in these terms the correspondence is very slight and liminary. The word "bow," for example, meant originally elbow (Sanskrit *bāhu*) and the bough of a tree; and the fact that it is common to all the Germanic languages would not afford the least proof that our Germanic ancestors, previous to their separation, were skilled in archery. To speak of the primitive Aryans as having painted and poetized is simply an abuse of terms which are now used to express some degree of artistic and literary culture. The rudest savage who stains his body with wood might describe this operation by the word *piñj*, and yet no one would call such a man a painter. Whatever poetry the old Aryans may have possessed appears to have consisted of magic spells and exorcisms. Primitive peoples and barbaric tribes, the world over, feel a superstitious reverence for spoken words, and ascribe a peculiar virtue to rhyme, alliteration, and all kinds of assonance and rhythmic utterance. Hence these crystallized forms of speech served at a very early period for purposes of sorcery. They are found among the most ancient records of the human race, and

the decipherer of cuneiform inscriptions is surprised to come upon conjuring formulæ which might be recited, without apparent anachronism, at a sabbat of modern witches. The word "charm" (Latin *carmen*, Sanskrit *sāsmen*) means a song, and is often used in this sense by Spenser and other old English poets; even Milton speaks of the "charm of earliest birds." An incantation is a chant for conciliating heavenly or infernal powers and for producing enchantment, and still survives in the liturgical intonation. The Brāhmins called this mystical potency *chhandasām rasa*, the sap of the metres, and the whole aim of the priestly ceremonial was to develop and direct to its proper object this sap or essence of the sacred texts. Indeed, the phrase "the charm's wound up," with which the witches of the Scotch heath conclude their conjuration, is a survival of the Brāhmanical conception of the sacrifice as a coil of thread capable of generating supernatural force (*brahma*), as a galvanic battery generates electricity, and which could be wound up and discharged (*vitan* is the technical term) by the proper performance of the prescribed rites.

A Vedic verse was called *sūktam*, that is, something *well said*; not because it was thought to be beautiful from a poetical point of view, but because it was thought to be potent from a magical point of view. Doubtless the two conceptions were usually combined, inasmuch as man would naturally make his own taste an absolute and universal standard, and assume that what pleased him would also be pleasing to the gods. Nevertheless, the idea of beauty æsthetically considered was wholly subordinate to that of ritual efficiency. The same notion lies embedded in the word *hymn*, ὕμνος, Avestan *humna*, Sanskrit *sumna* (*su-mna*); that is, *well thought*. The Vedic poet compares himself to a wainwright, and fashions a hymn as a cunning workman fabricates a chariot.

This figurative expression indicates the real function of the hymn, not as a vehicle of poetic sentiment, but as a means of conveying to the gods the objects of their desire, and bringing down in exchange such things as promote human happiness and welfare. The song originated not in any love of melody, or merely æsthetic pleasure of singing, but in the incantatory power supposed to inhere in this metrical form of utterance. Such was clearly the character of primitive Aryan poetry, if we may apply this term to the rude magic spells, which the Eskimos call *serrats*, and which it would be absurd to cite as indications of an advanced state of civilization. Pictet connects the Latin *pulcher* with the Sanskrit *pulaka* (from *pul*, to rise up or stand erect), and endows the old Aryans with an intensity of æsthetic appreciation that made their hair stand on end in the presence of the beautiful. These transports of delight, he tells us, were produced especially by beautiful poesy. Horripilation is the effect of any strong emotion, and with the Hindûs expresses sensations of pleasure as well as of terror. The rhapsodist Sûta was surnamed Lomaharshana (hair erector), on account of his thrilling recitals of the Mahâbhârata, which caused the Rishis' hair to bristle on their heads. All deductions of this nature are pure illusions, which may please the fancy, but have no scientific value. Instead of inferring that the old Aryans were peculiarly susceptible to æsthetic impressions, it would be as logical, and more reasonable, to conclude that they had only the barbaric sense of the beautiful, which identifies it with the horrible.

Nothing is easier than to reconstruct ancient society out of such elements. Indeed, this sort of historiography requires so little research and is so rich in results that one can hardly help wishing that alphabetical characters had never been invented, or that the chronicles of the human race might be lost, so

that the whole history of mankind could be composed in this manner, with no written or printed records to put a check upon the philologist's imagination. An assayer of ores can readily detect the exact amount of metal they contain, and determine their intrinsic value, even to

"the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple."

But the analyzer of words sets to a task of far greater difficulty, and often finds that, after all his labor, he has been smelting counters instead of coin; toiling and achieving nothing, like the fairy of the mine. Words have unquestionably a real historical kernel; but they grow also by conventional and purely accidental accretions, and it is not easy to separate the essential from the accessory. Whether they are descended collaterally from the same original stock, or have passed, at a later period, from one branch to another through commercial intercourse, is a question which it is very important, and yet very difficult, to decide. Peoples differ greatly in this respect, owing chiefly to difference in intellectual endowment. The indebtedness of the Finns to the Germans and Slavs betrays itself at once in the words used to designate these foreign acquisitions. The Greeks, on the contrary, while they borrowed many of their conceptions and elements of their culture from the East, created Greek names for them. Whatever they appropriated they Hellenized, so that it is almost impossible to distinguish between native and imported products.

It is due to factors like these that so great uncertainty prevails in the whole province of linguistic palæontology. Widely different conclusions are drawn from the same facts of speech, not only by different philologists, but also by the same philologist at different times. Everything depends upon the values assigned to the variable quantities which play such an important part in the solution of the problem. Thus the question

whether the primitive Aryans were acquainted with the use of iron receives an affirmative or negative answer according to the special signification assigned to *ayas*. Pictet is quite sure that they employed this metal, but finds no indication that they had learned to manufacture steel; Fick and Justi indorse this view; Max Müller proves conclusively that iron could not have been known to them, and then declares that it undoubtedly was, and that they fully appreciated its worth in offensive and defensive weapons. Benfey thinks *ayas* meant bronze; afterwards he extends the definition so as to include iron, and finally accepts the affirmative opinion as probably correct.

But notwithstanding the vagueness

and vacillation, the constant alternation of pros and cons, which characterize these researches, the linguistic palæontologist can lend efficient aid and contribute valuable material to the reconstruction of ancient civilization. Only let his investigations be conducted with soberness and circumspection, and his conclusions controlled and rectified by the anthropologist and the archæologist. The somewhat flighty and faulty testimony of words must be supplemented, confirmed, and corrected by less equivocal witnesses, — kitchen-middens, remains of pile-dwellings and tumuli, psychology, sociology, and ethnology, — before its authority can be admitted as uncontestable, and its attestations recorded as science.

E. P. Evans.

THE ARBUTUS.

Looks so shy and innocent,
Blushes like a startled thing:
Who would think it knew the whole
Of the secrets of the spring?

Keeps its rosy ear laid low,
Harking, harking, at the ground,
Never missed a syllable
Of the slightest stir or sound.

Chuckled often in its leaves,
Thinking how the world would wait;
Searching vainly for a flower,
Wondering why the spring was late.

Other secrets, too, it knows, —
Secrets whispered o'er its head;
Underneath its snowy veil
Oft these secrets turn it red.

Whisper on, glad girls and boys!
Sealed the fragrant rosy wells;
You and spring are safe alike, —
Never the arbutus tells!

H. H.

EN PROVINCE.

VIII.

FROM MACON TO DIJON.

I.

I HAVE been trying to remember whether I fasted all the way to Macon, which I reached at an advanced hour of the evening, and think I must have done so except for the purchase of a box of *nougat* at Montélimart (the place is famous for the manufacture of this confection, which, at the station, is hawked at the windows of the train) and for a *bouillon*, very much later, at Lyons. The journey beside the Rhone — past Valence, past Tournon, past Vienne — would have been charming, on that luminous Sunday, but for two disagreeable accidents. The express from Marseilles, which I took at Orange, was full to overflowing, and the only refuge I could find was an inside angle in a carriage laden with Germans, who had command of the windows, which they occupied as strongly as they have been known to occupy other strategical positions. I scarcely know, however, why I linger on this particular discomfort, for it was but a single item in a considerable list of grievances — grievances dispersed through six weeks of constant railway travel in France. I have not touched upon them at an earlier stage of this chronicle, but my reserve is not owing to any sweetness of association. This form of locomotion, in the country of the amenities, is attended with a dozen discomforts; almost all the conditions of the business are detestable. They force the sentimental tourist again and again to ask himself whether, in consideration of such mortal annoyances, the game is worth the candle. Fortunately, a railway journey is a good deal like a sea voyage: its miseries fade

from the mind as soon as you arrive. That is why I completed, to my great satisfaction, my little tour in France. Let this small effusion of ill-nature be my first and last tribute to the whole despotic *gare*: the deadly *salle d'attente*, the insufferable delays over one's luggage, the porterless platform, the overcrowded and illiberal train. How many a time did I permit myself the secret reflection that it is in perfidious Albion that they order this matter best! How many a time did the eager British mercenary, clad in velveteen and clinging to the door of the carriage as it glides into the station, revisit my invidious dreams! The paternal porter and the ready hansom are among the best gifts of the English genius to the world. I hasten to add, faithful to my habit (so insufferable to some of my friends) of ever and again readjusting the balance after I have given it an honest tip, that the *bouillon* at Lyons, which I spoke of above, was, though by no means an ideal *bouillon*, much better than any I could have obtained at an English railway station. After I had imbibed it, I sat in the train (which waited a long time at Lyons) and, by the light of one of the big lamps on the platform, read all sorts of disagreeable things in certain radical newspapers which I had bought at the book-stall. I gathered from these sheets that Lyons was in extreme commotion. The Rhone and the Saone, which form a girdle for the splendid town, were almost in the streets, as I could easily believe from what I had seen of the country after leaving Orange. The Rhone, all the way to Lyons, had been in all sorts of places where it had no business to be, and matters were naturally not improved by its confluence with the charming and copious stream which, at Macon, is said once to

have given such a happy opportunity to the egotism of the capital. A visitor from Paris (the anecdote is very old), being asked on the quay of that city whether he did n't admire the Saone, replied good naturedly that it was very pretty, but that in Paris they spelled it with the *ei*. This moment of general alarm, at Lyons, had been chosen by certain ingenious persons (I credit them, perhaps, with too sure a prevision of the rise of the rivers) for practicing further upon the apprehensions of the public. A bombshell filled with dynamite had been thrown into a café, and various votaries of the comparatively innocuous *petit verre* had been wounded (I am not sure whether any one had been killed) by the irruption. Of course there had been arrests and incarcerations, and the Intransigent and the Rappel were filled with the echoes of the explosion. The tone of these organs is rarely edifying, and it had never been less so than on this occasion. I wondered, as I looked through them, whether I was losing all my radicalism; and then I wondered whether, after all, I had any to lose. Even in so long a wait as that tiresome delay at Lyons I failed to settle the question, any more than I made up my mind as to the probable future of the militant democracy, or the ultimate form of a civilization which should repose on projectiles. A few days later, the waters went down at Lyons; but the democracy has not gone down.

I remember vividly the remainder of that evening, which I spent at Macon — remember it with a chattering of the teeth. I know not what had got into the place; the temperature, for the last day of October, was eccentric and incredible. These epithets may also be applied to the hotel itself, — an extraordinary structure, all façade, which exposes an uncovered rear to the gaze of nature. There is a demonstrative, voluble landlady, who is of course part of the façade; but everything behind her is a

trap for the winds, with chambers, corridors, staircases, all exhibited to the sky, as if the outer wall of the house had been lifted off. It would have been delightful for Florida, but it did n't do for Burgundy, even on the eve of November 1st, so that I suffered absurdly from the rigor of a season that had not yet begun. There was something in the air; I felt it the next day, even on the sunny quay of the Saone, where in spite of a fine southerly exposure I extracted little warmth from the reflection that Alphonse de Lamartine has often trodden the flags. Macon struck me, somehow, as suffering from a chronic numbness, and there was nothing exceptionally cheerful in the remarkable extension of the river. It was no longer a river — it had become a lake; and from my window, in the bright façade of the inn, I saw that the opposite bank had been moved back, as it were, indefinitely. Unfortunately, the various objects with which it was furnished had not been moved as well, the consequence of which was an extraordinary confusion in the relations of things. There were always poplars to be seen, but the poplar had become an aquatic plant. Such phenomena, however, at Macon attract but little attention, as the Saone, at certain seasons of the year, is nothing if not expansive. The people are as used to it as they appeared to be to the bronze statue of Lamartine, which is the principal monument of the *place*, and which, representing the poet in a frogged overcoat and top-boots, improvising in a high wind, struck me as even less casual in its attitude than monumental sculpture usually succeeds in being. It is true that in its present position I thought better of this work of art, which is from the hand of M. Falguière, than when I had seen it through the factitious medium of the Salon of 1876. I walked up the hill, where the older part of Macon lies, in search of the natal house of the *amant d'Elvira*,

the Petrarch whose Vaucuse was the bosom of the public. The Guide-Joanne quotes from *Les Confidences* a description of the birthplace of the poet, whose treatment of the locality is indeed poetical. It tallies strangely little with the reality, either as regards position or other features; and it may be said to be, not an aid, but a direct obstacle, to a discovery of the house. A very humble edifice, in a small back street, is designated by a municipal tablet, set into its face, as the scene of Lamartine's advent into the world. He himself speaks of a vast and lofty structure, at the angle of a *place*, adorned with iron clamps, with a *porte haute et large* and many other peculiarities. The house with the tablet has two meagre stories above the basement and (at present, at least) an air of extreme shabbiness; the *place*, moreover, never can have been vast. Lamartine was accused of writing history incorrectly, and apparently he started wrong at first: it had never become clear to him where he was born. Or is the tablet wrong? If the house is small, the tablet is very big.

II.

The foregoing reflections occur, in a cruder form, as it were, in my notebook, where I find this remark appended to them: "Don't take leave of Lamartine on that contemptuous note; it will be easy to think of something more sympathetic!" Those friends of mine, mentioned a little while since, who accuse me of always tipping back the balance, could not desire a paragraph more characteristic; but I wish to give no further evidence of such infirmities, and will therefore hurry away from the subject — hurry away in the train which, very early on a crisp, bright morning, conveyed me, by way of an excursion, to the ancient city of Bourg-en-Bresse. Shining in the early light, the Saone was spread, like a smooth, white tablecloth,

over a considerable part of the flat country that I traversed. There is no provision made in this image for the long, transparent screens of thin-twigg'd trees which rose at intervals out of the watery plain; but as, under the circumstances, there seemed to be no provision for them, in fact, I will let my metaphor go for what it is worth. My journey was (as I remember it) of about an hour and a half; but I passed no object of interest, as the phrase is, whatever. The phrase hardly applies even to Bourg itself, which is simply a town *quelconque*, as Zola would say. Small, peaceful, rustic, it stands in the midst of the great dairy-feeding plains of Bresse, of which fat county, sometime property of the house of Savoy, it was the modest capital. The blue masses of the Jura give it a creditable horizon, but the only nearer feature it can point to is its famous sepulchral church. This edifice lies at a fortunate distance from the town, which, though innocent, is too common to consort with such a treasure. All I ever knew of the church of Brou I had gathered, years ago, from Matthew Arnold's beautiful poem, which bears its name. I remember thinking, in those years, that it was impossible verses could be more touching than these; and as I stood before the object of my pilgrimage, in the gay French light (though the place was so dull), I recalled the spot where I had first read them, and where I read them again and yet again, wondering whether it would ever be my fortune to visit the church of Brou. The spot in question was an armchair in a window which looked out on some cows in a field; and whenever I glanced at the cows it came over me — I scarcely know why — that I should probably never behold the structure reared by the Duchess Margaret. Some of our visions never come to pass; but we must be just — others do. "So sleep, forever sleep, O princely pair!" I remembered that line of Matthew Ar-

nold's, and the stanza about the Duchess Margaret coming to watch the builders on her palfrey white. Then there came to me something in regard to the moon shining on winter nights through the cold clere-story. The tone of the place at that hour was not at all lunar; it was cold and bright, but with the chill of an autumn morning; yet this, even with the fact of the unexpected remoteness of the church from the Jura added to it, did not prevent me from feeling that I looked at a monument, in the production of which — or at least in the effect of which on the tourist mind of to-day — Matthew Arnold had been much concerned. By a pardonable license he has placed it a few miles nearer to the forests of the Jura than it stands at present. It is very true that, though the mountains in the sixteenth century can hardly have been in a different position, the plain which separates the church from them may have been bedecked with woods. The visitor to-day cannot help wondering why the beautiful building, with its splendid monuments, is dropped down in that particular spot, which looks so accidental and arbitrary. But there are reasons for most things, and there were reasons why the church of Brou should be at Brou, which is a vague little suburb of a vague little town.

The responsibility rests, at any rate, upon the Duchess Margaret — Margaret of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian and his wife Mary of Burgundy, daughter of Charles the Bold. This lady has a high name in history, having been regent of the Netherlands in behalf of her nephew, the Emperor Charles V., of whose early education she had had the care. She married in 1501 Philibert the Handsome, Duke of Savoy, to whom the province of Bresse belonged, and who died two years later. She had been betrothed, as a child, to Charles VIII. of France, and was kept for some time at the French court —

that of her prospective father-in-law, Louis XI.; but she was eventually repudiated, in order that her *fiancé* might marry Anne of Brittany — an alliance so magnificently political that we almost condone the offense to a sensitive princess. Margaret did not want for husbands, however, inasmuch as before her marriage to Philibert she had been united to John of Castile, son of Ferdinand V., king of Aragon — an episode terminated, by the death of the Spanish prince, within a year. She was twenty-two years regent of the Netherlands, and died at fifty-one, in 1530. She might have been, had she chosen, the wife of Henry VII. of England. She was one of the signers of the League of Cambray, against the Venetian republic, and was a most politic, accomplished, and judicious princess. She undertook to build the church of Brou as a mausoleum for her second husband and herself, in fulfillment of a vow made by Margaret of Bourbon, mother of Philibert, who died before she could redeem her pledge, and who bequeathed the duty to her son. He died shortly afterwards, and his widow assumed the pious task. According to Murray, she entrusted the erection of the church to "Maistre Loys von Berghem," and the sculpture to "Maistre Conrad." The author of a superstitious but carefully prepared little Notice, which I bought at Bourg, calls the architect and sculptor (at once) Jehan de Paris, author (*sic*) of the tomb of Francis II. of Brittany, to which we gave some attention at Nantes, and which the writer of my pamphlet ascribes only subordinately to Michel Colomb. The church, which is not of great size, is in the last and most flamboyant phase of Gothic, and in admirable preservation; the west front, before which a quaint old sundial is laid out on the ground — a circle of numbers marked in stone, like those on a clock face, let into the earth — is covered with delicate ornament. The great feature, however (the

nave is perfectly bare and wonderfully new looking, though the warden, a stolid yet sharp old peasant, in a blouse, who looked more as if his line were chaffering over turnips than showing off works of art, told me that it has never been touched, and that its freshness is simply the quality of the stone) — the great feature is the admirable choir, in the midst of which the three monuments have bloomed under the chisel, like the parterres of a garden. I saw the place to small advantage, for the stained glass of the windows, which are fine, was under repair, and much of it was masked with planks.

In the centre lies Philibert-le-Bel, a figure of white marble on a great slab of black, in his robes and his armor, with two boy-angels holding a tablet at his head, and two more at his feet. On either side of him is another cherub: one guarding his helmet, the other his stiff gauntlets. The attitudes of these charming children, whose faces are all bent upon him in pity, have the prettiest tenderness and respect. The table on which he lies is supported by elaborate columns, adorned with niches containing little images, and with every other imaginable elegance; and beneath it he is represented in that other form, so common in the tombs of the Renaissance, — a man naked and dying, with none of the state and splendor of the image above. One of these figures embodies the duke, the other simply the mortal; and there is something very strange and striking in the effect of the latter, seen dimly and with difficulty, through the intervals of the rich supports of the upper slab. The monument of Margaret herself is on the left, all in white marble, tormented into a multitude of exquisite patterns, the last extravagance of a Gothic which had gone so far that nothing was left it but to return upon itself. Unlike her husband, who has only the high roof of the church above him, she lies under a canopy supported and covered by a wil-

derness of embroidery — flowers, devices, initials, arabesques, statuettes. Watched over by cherubs, she is also in her robes and ermine, with a greyhound sleeping at her feet (her husband, at his, has a waking lion); and the artist has not, it is to be presumed, represented her as more beautiful than she was. She looks, indeed, like the regent of a turbulent realm. Beneath her couch is stretched another figure — a less brilliant Margaret, wrapped in her shroud, with her long hair over her shoulders. Round the tomb is the battered iron railing placed there originally, with the mysterious motto of the duchess worked into the top — *fortune infortune fortune*. The other two monuments are protected by barriers of the same pattern. That of Margaret of Bourbon, Philibert's mother, stands on the right of the choir; and I suppose its greatest distinction is that it should have been erected to a mother-in-law. It is but little less florid and sumptuous than the others; it has, however, no second recumbent figure. On the other hand, the statuettes that surround the base of the tomb are of even more exquisite workmanship: they represent weeping women, in long mantles and hoods, which latter hang forward over the small face of the figure, giving the artist a chance to carve the features within this hollow of drapery — an extraordinary play of skill. There is a high, white marble shrine of the Virgin, as extraordinary as all the rest (a series of compartments, representing the various scenes of her life, with the Assumption in the middle); and there is a magnificent series of stalls, which are simply the intricate chiseling of the tombs translated into polished oak. All these things are splendid, ingenious, elaborate, precious; it is goldsmith's work on a monumental scale, and the general effect is none the less beautiful and solemn because it is so rich. But the monuments of the church of Brou are not the noblest that

one may see; the great tombs of Verona are finer, and various other early Italian work. These things are not insincere, as Ruskin would say; but they are pretentious, and they are not positively *naïfs*. I should mention that the walls of the choir are embroidered in places with Margaret's tantalizing device, which — partly, perhaps, because it is tantalizing — is so very decorative, as they say in London. I know not whether she was acquainted with this epithet; but she had anticipated one of the fashions most characteristic of our age.

One asks one's self how all this decoration, this luxury of fair and chiseled marble, survived the French Revolution. An hour of liberty in the choir of Brou would have been a carnival for the image-breakers. The well-fed Bressois are surely a good-natured people. I call them well fed both on general and on particular grounds. Their province has the most savory aroma, and I found an opportunity to test its reputation. I walked back into the town from the church (there was really nothing to be seen by the way), and as the hour of the midday breakfast had struck, directed my steps to the inn. The table d'hôte was going on, and a gracious, bustling, talkative landlady welcomed me. I had an excellent repast, — the best repast possible, — which consisted simply of boiled eggs and bread and butter. It was the quality of these simple ingredients that made the occasion memorable. The eggs were so good that I am ashamed to say how many of them I consumed. "*La plus belle fille du monde,*" as the French proverb says, "*ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a;*" and it might seem that an egg which has succeeded in being fresh has done all that can reasonably be expected of it. But there was a freshness, a bloom, so to speak, about these eggs of Bourg, as if it had been the intention of the very hens themselves that they should be

promptly served. "*Nous sommes en Bresse, et le beurre n'est pas mauvais,*" the landlady said, with a sort of dry coquetry, as she placed this article before me. It was the poetry of butter, and I ate a pound or two of it; after which I came away with a strange mixture of impressions of late Gothic sculpture and dairy produce. I came away through the town, where, on a little green promenade, facing the hotel, is a bronze statue of Bichat, the physiologist, who was a Bressois. I mention it, not on account of its merit (though, as statues go, I don't remember that it is bad), but because I learned from it — my ignorance, doubtless, did me little honor — that Bichat had died at thirty years of age, and this revelation was almost agitating. To have done so much in so short a life was to be truly great. This reflection, which looks deplorably trite as I write it here, had the effect of eloquence as I uttered it, for my own benefit, on the bare little mall at Bourg.

III.

On my return to Macon I found myself fairly face to face with the fact that my little tour was near its end. Dijon had been marked by fate as its farthest limit, and Dijon was close at hand. After that I was to drop the tourist, and reënter Paris as much as possible like a Parisian. Out of Paris the Parisian never loiters, and therefore it would be impossible for me to stop between Dijon and the capital. But I might be a tourist a few hours longer by stopping somewhere between Macon and Dijon. The question was where I should spend these hours. Where better, I asked myself (for reasons not now entirely clear to me) than at Beaune? On my way to this town I passed the stretch of the Côte d'Or, which, covered with a mellow autumn haze, with the sunshine shimmering through, looked indeed like a golden slope. One regards with a kind of awe the region in which the famous

crûs of Burgundy (Vougeot, Chamber-tin, Nuits, Beaune) are, I was going to say, manufactured. *Adieu, paniers; vendanges sont faites!* The vintage was over; the shrunken russet fibres alone clung to their ugly stick. The horizon on the left of the road had a charm, however; there is something picturesque in the big, comfortable shoulders of the Côte. That delicate critic, M. Emile Montigut, in a charming record of travel through this region, published some years ago, praises Shakespeare for having talked (in *Lear*) of "waterish Burgundy." Vinous Burgundy would surely be more to the point. I stopped at Beaune in pursuit of the picturesque, but I might almost have seen the little I discovered without stopping. It is a drowsy little Burgundian town, very old and ripe, with crooked streets, vistas always oblique, and steep, moss-covered roofs. The principal lion is the Hôpital-Saint-Esprit, or the Hôtel-Dieu, simply, as they call it there, founded in 1443 by Nicholas Rollin, chancellor of Burgundy. It is administered by the sisterhood of the Holy Ghost, and is one of the most venerable and stately of hospitals. The face it presents to the street is simple, but striking — a plain, windowless wall, surmounted by a vast slate roof, of almost mountainous steepness. Astride this roof sits a tall, slate-covered spire, from which, as I arrived, the prettiest chimes I ever heard (worse luck to them, as I will presently explain), were ringing. Over the door is a high, quaint canopy, without supports, with its vault painted blue and covered with gilded stars. (This, and indeed the whole building, have lately been restored, and its antiquity is quite of the spick-and-span order. But it is very delightful.) The treasure of the place is a precious picture — a Last Judgment, attributed equally to John van Eyck and Roger van der Weyden — given to the hospital in the fifteenth century by Nicholas Rollin aforesaid. I learned, however,

to my dismay, from a sympathizing but inexorable concierge, that what remained to me of the time I had to spend at Beaune, between trains — I had rashly wasted half an hour of it in breakfasting at the station — was the one hour of the day (that of the dinner of the nuns; the picture is in their refectory) during which the treasure could not be shown. The purpose of the musical chimes to which I had so artlessly listened was to usher in this fruitless interval. The regulation was absolute, and my disappointment relative, as I have been happy to reflect since I "looked up" the picture. Crowe and Cavalcaselle assign it without hesitation to Roger van der Weyden, and give a weak little drawing of it in their *Flemish Painters*. I learn from them also, what I was ignorant of, that Nicholas Rollin, chancellor of Burgundy and founder of the establishment at Beaune, was the original of the worthy kneeling before the Virgin, in the magnificent John van Eyck of the *Salon Carré*. All I could see was the court of the hospital and two or three rooms. The court, with its tall roofs, its pointed gables and spires, its wooden galleries, its ancient well, with an elaborate superstructure of wrought iron, is one of those places into which a sketcher ought to be let loose. It looked Flemish or English rather than French, and a splendid tidiness pervaded it. The porter took me into two rooms on the ground-floor, into which the sketcher should also be allowed to penetrate; for they made irresistible pictures. One of them, of great proportions, painted in elaborate "subjects," like a ball-room of the seventeenth century, was filled with the beds of patients, all draped in curtains of dark red cloth, the traditional uniform of these eleemosynary couches. Among them the sisters moved about, in their robes of white flannel, with big white linen hoods. The other room was a strange, immense apartment, lately

restored with much splendor. It was of great length and height, had a painted and gilded barrel-roof, and one end of it—the one I was introduced to—appeared to serve as a chapel, as two white-robed sisters were on their knees before an altar. This was divided by red curtains from the larger part; but the porter lifted one of the curtains, and showed me that the rest of it, a long, imposing vista, served as a ward, lined with little red-draped beds. “C’est l’heure de la lecture,” remarked my guide; and a group of convalescents—all the patients I saw were women—were gathered in the centre around a nun, the points of whose white hood nodded a little above them, and whose gentle voice came to us faintly, with a little echo, down the high perspective. I know not what the good sister was reading—a dull book, I am afraid—but there was so much color and such a fine, rich air of tradition about the whole place that it seemed to me I would have risked listening to her. I turned away, however, with that sense of defeat which is always irritating to the appreciative tourist, and pottered about Beaune rather vaguely for the rest of my hour: looked at the statue of Gaspard Monge, the mathematician, in the little *place* (there is no *place* in France too little to contain an effigy to a glorious son); at the fine old porch—completely despoiled at the Revolution—of the principal church; and even at the meagre treasures of a courageous but melancholy little museum, which has been arranged—part of it being the gift of a local collector—in a small *hôtel de ville*. I carried away from Beaune the impression of something mildly autumnal—something rusty yet kindly, like the taste of a sweet russet pear.

IV.

It was very well that my little tour was to terminate at Dijon, for I found, rather to my chagrin, that there was

not a great deal, from the pictorial point of view, to be done with Dijon. It was no great matter, for I held my proposition to have been by this time abundantly demonstrated—the proposition with which I started: that if Paris is France, France is by no means Paris. If Dijon was a good deal of a disappointment, I felt, therefore, that I could afford it. It was time for me to reflect, also, that for my disappointments, as a general thing, I had only myself to thank. They had too often been the consequence of arbitrary preconceptions, produced by influences of which I had lost the trace. At any rate, I will say plumply that the ancient capital of Burgundy is wanting in character; it is not up to the mark. It is old and narrow and crooked, and it has been left pretty well to itself: but it is not high and overhanging; it is not, to the eye, what the Burgundian capital should be. It has some tortuous vistas, some mossy roofs, some bulging fronts, some gray-faced *hôtels*, which look as if in former centuries—in the last, for instance, during the time of that delightful *Président de Brosses*, whose Letters from Italy throw an interesting side-light on Dijon—they had witnessed a considerable amount of good living. But there is nothing else. I speak as a man who, for some reason which he does not remember now, did not pay a visit to the celebrated *Puits de Moïse*, an ancient cistern, embellished with a sculptured figure of the Hebrew lawgiver.

The ancient palace of the Dukes of Burgundy, long since converted into an *hôtel de ville*, presents to a wide, clean court, paved with washed-looking stones, and to a small semicircular *place*, opposite, which looks as if it had tried to be symmetrical and had failed, a *façade* and two wings, characterized by the stiffness, but not by the grand air, of the early part of the eighteenth century. It contains, however, a large and rich museum—a museum really worthy of

a capital. The gem of this exhibition is the great banqueting hall of the old palace, one of the few features of the place that has not been essentially altered. Of great height, roofed with the old beams and cornices, it contains, filling one end, a colossal Gothic chimney-piece, with a fireplace large enough to roast, not an ox, but a herd of oxen. In the middle of this striking hall, the walls of which are covered with objects more or less precious, have been placed the tombs of Philippe-le-Hardi and Jean-sans - Peur. These monuments, very splendid in their general effect, have a limited interest. The limitation comes from the fact that we see them to-day in a transplanted and mutilated condition. Placed originally in a church which has disappeared from the face of the earth, demolished and dispersed at the Revolution, they have been reconstructed and restored out of fragments recovered and pieced together. The piecing has been beautifully done; it is covered with gilt and with brilliant paint; the whole result is most artistic. But the spell of the old mortuary fig-

ures is broken, and it will never work again. Meanwhile the monuments are immensely decorative.

I think the thing that pleased me best at Dijon was the little old Parc, a charming public garden, about a mile from the town, to which I walked by a long, straight autumnal avenue. It is a *jardin français* of the last century, a dear old place, with little blue-green perspectives and alleys and *rond-points*, in which everything balances. I went there late in the afternoon, without meeting a creature, though I had hoped I should meet the Président de Brosses. At the end of it was a little river that looked like a canal, and on the further bank was an old-fashioned villa, close to the water, with a little French garden of its own. On the hither side was a bench, on which I seated myself, lingering a good while; for this was just the sort of place I like. It was the furthestmost point of my little tour. I thought that over, as I sat there, on the eve of taking the express to Paris; and as the light faded in the Parc the vision of some of the things I had seen became more distinct.

Henry James.

AT BENT'S HOTEL.

It was just before the dawn of a day in June that I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Nancy Bent. The moon was shining in the pale sky, glorifying the distorted pine-tree in front of BENT'S HOTEL, — so ran the legend above the door, — and rendering darkness visible in the swamp beyond the road, where the sullen waters of an intensely muddy creek murmured hoarsely. Dew lay heavy upon the ground, and miasma hung heavy in the air; yet Mrs. Nancy Bent stood forth in *déshabillé*, reckless of exposure, as though she bore a charmed life. I afterwards learned that

she possessed a specific against chills, which enabled her, so she affirmed, to defy the perils of that deadly marsh. Her faith in the unsavory brew she was wont to concoct at sunrise, and dispense, gratis, to all who would partake thereof, must have been strong indeed, since she did not scruple to come out at that hour of the summer morning in any better protection than was afforded by a white cotton sack and a skirt worn over a bouncing hoop of obsolete rotundity, a ragged green veil wrapped about her head, and a pair of unmanageable carpet slippers upon her stockingless feet.

Mrs. Nancy Bent was the landlady of a little wayside hotel in the State of Mississippi, where the chances of travel compelled me to stop for a few hours' shelter. The train that had brought me to this forlorn spot went thundering on its northward way, leaving me with a desolate feeling of having arrived at the limit of the world, — a feeling not a little intensified by the dismal hooting of owls and the melancholy croaking of the frogs in the neighboring swamp land; nor was my sense of desolation at all cheered by the unwelcome tidings that the train which was to bear me away from this Ultima Thule had not yet run down from the little town whither I was faring, the terminus of the branch road, about twenty miles distant.

There was no help for it: from four A. M. until noon that summer day, I was at the mercy of the "garrulously given" mistress of Bent's Hotel. There was a Mr. Bent, "the peaceablest, on-quarrelsomest man alive," according to his wife's verdict, — no doubt a just one, for he was "of his porte as meke as is a mayde;" but the ruling spirit, the presiding genius, of this traveler's rest was Mrs. Nancy. Her husband apparently served no other purpose in the economy of the establishment to which by name he belonged than to conduct the hapless wayfarer to that cramped and cheerless shelter, framed of upright cracks, with scattering planks between; plainly showing that but small consideration of wintry weather had entered into the architect's plans.

Happily, however, it was near mid-summer when I arrived at Bent's. Mr. Bent, a giant with a beguiling smile, walked out of the small station house, as the train in which I came moved away, and meekly offered to conduct me and the one other traveler — a young woman carrying a baby in her arms — to the "hotel," which we saw dimly outlined, just across the road, the planks

being destitute of paint or whitewash. It was that hour of the twenty-four when, according to physiologists, vitality is at its lowest ebb, and we two women followed the man up the little slope to his door in despondent silence, — a silence that did not long remain unbroken, however; for Mrs. Bent, audible before she was visible, raised her voice in shrill expostulation from the dim interior of her dwelling-place: —

"I say, Bent! this here won't do fur me. It's too onchristian-like, — rousting a bone-tired woman outen bed sich a time as this, nuther night nor day. Bound ef I was a man, and one on the powers that be over this here road, I'd not allow no trains stoppin' at way-stations sich a onhallowed time, an' people callin' for rooms, an' nary room to spare 'em. They ought to build a bigger hotel here. How do they 'spect me, with the house full o' visitin' kin, to s'ply beds at sich like onhandy notice? There's my own bed I'm just this moment out of, and that's 'bout 's much as anybody can count on from anybody else."

By the time this tirade was delivered Mrs. Bent stood forth to view: a wiry, scantily-clothed little body, with disheveled hair, sallow face, and an odd serenity of countenance that contrasted ludicrously with the querulousness of her words and the penetrating harshness of her voice.

Porch there was none; so Mrs. Bent, when she came out to meet us, stood shivering upon the dew-drenched grass, while she paused deliberately to inspect the two victims and a half, counting the baby, which her husband had brought her.

The woman carrying the baby yawned, and said, with a sleepy amiability, that it made no difference to her whose bed she took; but I, more considerate or less amiable, turning to Mr. Bent, who stood by, wordless, with an imbecile smile upon his broad face, expressed my entire willingness to occupy one of those

oomfortless inventions of the enemy of rest, a split-bottomed chair.

"Shoo! Shoo!" quoth Mrs. Bent, ushering us indoors with a wildly swinging motion of both her hands, as if she were driving chickens to roost. "It's small use to talk to Bent; he's as *deef* as a pine-tree with the wind a-roarin' in its top. I don't waste no time talking to him, I can tell you."

As we crossed the threshold, a lame goat hobbled painfully out of a corner of the dim passage, and drew familiarly near. This *bizarre* pet Mrs. Bent addressed as "Pups," with her a term of endearment, as I discovered later, which she applied indiscriminately to goats, dogs, cats, cows, chickens, and children. "Hey, Pups!" she cried, kindly, but in a voice so loud as to suggest that the goat might be as deaf as Mr. Bent. "So, so, now; git back, you po' crittur, — *git* back. It's too early yit for *yo'* corn-bread."

This affectionate little speech, far from repelling the lame goat, instantly called forth an earless dog, a tailless cat, and a blind turkey with a broken wing, which motley crew, hurrying helter-skelter from their common den under the tumble-down staircase, crowded around their mistress, and nearly upset her.

"Shoo, shoo, Pups!" cried Mrs. Bent, with shrill good-nature, kicking aimlessly right and left, and sending one of her big slippers flying out of sight into the dark hole whence these creatures came.

Whether this feat was accomplished intentionally or not, it had the effect of creating a diversion: goat, turkey, dog, and cat immediately made speed after the slipper, and Mr. Bent having departed for some nook unknown, we two women — I with my satchel, and the other with her baby — followed Mrs. Bent into the room sacred to her broken slumbers.

A poor place it was, with a rough

floor, a narrow window, and a door on one side, opening upon a weedy garden. Opposite this were two other doors leading, on either side, to rooms beyond, and indicating plainly enough that Mrs. Bent's chamber was too much of a thoroughfare to permit its inmates any great amount of privacy or repose. There were two beds in the room: one, a narrow couch, was occupied by a pair of sallow-faced, sandy-haired twins, eight or nine years of age; the other Mrs. Bent hospitably pointed out as "a snug enough place for a snooze before break o' day."

My fellow-traveler was not critical; perhaps she was too tired and sleepy; at any rate, she stayed for neither thanks nor apology, but lay down with her child, and speedily went to sleep.

"You *ain't* a-goin' to tumble in, eh?" said Mrs. Bent to me, incredulously.

"Why, no, thank you," I replied; "it is hardly worth while. I shall do very well sitting up."

With a look like that of Abou Ben Adhem's angel, "made of all sweet accord," Mrs. Bent said, "To be sho'. Then I'll take t'other cheer myself, an' sit here, handy-like to the winder, so 's I can talk; for 't ain't often I git a chance. Bent, he's *deef* as a stone, an' ef I did n't talk to the pups around I might forgit how."

Then Mrs. Bent, making a dive into a little cranny in the wall, drew thence a dwarfish black bottle, the contents of which were unmistakably betrayed by the slender stick protruding from its wide mouth; which small magic wand was no sooner transferred to Mrs. Bent's mouth than she opened upon me the volleys of her insatiate tongue. Not brandy, nor gin, but the pungent *rappee* was the source whence Mrs. Bent drew her inspiration.

"I can allers tell the folks as *don't* dip," said Mrs. Bent, accompanying her words with a glance of compassion that gave them a personal application: "they

are a limp-like lookin' kind, with no spring to their backbone, that sits down 's if they had n't no mind to move agin in a hurry. But as fur *me*, give me a bottle o' good strong snuff, a sof' red-gum bresh, — not too lemler, mind, — an' a winder handy, an' I don't ask no-body no odds.

"Some folks says it 's ruination to the liver, but that don't scare me wuth a cent," she continued, defiantly. "Let each one jedge for theirselves, *I* say; an' I know when my bottle 's out I ain't wuth a dab; but gi' me my reg'lar dips, an' I kin run this hotel.

"I ain't one o' the onres'less kind, myself. Set *some* folks down here, an' they 'd pine an' pine, like a cotton-stalk with the rust; but I'm bound to make things spry wheresomedever I go! Fust thing I done here was to hunt out a spring. Up to my time, I'm plagued if they did n't drink that muddy stuff outen that creek over yonder. Lord! I don't know any greater hendrance to the temp'rance cause than muddy water; it allers takes seasoning to make it go down.

"Folks said to Bent, when we 'greed to take charge here, — there 's allermost allers people to disadvise you, you know, — folks said to Bent, 'You can't stan' it; you can't never stan' it. Folks has tried it, an' quit, disgustid. The water is bad, an' the air is bad, an' the lonesomeness is intollable.' 'Well,' I says to Bent, 'we kin try it.' I allers had a kind o' notion I could keep hotel. Some folks, I s'pose, *might* call it lonesome, but that 's 'cordin' to how you look at it. A train up an' a train down, every day, or leaswise at night, on the main road, and the same on the branch road, not to say nothin' o' freights, is enough to keep a place lively, to *my* thinkin'; leaswise, I know it gives *me* stir in plenty. There 's passengers comin' an' goin', so 's I git the fashions handy," eying my dress critically. "To be sho', there ain't much Christmas nor Fo'th July;

but I git a free peep at every circus an' show as travels these two roads, bein' as they 're obliged to put up here; an' though Sunday-go-to-meetin' is scarcer 'n hen's teeth, there comes along a preacher, now and then, an' holds prayers as would fair make your hair stand on eend with repentance. Moreover an' besides," continued Mrs. Bent, with eager pride, "things kin happen here same 's in towns. Why, you b'lieve me, now, there 's Framer, as is engineer on the branch road, an' Pining, the operator [of the telegraph] here, you know, has been in a row goin' on *weeks*. I look out fur blazes reg'lar, every time Framer's train comes in. Bent, he says to me, says he, 'You mind, Nan, or you 'll git hurt, sho', nosin' round in men's quarrels.' Framer, he 's got a pistol, you see," Mrs. Bent kindly explained, "an' Bent, he 's the peaceablest, onquarrelsomest man alive. I don't say so 'kase he 's my husband, — I say so 'kase he *is*; you jest ask anybody. 'That 'll do for you, Bent,' says I. 'You 're so deaf you can't hear thunder; but as fur me, my ears is cocked fur all that 's goin' on. You better b'lieve I 'll look out for number onc, and take care o' this hotel into the bargain.'

"Now I ain't *in* this here Framer an' Pining quarrel, un'stan'; but I do like to see a fair fight, ef fightin' 's obliged to be, an' so I take my stan' to see Pining don't git put upon. Not as I upholds Pining; he 's the meddlesomest man a-goin', an' that 's jest what gets him into his troubles, as I ain't slow to tell him. Pining knows I ain't got so much cause to uphold him, a meddlesome, underminin' rat. 'T ain't so long sence he sot up to interfere with Bent; an' ef Bent had n't a had *me* to back him, I don't know but that wood corntract might a-busted. 'T was me put Bent up to that spec. He 's too deaf to keep hotel, Bent is, an' I could n't stan' the looks of him hangin' round, loose-like;

so I told him to go for a railroad wood-pile, when all of a sudden Pining took a fool notion to grab that wood contract fur hisself!" ("He would n't a-half tended to it, — not *he*!" Mrs. Bent added, in a scornful parenthesis.) "Howsomedever, Pining, he set his wire a-goin' to telegraph a pack o' stuff 'bout Bent, his deafness bein' a drawback to the business, — as if a man needed ears to see how to stack up wood! Says I, 'Bent, do you take a fool's advice,' — an' Bent, he knows I lack a power uv bein' a fool, — 'an' do you pop aslide the fust train down, be she passenger or be she freight, and interview the powers that be yo'self; *an' don't you come back thouten that corntract.*' An' Bent, he knowed better 'n to come back with his finger in his mouth, an' *me* a watchin' fur him.

"Pining was powerful upshot — an' I don't blame him nuther, for there's money in that wood-pile — when he found out as Bent had beat him; but he knowed Bent had me to back him, an' he jest had to chaw on his wrath like a piece o' whit-leather. But, law sakes, I did n't bear him no grudge. Says I, 'Pining, you mind yo' own business, next time, and I'm yo' friend;' an' sho' enough, so he found me, when Framer come a-cuttin' an' a-tearin' down here, with his pistol an' his knife sot fur vengeance, an' Pining come a-runnin' to me, like a skeered rabbit. Lord!" — and here Mrs. Bent took her brush out of her mouth to indulge in a passing laugh — "how his long legs did fetch him, and Framer after him!

"Says I, 'Git behine me, Pups, and Framer's bullet shall riddle me afore it tetches you,' which Pining did.

"Framer was mighty mad, I tell you. When he come in to breakfast he said some onperlite things about women's meddlesomeness; an' he said 'em loud, so 's Bent might hear 'em."

"'Why, Framer,' says I, 'ain't you ashame o' yo'self! Bent ain't in this

fuss, an' you can't bring him in it. He 's the peaceablest, onquarrelsomest man alive. I don't say so 'kase he 's my husband, — I say so 'kase he *is*. An' I don't care what man, woman, or child wants my purtection, they 're welcome; ef anybody wants to git behine me, they kin git. I ain't a-goin' to have no shootin', an' no cuttin', an' no Ku-Klux, nor nothin' disreputable 'bout Bent's Hotel, you better b'lieve.'

"But law, Framer war n't to blame; *fur* you see, Pining was at his old tricks, a-lyin' by wire. What must the fool do — you b'lieve me? — but telegraph down to the powers in office that Framer was a-runnin' his engine at the rate of forty mile an hour, which he was forbidden to run more 'n twenty. But, Lord! as I told Framer, a fool an' a half could a-seed *that* was a lie," said Mrs. Bent, waxing intensely emphatic with the irresistible force of her argument; "for this here branch road ain't *more* 'n twenty miles long, an' WHERE is Framer to *git* his forty miles to run, thouten he goes down on to the main road, where he don't b'long? I did n't think 't was reasonable-like Pining ought to be shot fur sich a fool lie as that."

A pause followed this climax. The moonlight had given place to daylight, and a faint stir in the adjoining rooms announced the awakening of the inmates.

"Well," said Mrs. Bent, with an audible yawn, as she wrapped her black bottle carefully in a rag, and bestowed it in its cranny. "I see it 's plum' daylight, an' I must go mix."

What she might mean by this mysterious announcement I had not time to inquire, for her movements were so brisk that almost as she spoke the words she was out of the door.

Some moments passed before she reappeared. Meantime through an opposite door entered a pale, youngish woman, dressed in a calico intensely pink which was bedecked with ribbons of an

intense green. She was followed by an elderly woman with weak eyes, and two sickly children; then came an untidy, half-grown girl, who proceeded to pull the sallow twins out of their bed, and to dress them in a lazy, loitering way, against which neither the twins themselves nor any one else seemed disposed to remonstrate. The youngish woman in the pink calico and the elderly woman with the weak eyes sat down, and began an animated discussion on the ills that flesh is heir to.

By this time Mrs. Bent returned. She had put on her stockings and her own proper shoes, and the white cotton skirt and sack had given place to a smart yellow gingham with many ruffles. In her hand she carried a very dingy tin pint-cup, with an iron spoon, and I knew intuitively that this dread cup contained the "mix."

"Laws, cousin 'Mandy Jane," said she to the dead-and-alive woman in the pink calico, "I must say you do improve every day you stay. Folks need n't tell *me* this is sich an onhealthy spot. An' ef you put yo' daily dependence in this here mix, nobody need n't never have a chill. Have a dose, cousin 'Mandy Jane?"

Cousin 'Mandy Jane obediently swallowed the proffered spoonful, and sank back upon her chair with the proud consciousness of having done her duty to herself, leaving Mrs. Bent to administer a dose in succession to each child. This occupied some little time, for the children made a brave but ineffectual resistance.

When at last helpless infancy had succumbed to the determined dispenser of this elixir, I perceived that my hour had struck. The fell enchantress with the fatal bowl approached. She filled the spoon, and extended it towards me with confident benevolence painted on her countenance; but I, summoning all my strength of character, politely declined.

"*What!*" exclaimed Mrs. Bent, with mingled surprise and chagrin. "You surely don't mean to refuse this here physic? It ain't none o' them *easy* doses that don't signify; it has got a strength and a flavor that stands by you long after it's swallowed. Better try it."

Again I thanked Mrs. Bent, but shook my head. I was not ill, I said.

The would-be Samaritan turned away mournfully, and offered a dose first to the elderly woman, and then to the untidy girl, each of whom, more complaisant than myself, swallowed the contents of the spoon promptly, and with wry faces that amply testified to the strength and flavor of the compound.

"Ah," said Mrs. Bent, encouragingly, "it's a sho' sign that physic is good for something when it riles the stomach that way."

If this was true, she must have felt gratified at the effect the "mix" had upon the twins. The sputtering and lamenting they made awoke the woman with the baby.

"What is that you are all taking?" she asked, with that reverent interest in dosing characteristic of women with babies.

"A mixture 'ginst chills," answered Mrs. Bent, promptly, and holding out the iron spoon brimful. "Better take some. Ef you ain't got 'em a'ready, you're as likely as the next one to git 'em some time."

"It 's the squarest thing a-goin'," chimed in the elderly woman, wiping her lips with approbation. "Fur givin' one a backbone of a mornin', it beats all."

Cousin 'Mandy Jane corroborated this testimony with a solemnly emphatic shake of the head; and the untidy girl declared, with a shudder, that it was "the 'bominablest stuff, to be sho!"—an expression evidently intended as the loudest praise, and accepted as such.

"In course it is!" assented Mrs. Bent, complacently. "'T would n't be good fur nothin', ef it was n't."

The woman with the baby, having paused to hear all this in staring, open-mouthed, credulous silence, now took the spoon, and bravely swallowed its contents; this done, she immediately administered a dose to her infant.

"That's what I call sensible, now," said Mrs. Bent, with glowing approval.

"Sensible? I should *say* sensible," chimed in cousin 'Mandy Jane and the elderly woman; and then everybody looked at me.

"Give me," cried Mrs. Bent, enthusiastically, — "give me my bottle o' snuff, a spring o' clear water, an' this here mix, an' I don't care where you set me down!"

"Declare to man, cousin Nancy," said cousin 'Mandy Jane, "you must tell me what you make it outen!"

"To be sho!" responded Mrs. Bent, with generous warmth. "I takes a little gin, an' a little assafœtity, an' a little senny, to begin with, an' I adds snakeroot, an' boneset, an' dogwood, an' willer-bark, an' sweet-gum balls, an' red pepper an' sage in plenty, an' simmers 'm to a stew-like, an' then I fling in a little long sweetenin'" (molasses).

"Every one o' them things is *good*," remarked the elderly woman, with an air of authority and a withering look directed at me.

"To be sho!" said Mrs. Bent, loudly. "An' when they're put in a mix they're a *Power*."

"Law!" cried cousin 'Mandy Jane, "I wonder, now, ef 't ain't good fur rheumatiz an' asthmy!"

"*In course it is!*" assented Mrs. Bent, pugnaciously. "It's good fur a'most anything. It's good to cure, an' it's better still to prevent. Stands to reason them that's well oughtn't to refuse it, no more 'n them that's ill. Have some?" said she to me again, with a sort of aggressive appeal in voice and look.

Again I had the hardihood to decline; after the conversation I had just heard

I was less disposed than ever to taste her panacea.

"*Better try it*," she urged, with undaunted benevolence. "The chills is a gainin' ground, an' you look mighty peaked-like."

But even this *argumentum ad fœminam* failed to conquer my obduracy, and Mrs. Bent, with an aggrieved sigh, walked away. The look she gave me as she went might have moved a stone to the act of deglutition. I confess that it brought a blush to my impenitent cheeks, it said so plainly, "Turn, sinner, turn; why will ye die?"

"I've known folks to refuse this before," Mrs. Bent remarked, in a loud aside to cousin 'Mandy Jane, "but they allers lived to see their foolishness."

Thereupon cousin 'Mandy Jane and the elderly woman began, each one, to describe her own peculiar ailments: the former suffered from a "goneness," and the latter was troubled with a "fluster-like;" but both agreed loudly that cousin Nancy Bent's infallible "mix" had "helped them a power."

In the midst of this conversation a cracked bell rang clamorously, and forthwith up jumped the elderly woman, cousin 'Mandy Jane, the untidy girl, the twins, and the woman with the baby in her arms. The blind, unquestioning faith with which that young mother obeyed every impulse brought to bear upon her at Bent's Hotel aroused my envy. *She* could lie down to sweetest slumbers upon that untidy bed; *she* could swallow in serene security that nauseous antidote to miasmatic poison; and, most admirable, most enviable, of all, *she* could eat *with confidence* that woeful fried breakfast, concocted in the revolting little kitchen facing the outer door. *I* was sorely weary of my split-bottomed chair, yet I did not move. I had expected to arrive at my destination long before that hour, and so had traveled unprovided with luncheon; yet those leaden biscuit reeking with lard

and saleratus, that weak and muddy drink misnamed coffee, that gross fried bacon, had not the power to beguile the sense of "goneness" that I am sure cousin 'Mandy Jane never suffered from more than I did at that moment.

"That 'ar bell is fur *breakfast*," said Mrs. Bent, turning back at the door. "Better come eat. Yo' train don't come down till nine o'clock, 'long of change of schedule; and it don't go back till twelve. You'll be as empty as a peapod in the dry drought before you git where you're goin'."

I thanked the good soul, but excused myself upon the plea that I had no appetite so early in the morning.

"Ah," said Mrs. Bent, nodding her head sagaciously at her kinswoman in the pink calico, "jest like you was, cousin 'Mandy Jane, — a *goneness*;" then to me, "You'd better a-took that mix; 't would a-made you hongry, leastwise, ef only to take the taste outen yo' mouth."

To this I replied that if I could have some water to bathe my face I should do very well.

Mrs. Bent withdrew. I saw her and cousin 'Mandy Jane shaking their heads in grave disapproval, and I heard Mrs. Bent say, in a voice that might have proclaimed my doom from the housetop, "No food, an' no physic; sich is not long fur this world."

Whether Mrs. Bent ate with imprudent rapidity, or whether she postponed her breakfast to a more convenient season, I know not; but presently she returned to me, bringing a tin basin full of water that was none of the clearest, and a towel upon the appearance of which I forbear to comment.

"There!" said she, as she deposited basin and towel upon the pine chest under the window. "The spring is fur to tote from, an' so I don't waste that water on face-washin'; creek water 's plenty good fur that."

I had just taken off my linen duster,

a garment of a peculiar cut, with cape and sleeves combined; and Mrs. Bent's hands being free of the basin and towel, she immediately seized upon the wrap, and, without asking permission, put it on, turning herself about to see the effect, and talking volubly all the time.

"What in the name o' wonder do they call this thing?" she questioned. "I've been a-watchin' it ever sence daylight, an' I 'lowed to cousin 'Mandy Jane I'd have a try at it, ef I had to invite you to take it off. I allers tries on passengers' clo'es, so 's to git at the fashions. I've got a new pupple caliker, now, to make — but this is *the* out-beatenest concern; blamed ef I kin make head nor tail on it. 'T ain't no basque, I kin see fur myself. It 's more like to a polonay. But I'll 'low ef you had cows to milk you'd find sich a cut powerful ill-convenient."

I explained that the garment was a great convenience in traveling, as it protected my dress from dust.

Upon this the observant Mrs. Bent eyed me critically, and *not* approvingly, from head to foot. "Well, live an' larn!" she exclaimed. "All this waste of bran' new material to spare that dress o' yourn from dust, *which* it is none of the newest. But 't ain't everybody, as I often say, what has the gift of management," she added indulgently, as she laid aside the disapproved cloak. "An' now, ef you 're done with that 'ar tin basin, I'm ready to milk my cows. Ef they was n't the kindest pups in the world, I could n't milk 'em in a hurry, as I do. For a body must skip 'roun' an' be spry, to git things done here of a mornin'; an' specially to-day, sence the branch train comes in all out o' sorts, so to speak, with change of schedule; an' Framer, he 's a whistlin' this minute up to Raney's Station."

Mrs. Bent, having emptied the wash-basin, forthwith began to skip through the weedy garden — literally to *skip*, for the weeds were high — to the small

patch of woods where her starveling cows were tamely waiting.

I felt, as I watched this agile little body clearing the weeds with the wash-basin tucked under her arm, that I had done wisely to decline food and physic; nevertheless, the pangs of unappeased hunger made me faint, and I looked with impatience for the coming of the train that was to bear me away. When at last the belligerent Framer, engineer on the branch road, blew his defiant whistle, everybody (except, perhaps, the craven Pining) rushed to the front to witness that never-palling spectacle of a train arriving. I confess to the weakness of following the mob. My short experience in Mrs. Bent's company had taught me that when one is in Rome it is well to do as Romans do — so far as one can. My unconquerable prejudices had forced me to decline the matutinal dose and the indigestible breakfast; but it was plain that I could gain nothing by remaining in that unsavory little room while all the world at Bent's, even the cats, the dogs, the turkey with the broken wing, and the miserable hobbling goat, were standing under the free heaven, in the morning breeze, to watch the train sweep round the curve.

Mrs. Bent was in glory. "Hooray!" she cried, hilariously, as the engine came to a standstill. "Shoot who, Framer, with yo' belt an' yo' pistols? Ef you had n't a-held up steam so tight, man, as you come around, you'd a shot down the main-road fur your forty miles an hour, sho 's a gu!"

This sally was loudly rewarded by a laugh; but Mrs. Bent, unmoved by the prosperity of her jest, immediately turned her attention to a matter of graver import.

"Call *this* lonesome?" she exclaimed, excitedly. "Jest you look there, cousin 'Mandy Jane! One, two, three, four, five, *six*! Yes, *six* ladies, young an' old, tall an' short, an' every last one on 'em rigged in the fashion! Nary one

on 'em can't git away from yere, least-wise afore ten o'clock to-night, an' 'twixt 'em all I'm certain sho to pick up a style fur my new pupple caliker."

Among these six ladies was one whom I knew; and most fortunately for me, she wisely traveled with a well-provided lunch-basket and a contrivance for making her own coffee. I dare say that my "peaked" look and my general air of "goneness" appealed to this good lady's compassion, for she immediately offered me breakfast, — a kindness that I was not slow to accept.

While we were boiling the coffee with great care and diligence, having to battle with a breeze that Mrs. Bent would have called "ill-convenient," in walked that bustling little woman, probably with a view of studying the cut of my friend's polonaise. The intrusion, under the circumstances, was most embarrassing: not that I objected to sharing with her the invigorating cup whose tempting aroma now filled the room; but I would fain have escaped her detection while breakfasting thus surreptitiously, as it were, on better fare than she could give me.

Mrs. Bent, however, manifested no displeasure. "I 'lowed you'd not hold out to go empty to yo' journey's end," said she, with open satisfaction. "Why don't you keep that do' shot to, to fend off the win'? But, sakes! it's small use fightin' the win' behine a do', with cracks all round you. I'd a a-knowled that was coffee you're a-makin' by the smell; strong's lye, which is a waste o' material. I've seen them pocket tricks afore this. We'd a nexpress agent on this road, onest, what kep' one, an' biled his own coffee. Some folks *is* cu'rous an' onsettled-like 'bout their eatin', you know, an' this chap was allers doctorin' his cookin', as I usened to say, 'stead o' doctorin' hisself. I never *could* git that po' crittur to swallow a drap o' mix, and the consequence was he *never* had the

stomach to sit down to table 's long 's he stopped here."

"Will you not take a cup of coffee with me, Mrs. Bent?" I asked, my cheeks burning with guilty blushes, which I trusted she would attribute to the flame of the alcohol-lamp.

"No; I'm 'bliged to you," said she, with a compassionate air. "I allers thinks there's something or 'nother out o' jint with stomachs what craves things

so fussy. I kin drink my coffee natural-like, myself, I'm thankful to say; but I makes 'lowance fur them what can't."

And with this parting thrust my voluble hostess left me. Poor woman! Before I traveled that way again, she was dead; a victim, I fear, to the combined effects of miasma, the "mix," and the baleful contents of that black junk-bottle which she kept in the cranny beneath the window.

E. W. Bellamy.

DEW OF PARNASSUS.

How shall we know when he comes for whom are these garlands of bay?
How single him forth from the many that pass and repass on their way?

Easily may ye discern him, and beckon him forth from the throng;
Ye surely shall know him by this, — he hath slept on the Mountain of Song.

Many are they that go thither, many the guests of the day;
Few till the cool of the eve, till the kindling of Hesperus, stay.

But he, all night on the sward, lay couched by a murmuring spring;
Sleeping he lay, yet he heard from the covert the nightingale sing, —

Heard the faint rustle of leaves astir in the breath of the South,
Felt the soft lips of the dryad laid on his eyelids and mouth:

So slept till the stars were all folded; till, bright on the dim mountain lawn,
The Muses came singing to wake him, pouring the wine of the dawn!

For him are these garlands of bay; yet show us more clearly the sign:
How shall we know, beyond doubt, he hath slept on the mountain divine?

Know by the dew on his raiment, his forehead and clustering hair;
Dew of the night on Parnassus he for a token shall wear.

Look, how the diamond is caught in the fringe of the meadow unshorn!
Look, how the rose has its rubies, the lily its pearls from the morn!

Such is the song of the poet, — a blossom bred up in the dew;
Mobile the drop at its heart, creating all beauty anew!

Edith M. Thomas.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AS A POET.

MR. ARNOLD's life has been so quiet and so exclusively literary that his history, so far as it concerns the world, is almost comprised in the history of his works. He was born December 24, 1822, at Laleham, in Middlesex, where his father, Dr. Thomas Arnold, afterwards of Rugby, was then receiving private pupils. Matthew was the eldest child. Thomas, the father's namesake, was also born at Laleham, a little more than a year later. The two boys are almost always mentioned together, whenever intense preoccupation with public affairs allows them to be mentioned at all, in the exceedingly interesting correspondence of their father, collected by the late Dean of Westminster, himself one of Dr. Arnold's most illustrious pupils. That correspondence ceased, as the world knows, to its long regret, during the first year of the residence of the brothers at Oxford, when they were eighteen and nineteen years of age. They were therefore four and five when Dr. Arnold left Laleham to be head master of Rugby, and began that brief, brilliant, aggressive, but wholly self-devoted career, which left so deep an impression on his own and the rising generation.

In estimating the influences which have gone to the shaping of Matthew Arnold's peculiar genius, no critic has ever yet seemed to us to lay sufficient stress upon the fact that he was the son of Dr. Arnold. One finds his poetry entirely penetrated by the special pantheism of Spinoza. Another can see only the impress of Wordsworth, which is obvious enough, indeed, and loyally confessed; inevitable, also, from the early personal familiarity of the younger with the elder poet, and with that landscape of the Lake country which is Wordsworth's own. A third detects the sub-

tlar and less direct influence of Keats. For ourselves, such fitful attempts at analyzing the poems as we have now and then made, during the years in which we have loved and coned them, have almost always issued in a maze of speculation on the mysteries of heredity. It does not very often happen that so distinguished a father has a distinguished son. Amid the many uncertainties which beset this matter of mental inheritance, nothing seems more nearly certain than this: that, while a general excellence of quality often descends in the direct line, the special powers which have flourished with exceptional energy in one generation will be languid or dormant in the next; while faculties of which the germs have been plainly discernible, but which have been hampered, neglected, or in any way stunted, in the progenitor absorb whatever of energy there may be in the nature, and spring to a profuse blossoming in the offspring. The elder Arnold smothered and extinguished with an unshrinking hand an early tendency of his own toward religious doubt and speculative inquiry,—a tendency so serious and unaffected that even the devout Keble could say of it, "It is better to have Arnold's doubts than another man's certainties." Always reverent in spirit, he became a man of the most intense and definite convictions,—convictions so entirely final to his own mind that he would fain have imposed them upon all the world, and did, in fact, impart them to hundreds whose connection with him was merely external and temporary; convictions for which he was at all times ready to do valiant and, until the shadow of death itself fell suddenly upon him, even joyous battle. A man above all things *practical*; who had no time to toy with thought, so instantly he translated it into deed. It was on this

side, apparently, that the Roman character touched, and the history of Rome in the great days of the republic so strongly attracted him. On the other hand, scattered all through the pages of that prolific correspondence of Dr. Arnold, in which the pulse of life throbs always with the over-full energy which presages early exhaustion, there are traces of gentler and finer possibilities postponed; of more ideal faculties pining for indulgence; of a yearning after stillness, seclusion, and the permitted rest of old age, extremely pathetic to the reader who foreknows its vanity. There is that thirst for the perpetual solace of natural beauty around human life, barely slaked for the time being by his flying visits to Fox-How, his vacation house in the Lake country, and finding vent in vivaciously expressed disgust with the tameness of "leafy Warwickshire." "It is no wonder," he writes, "that we do not like looking eastward from Rugby. There is nothing fine between us and the Ural Mountains, Holland, the north of Germany, the centre of Russia!"

We are lingering too long, perhaps, over the preface to our subject; but is it not plain that in thus roughly indicating the strength and weakness of the father's nature we have at the same time indicated the correlative weakness and strength of the son's? It remains to push one step farther our inquiry into the shaping influences of Matthew Arnold's youth, before we can lay firm hold of the clue to whatever may appear dreary, disheartening, and prematurely disillusioned in the spirit of his early work, and by so doing render all the more intelligent and ample homage to its patient concentration, regulated imagination, and reflective calm, and to the studied but almost perfect beauty of its form. The year 1842, in which Matthew and Thomas Arnold began their residence at Oxford, in which their father delivered his first and last course

of lectures as Regius Professor of History there, and in which he died, memorable as it must ever remain in the Arnold family, was hardly less so in the annals of the university itself. It marks the culmination of what has ever since been known as the Oxford movement, whose definite defeat as an attempt to revive in the Church of England the claims of primitive Christianity, and bind her to its traditions, was signalized by the secession to Rome of Newman and many of his more devoted adherents, a year or two later. The very appointment to a Regius professorship of Dr. Arnold, the antagonist *acharné* of those whom he disrespectfully but not incorrectly called the "Newmanites," showed that the mind of Oxford was firmly made up on the question which had divided and agitated her so long. Deeply as the university had been moved, men had hardly realized as yet the full significance of that question, the fundamental character of the choice then made between the two warring principles of the age. Years were to pass before all this became plainly apparent. Meanwhile, to young, untried, and impressible spirits, caught, as it were, between the rush of those two opposing tendencies, the spiritual peril was as great as the bodily peril of the man between two railway tracks, who is passed by lightning trains going in opposite directions, and is felled and perhaps killed by the mere displacement of the air, without having been touched by either. From the effects of that double shock not one of the young *âmes d'élite* who sustained it ever fully recovered. Clough struggled with his hurt manfully for a few years, and died with his life-task hardly begun. Froude, older and, as one may say, tougher, brought away from that experience the intemperate spirit and the wrongheadedness which have often vitiated his judgments and injured his brilliant work. Of the two Arnolds, moved by so sad and sacred a

compulsion to follow in their father's footsteps, moved equally in the contrary direction by the very rebound within them of some of his own repressed instincts, the younger survived, to a course of sorrowful vacillation; the elder, with a soul of finer temper, powers of a more unusual order, and a greater tenacity of spiritual life than his comrades, though doomed to a lasting division of sympathies and balance of opinion, became, in fine, the consummate artist whom we know, and also, to a degree, because of his transparent sincerity, and because, although cheated of hope, he was incapable of fear, "the helper," as he himself has lately said of Emerson, — "the helper of those who would live in the spirit," and so live without hope of personal reward.

He won the Newdigate prize for poetry in 1843, and delivered in the Sheldonian theatre at Oxford a poem, in proper heroic couplets, upon Cromwell. The occasion of the *encomia* was not then as peaceful and decorous as it has now become, and nobody heard a word of the poem, by reason of the antics of the undergraduates in the gallery. It was forty years ago last June, but Cromwell will bear reading still. Mr. Arnold's versification was already singularly beautiful, polished and yet free; and how prophetic of the thoughtful, neutral temper of the poet in his maturity, and his half-mystical devotion to natural beauty, were the lines in which he laments his hero's inaccessibility to the loftier influences of landscape! —

"No wonders nursed thy childhood, not for thee
Did the waves chant their song of liberty;
Thine was no mountain-home, where Freedom's
form

Abides enthroned amid the mist and storm,
Or whispers to the listening waves that swell
With solemn cadence round her citadel:
These had no charm for thee, that cold, calm,
eye

Lit with no rapture as the storm passed by,
To mark, with shivered crest, the reeling wave
Hide his torn head beneath his sunless cave,
Or hear, 'mid circling crags, the impatient cry
Of the pent winds that scream in agony."

There is, indeed, something almost humorous in the bare conception of Oliver Cromwell as concerned with what the wild waves are saying, and in what now seems to us the exceedingly anti-pathetic character of Mr. Arnold's first subject. Five years later, in 1848, being at that time private secretary to the Marquis of Lansdowne, he published anonymously *The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems*. The leading piece in this modest little volume reveals Mr. Arnold's definite preoccupation with Greek ideals, both of spirit and form. As a continuous vision of the heroic age, the "wild-thronging train," "the bright procession of eddying forms" that sweep through the brain of the mountain youth who has drunk of Circe's cup, have a clearness, a vivid beauty of realization, which is beyond praise. What surely drawn and exquisitely tinted pictures are these! —

"When the white dawn first
Through the rough fir-planks
Of my hut, by the chestnuts,
Up at the valley-head,
Came breaking, Goddess!
I sprang up, I threw round me
My dappled fawn-skin;
Passing out, through the wet turf,
Where they lay, by the hut-door,
I snatch'd up my vine-crown, my fir-staff,
All drench'd in dew —
Came swift to join
The rout early gather'd,
In the town, round the temple,
Iacchus' white fane
On yonder hill.

(The gods) "see the Centaurs
In the upper glens
Of Pelion, in the streams,
Where red-berried ashes fringe
The clear-brown shallow pools,
With steaming flanks, and heads
Rear'd proudly, snuffing
The mountain wind."

Apropos of Centaurs, the short, unrhymed iambics and anapests of *The Strayed Reveller* constitute a measure sufficiently foreign to the genius of the English language, *Hiawatha* and the *Kalavala* to the contrary notwithstanding. They were, however, sedulously

cultivated by Mr. Arnold from this time on, and forced into genuine pathos of expression in the elegy on his father, written ten years later. They have a certain music of their own; but it is by no means the music of Endymion, — of which, in its spirit, *The Reveller* inevitably reminds us, — nor indeed the music of poetry at all, but of elevated and picturesque prose. There is no need here to repeat the experiment, long since made by a keen but not unfriendly critic of Mr. Arnold's poetry,¹ of printing these short lines in a continuous paragraph. Prose they are, when thus printed, and not specially rhythmic prose either, although retaining all their imaginative charm. There comes out in them, however, when so written and read, a truly extraordinary likeness to the Centaur of Maurice de Guérin. Now we all know how enthusiastic an estimate Mr. Arnold formed, in his later critical days, of the genius of the delicate young Frenchman. He even compared him with Keats. Mr. Swinburne, — the most generous of all poets to his fellow-poets, — in the course of his eloquent essay on Matthew Arnold's poetry, takes leave to repel with the utmost vivacity any such high association of De Guérin's name. "In Keats," he truly says, "there was something of the *anima mundi* made flesh once more in the body of a divine interpreter; in De Guérin only the '*animula, blandula vagula*' of a tentative, sensitive, impressionable nature." He quotes, as illustrating Mr. Arnold's estimate of De Guérin, the pungent remark of a French critic: "Il y a quelque-chose de louche et de suspect dans les louanges que rend aux poètes manqués un poète réussi." He says that the gentle pupil of Lamennais appears to have been to his own partial compatriot "what the lesser celandine was to Wordsworth," and so on, through a number of pages fairly sparkling with

antitheses. For ourselves, we are specially grateful to Mr. Swinburne for having brought simultaneously before us these three names, — Keats, Arnold, Guérin. There is something suggestive and instructive in their association. What the earlier and greater genius was, unconsciously, by a divine intuition, the two others, so congenial to one another and to him, would have given their souls to be. Toward the serene pagan kingdom of his inheritance and his brief rule they looked, with homesick longing, from the devastated battle-fields of the stormy present; they made excursions into it, and gathered its flowers and sketched its scenery, but they might not abide there. The one returned to die, the other to a sterner life. De Guérin and Arnold, in their young days (and the former, as we know, had no other), were as Greek as they could possibly make themselves, but Keats was conceived a Greek. With a great price obtained they the freedom of the antique world, but he was free born.

In the chief poem of Mr. Arnold's next volume, *Empedocles upon Etna and Other Poems*, 1852, also issued anonymously, or rather with the simple signature *A*, we seem to have our attention purposely directed to the strife between the two voices of his muse, — the false antique and the true modern, — and to hear the sweeter borne down and finally silenced by the stronger. The scenery is of course all classic still, but the voice of Empedocles upon Etna is a voice of to-day. The heavy-hearted old philosopher, spent by the spiritual conflict in which he has been so long and so vainly engaged, quietly resolves to contend no longer, and steals away into the volcanic wilderness of the lonely mountain top to die. As he goes he chants his own death song, — a stern, lofty, unimpassioned strain, — in which he reviews his life of empty thought and relinquishes it, flinging it back as with a sigh of relief into the general reservoir of being.

¹ James Anthony Froude, *Westminster Review*, 1854.

"Like us, the lightning-fires
Love to have scope and play;
The stream, like us, desires
An unimpeded way;
Like us, the Libyan wind delights to roam at large.

"Streams will not curb their pride
The just man not to entomb,
Nor lightnings go aside
To give his virtues room;
Nor is that wind less rough which blows a good
man's barge.

"We pause; we hush our heart,
And thus address the gods:
'The world hath fail'd to impart
The joy our youth forebodes,
Fail'd to fill up the void which in our breasts we
bear.

"Changeful till now, we still
Looked on to something new;
Let us, with changeless will,
Henceforth look on to you,
To find with you the joy we here in vain require.'

"Fools! that so often here
Happiness mock'd our prayer,
I think might make us fear
A like event elsewhere;
Make us not fly to dreams, but moderate desire."

The majestic bass of this remarkable chant is interrupted from time to time by an exquisitely contrasted measure, — the warbling, far down amid the leafy glens of the lower mountain, of Callicles, a bright young harp-player, whose strains in previous days have sometimes soothed the heart of Empedocles as the harp of David charmed the madness of Saul. The songs of Callicles are a great advance on those of The Reveller. Their lyrical form is faultless; their music such as haunts the memory by its sweetness. He sings, to the slender accompaniment of his harp-strings, of Cadmus and Harmonia, those two "bright and aged snakes," who

"Bask in the glens, or on the warm sea-shore,
In breathless quiet after all their ills;
Nor do they see their country, nor the place
Where the Sphinx lived amid the frowning hills,
Nor the unhappy palace of their race,
Nor Thebes, nor the Ismenus, any more."

He sings of Apollo and Marsyas; and once again, after the fatal plunge has actually been taken, and the tragedy of

the dreary mountain top is over, the voice of the unconscious minstrel becomes audible in a hymn to Apollo, whose cadence is like that of some slender cascade, leaping with a single flash from the summit to the plain: —

"What sweet-breathing presence
Out-perfumes the thyme?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime? —

"T is Apollo comes leading
His choir, the Nine;
— The leader is fairest,
But all are divine.

"They are lost in the hollows!
They stream up again!
What seeks on the mountain
This glorified train? —

"They bathe on this mountain,
In the spring by the road;
Then on to Olympus,
Their endless abode.

"— Whose praise do they mention?
Of what is it told? —
What will be forever;
What was from of old.

"First hymn they the Father
Of all things; — and then,
The rest of immortals,
The action of men.

"The day in its hotness,
The strife with the palm;
The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm."

"Calm:" in this one word is already embodied Mr. Arnold's most earnest aspiration. The last note struck by Callicles is the keynote of the majority of these the least youthful, surely, of all young poems. It is struck again and again, and always most distinctly in the most impressive of the short poems, collected along with the sonnets and the narrative pieces — of which more anon — in the first volume of the complete poetical works.¹ In the first sonnet of all, *Quiet Work*, he prays that he may learn of external nature the lesson "of toil unsevered from tranquillity." In the second, in reply to the friend who

¹ Macmillan & Co. 1883.

inquires on what authors he most relies for comfort and support, in the "bad days" through which they are passing, he replies that more even than to Homer and to Epictetus he owes to him

"whose even-balanced soul,
From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
Business could not make dull, nor passion wild;
Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole;
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child."

We find him equally enamored of repose in the tender lament entitled *Requiescat*; and in its heart-sick but still composed and quiet pendant, *Youth and Calm*, in which he seems to lie, as he himself says elsewhere, "passive at the nadir of dismay," the same sentiment finds more austere expression in the nobly stoical strain of *In Utrumque Paratus*, while it is milder, and almost pious, after a certain pantheistic fashion, in the *Lines Written in Kensington Gardens*:

"Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make, and cannot mar.

"The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give!
Calm, calm me more, nor let me die
Before I have begun to live."

So, too, in *Resignation*, in whose limpid lines the landscape of the English Lake country lies reflected as in a flawless mirror:—

"The poet, to whose mighty heart
Heaven doth a quicker pulse impart,
Subdues that energy to scan
Not his own course, but that of man.

He sees the gentle stir of birth
When morning purifies the earth;
He leans upon a gate and sees
The pastures and the quiet trees.
Low, woody hill, with gracious bound,
Folds the still valley almost round;
The cuckoo, loud on some high lawn,
Is answered from the depth of dawn;
In the hedge straggling to the stream,
Pale, dew-drench'd, half-shut roses gleam;
But, where the farther side slopes down,
He sees the drowsy new-waked clown
In his white quaint-embroidered frock
Make, whistling, toward his mist-wreathed
flock—

Slowly, behind his heavy tread,
The wet, flowered grass heaves up its head.

Leaned on his gate, he gazes—tears
Are in his eyes, and in his ears
The murmur of a thousand years.
Before him he sees life unroll,
A placid and continuous whole—
That general life, which does not cease,
Whose secret is not joy, but peace;
That life, whose dumb wish is not miss'd
If birth proceeds, if things subsist:
The life of plants, and stones, and rain,
The life he craves—if not in vain
Fate gave, what chance shall not control,
His sad lucidity of soul."

Notice, also, in this and the preceding extract, the curious felicity of diction, the perfect truth of tone and balance of rhythm, and the absolute simplicity withal; for these are the things which constitute Mr. Arnold's proper and inalienable charm, in which he is virtually unsurpassable. The phrase "lucidity of soul," indeed, recalls one of the watchwords—the invidious call them catchwords—of the poet's later days; but let us never forget, while Mr. Punch makes mirth for us over these, how much Mr. Arnold has himself done, by his delicate precision, toward making his mother tongue a clearer medium for the bright quality of thought which he admires. There is something of Wordsworth's best in *Resignation*, and Mr. Swinburne's whimsicality as a critic is nowhere more conspicuous than in calling the author of these crystalline verses, "the last of those whom Wordsworth is likely to mislead."

Nevertheless, all this grave introspection, this premature quietism and would-be pantheism, interesting as they are in themselves, and characteristic, indicate the direction in which Mr. Arnold's genius is weak. He cannot detach his people from himself, and make them act independently; he cannot be truly dramatic. Empedocles upon Etna is classed as a dramatic piece, and a portion of it is in dialogue; and it is noble poetry, but it is anything rather than a drama. Empedocles voices Mr. Arnold's most fundamental doubts, and Mycerinus his mood of desperation and defiance, and

Stagirius his reactions toward faith. Very few, we fancy, of those who treasure Mr. Arnold's lines most lovingly in memory will even recognize Stagirus under its name, — that of a youthful monk beloved of St. Chrysostom. It is the solemn and affecting prayer beginning, "Thou who dost dwell alone;" and we ourselves first made acquaintance with it many years ago, in an American newspaper, as Matthew Arnold's Litany, — a queer title, yet rather more appropriate than Stagirus. But how distinct, how objective, how living, an image would Mr. Browning have given us, whether of the Eastern monk or the Egyptian king.¹ The same quality of irresistible self-infusion is conspicuous — one might say, but for the extreme dignity and pathos of the strain, almost amusingly conspicuous — in the Lines to a Gypsy Child on the Seashore: —

"What mood wears like complexion to thy woe?

His, who in mountain-glens, at noon of day,
Sits rapt, and hears the battle break below?
— Ah! thine was not the shelter, but the fray.

"Some exile's, mindful how the past was glad?
Some angel's, in an alien planet born?
— No exile's dream was ever half so sad,
Nor any angel's sorrow so forlorn."

Exquisite verses! But how is it possible to think, without a smile, of applying them to any little living vagrant, however dark her eyes? — even though she were, as it would seem she must have been, first cousin to the melodious Boy of Windermere.

Nay, at the risk of being hushed as flippant, we will even go a step farther, and confess that a trace of the same sense of disproportion, between the slightness of the theme and the solemnity of its treatment, affects us in the

series of poems to Marguerite. They contain some of Mr. Arnold's most penetrating and musical lines; they are set, as with a series of precious medallions, with the loveliest vignettes of Alpine scenery; but as the record of an experience they leave us unsympathetic and half incredulous. How can we fully believe in Marguerite, when the poet tells us so plainly that his own judgment disapproved her all along? How can we forget, for her sake, the lover who never forgets himself, — who is so languid in his desire, so *distract* in his regret? The gracious, but melancholy little idyl closes with a singularly fine passage on isolation: —

"Thou hast been, shalt be, art alone.
Or, if not quite alone, yet they
Which touch thee are unmatings things: —
Ocean and clouds and night and day;
Lorn autumns and triumphant springs;
And life, and others' joy and pain,
And love, if love, of happier men."

And the same thought is repeated and more fully developed in the frequently quoted lines beginning, "Yes, in the sea of life en-isled," where we read with emotion, and very likely appropriate and never forget, but feel, none the less, that the strain has become quite impersonal; that it has soared into highly rarefied regions, and is completely severed from its first occasion. Indeed, we think it must be conceded that there is a certain austerity inherent in Mr. Arnold's nature. His statuesque conceptions are but faintly colored by that "love which is blood within the veins of time," and his treatment of a fierce, typical tale of passion and sin, like that of Tristram and Iseult, is curiously inadequate. Fancy those two quietly admitting to each other, in

¹ Mr. Arnold seems not to believe in himself as a dramatist, and he is, in fact, as might be expected from the temper of mind revealed in all his work, an unsparing censor of himself. Empedocles was not included in the first collection of his poems, and was restored to its place only at the earnest entreaty of its many admirers. Merope, a tragedy modeled upon the Greek, and published in 1858, a year after its author's appointment to the Chair of Poetry in Oxford, was never re-

printed at all. As an exact and scholarly imitation of classical forms, and especially for the epigrammatic conciseness of its dialogue, it is admirable. The action only is at fault. It does not properly culminate. Merope was prefaced by a discussion of the Greek dramatic forms, and by a history of the previous versions of the story, including those of Alfieri and Voltaire, which remains one of Mr. Arnold's most ingenious and interesting pieces of criticism.

their tragical last interview, that "both have passed a youth *constrained and sad*"!

On the other hand, the picture of the widowed Iseult, the spotless "Ysolt-as-blanches-mains," living her breathless winter life of solitude and prayer among her children, on the Breton seacoast, is perfect. So is always Mr. Arnold's narrative poetry, provided only he have a congenial theme, and can set his tale in a landscape sufficiently *low* in color. All these conditions are fulfilled in the Forsaken Merman, in Sohrab and Rustum, and in Balder Dead; and it is difficult, indeed, to choose between these three, for each is a masterpiece. The Merman is the general favorite. The weird pathos of the legend, its innocent, wistful paganism and the extreme sweetness of the versification have helped to render it more nearly *popular* than any other production of Mr. Arnold's fastidious muse, but for us Sohrab and Rustum bears off the palm. It is every whit as classical in conception and treatment as the erudite Merope. Its charm is distinctively Virgilian. The compulsion of mysterious fate under which the father unwittingly slays the son, the exceeding beauty of the boy-warrior's portrait, the stately yet carefully subordinated imagery, the few unerring lines which bring so clearly before the reader's mind the broad and simple scenery of the Oxus banks, the slight tremor of unshed tears in the melodious yet manly verse, — all these are in Virgil's very manner, while there is an obvious reminiscence of the dead Pallas in the last scene of Sohrab's brief history. He has told his distressed and remorseful father that the latter will yet have peace: —

"Only not now,
Not yet! but thou shalt have it on that day,
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship, —
Thou and the other peers of Kai-Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,
From laying thy dear master in his grave."
And Rustum gazed in Sohrab's face, and said: —
'Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!

Till then, if Fate so wills, let me endure.'

He spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased
His wound's imperious anguish; but the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flowed with the stream; — all down his cold
white side

The crimson torrent ran, dim now and soiled,
Like the soiled tissue of white violets,
Left freshly gathered, on their native bank,
By children whom their nurses call with haste
Indoors from the sun's eye; his head drooped
low,

His limbs grew stark; motionless, white, he
lay —

White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps,
Deep heavy gasps, quivering through all his
frame,

Convulsed him back to life, he opened them,
And fixed them feebly on his father's face;
Till now all strength was ebbcd, and from his
limbs

Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
And youth, and bloom, and this delightful
world."

And yet, beautiful as Mr. Arnold's versified narrative is, it is not even in this line that we are to look for his highest poetical achievement. In the latest edition of his poems, there will be found collected under the head of Elegiacs nearly all of those pieces in which he has appealed most powerfully to the sensibilities of his time, — The Scholar Gypsy and Thyrsis, Rugby Chapel, the Stanzas from Carnac and the Grande Chartreuse, the two Obermanns. It has become almost a commonplace of criticism to remark that the English language has now produced three consummate elegies, Lycidas, Adonais, and Thyrsis; while those are not wanting — and we think their number will increase, as the years go by — who find the threnody of Arthur Hugh Clough the most satisfying, because the most truly tender, informed by the deepest human sentiment of the three. It is the lament of a loyal soul over one who had shared his own deep intimacy with nature, in the dearest of all the quiet places of England to a scholarly mind; of a baffled inquirer bereft of the partner of his researches; of a steadfast soldier over the comrade who has fallen by his side in a doubtful

battle ; of a man over his heart's friend. No wonder it appeals to many minds in many ways. Yet sincere as are the tones of personal sorrow in Thyrsis, and exquisitely modulated, they merge in that cry of the sufferer from the *mal du siècle*, which is the true theme of the other elegies as well : —

"Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assay'd.

Ah me! this many a year

My pipe is lost, my shepherd's-holiday!

Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart

Into the world and wave of men depart;

But Thyrsis of his own will went away.

"It irked him to be here, he could not rest.

He loved each simple joy the country yields,

He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,

For that a shadow lower'd on the fields,

Here, with the shepherds and the silly sheep.

Some life of men, unblest,

He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head.

He went; his piping took a troubled sound

Of storms that rage outside our happy ground;

He could not wait their passing, he is dead."

Into Mr. Arnold's mission as prophet of the century's eclipse of faith it is not, however, our purpose to enter more fully here: partly because it is on this side that he is best known, and has been most frequently and fully illustrated; partly because we have already indicated those outward circumstances of his life and hour of advent which seem to us to have rendered inevitable his peculiar attitude toward the more agitating questions of the day. Offspring and voice of his age he certainly has been, yet never the quite unquestioning disciple of her most radical and iconoclastic teaching. Nay, it is rather by virtue of his instinctive resistance to the more withering formulas of materialism, of his impulsive *retours* toward the faith of other days, along with his almost impassioned acceptance of the most difficult moral ideals, that he is most impressive, after all, and will perhaps be longest remembered. It is just here that what Goethe

used to call the "demonic" element enters oftenest into his words, — that which is haunting, incalculable, immeasurable, and divine. "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," — some of us have lately heard his living voice persuasively urging the pre-occupation of the mind with "these things," and have felt that the habit of his own life justified and enforced his exhortation.

He sings the dirge of Christianity in verses of unexampled pathos, but a pulse is felt in every line that throbs responsive to

"the wave

Of love which set so deep and strong
From Christ's then open grave."

He mourns the failing of the living spring at which his father drank; then sees, as in a sudden vision, the progress of that confident and intrepid spirit

"On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the city of God."

He raises a stately hymn to Obermann, as the "master of his wandering youth," and they who are sent by Arnold to Obermann, as many must have been, and will still continue to be, perceive, at a glance, the deep constitutional sympathy between the elder and the younger mind, and the essential harmony of their leading views. But they will eventually find, if their experience is like our own, the interpretation stronger than the text; the pupil broader and manlier than the master. When Senancour writes, touchingly, "*Je n'aime que ce qu'ont aimé les meilleurs des hommes; je ne cherche rien aux dépens d'aucun d'eux; je cherche ce que chacun peut avoir, ce qui est nécessaire au besoin de tous, ce qui finirait leurs misères, ce qui rapproche, unit, console; je ne veux que la vie des peuples bons, — ma paix dans la paix de tous,*" — we feel how wholly this is in Mr. Arnold's vein, so far as it goes; but we know that with him the matter did

not rest here, and that, in the silence of his meditation upon the sources of peace, he must at least have heard, like the faint vibration of a far-away bell, a voice out of the dawning hour of the fourteenth century : —

“E la sua volontade è nostra pace.”

On the other hand, Mr. Arnold is fairly outdone in despair — although he has a talent in that way, too — by the melancholy clairvoyance of a passage like the following : “Quand toutes les mers seront sondées, quand on aura mesuré les antennes et compté les étamines ; quand on aura observé le thermomètre sur les mers australes, près du pôle, au solstice de Juin ; quand on aura bâti des temples au milieu du Sahara, que serons-nous alors ? Ce que nous sommes — ce que nous étions. Les pauvres mortels naitront dans les pleurs, ils vivront dans l’anxiété, ils mourront dans l’amertume.” If Mr. Arnold had dealt exclusively with negations he could have had no conspicuous influence even over his own denying generation ; nay, he would then have been no poet at all, and could have laid no claim to his now assured place in the innermost circle of those who surround the very greatest. It may be that faith is utterly to perish, but poetry, as Senancour himself prophesied, will be involved in the same ruin, and the “voice of the harper will be heard no more at all” in the desolated city of this world.

We are conscious of having done but imperfect justice even to the most prominent of the excellences of Mr. Arnold’s poetical work : its temperance, clarity, and precision of diction ; its high finish, and other of those secondary qualities which make or mar irrevocably the force of the inspired word, and which depend first of all upon the possession of a fine literary conscience and a strict obedience to its dictates, and afterwards

and always upon unwearying pains. Mr. Swinburne, in the very striking essay upon Mr. Arnold’s poetry already quoted, says truly that “criticism of the rapid and limited kind possible to contemporaries can be no more than the sincere exposition of the critic’s own belief ;” and another modern essayist, both nice and wise,¹ has aptly compared the critic’s labor to that of the coral insect. The utmost he can hope, he says in substance, is to add a few undistinguished grains to the slowly growing mass of information concerning those whom it behooves us to know ; to solve a lurking puzzle or offer a pregnant suggestion. If we shall seem to some to have done so much in the case of Matthew Arnold, we shall be more than content.

Perhaps, when all is said, it remains the most noteworthy feature of Mr. Arnold’s poetical work that that work was never immature. And yet the poems were all, in some sort, early poems. Before their author had fully come to middle life he had virtually abandoned metrical expression. But the earliest among them, those distinctly marked as such, have none of the special faults of youth. There is no passion in them, as we have seen, — or next to none, — no hurry, no excess. They are grave, concise, philosophical, unsparingly pruned from the beginning, and untiringly polished. Such precocity is usually thought to foretell an early decline of mental vigor. It is all the more wonderful, therefore, as measuring Mr. Arnold’s vitality and versatility, that he should deliberately have unstrung his lyre only to enter with unsuspected energy into a new career, and win equal if not greater distinction as a writer of critical and didactic prose.

¹ Mr. Edmund Gosse, in the preface to his *Seventeenth Century Studies*.

Harriet Waters Preston.

IN WAR TIME.

IX.

THEN came the mild days of the Indian summer, and to the surprise of every one Colonel Morton continued to improve, and was at last sitting up and riding out, to the great triumph of his doctor and the endless happiness of Ann Wendell. The doctor was also prospering otherwise, and seemed on the tide which leads to fortune those who know how to take it.

With her husband's gain in health there came back to Mrs. Morton her old habits of outside activity. To him she was always compliant, quietly yielding, remembering his wants and ways; in fact, quite too much prone to forget herself, and to exact from all others of her household a like self-effacement, where he was concerned. Years before, she had fought her battle for such individual freedom of thought and action as should belong to every woman, and had lost it, — lost it, with the repeatedly acquired conviction that there was for herself and all who were dear to her less sacrifice in losing than in winning. Perhaps she was right; more probably, as Alice Westerley thought, she was altogether wrong. The widow detested but endured Colonel Morton, and it was quite characteristic of her that, despite her almost indomitable tendency to jest with and at everything in life, neither with him, nor with any one whom she did not like, did she ever exhibit herself in her true character.

At New Year's time the doctor was pleased to find with the check for his account a second and much larger one from Mrs. Morton, with a note which made the little household more than happy; but at the same time he began to see clearly that he was to lose, for a season at least, his very profitable pa-

tient. The colonel had reached a certain stage in recovery, but did not get beyond it; and Dr. Lagrange and a far higher authority had decided that he must leave home, and avoid the ill-humored weather of the later winter and the spring. He hated the idea; but although he knew well enough that compliance was wise, it was not in the man to yield without an unreasoning struggle.

"And I am to be carried about the world in search of health, Helen!" he exclaimed, when this decree of his advisers was made clear to him. "And where the mischief am I to go to?"

"Dr. Lagrange says the West Indies or Europe," replied Mrs. Morton.

"I don't see why I cannot be let alone!"

"You could, my dear, but it would n't be wise. Dr. Lagrange and Dr. Wendell both agree about your going away."

"Confound the doctors! I believe I should have done much better without them."

"Oh, John!"

"And who's to arrange it all? And how the deuce is that poor devil of a broken-down Ned to wander all over Europe?"

"We won't wander, John; and I was thinking that perhaps — perhaps Edward might be willing to stay with Dr. Wendell. I have talked to him about it, and I think it might be managed."

"Oh, I suppose so," said her husband. He detested this easy mode of removing the obstacles he was placing in the way. "A pretty time Ned will have, Helen, with that Puritan old maid and her self-sufficient brother!"

"He has served you well, John. You owe him much."

"Oh, of course, of course! That's his business. I hate all this fuss about doctors. It is so thoroughly feminine."

"Well, John, you shall have it your own way. What would you suggest?"

"Suggest? I have nothing to suggest. It seems to me that I am always the last person to be considered, in this household!"

"Well, then, suppose Ned should go to Alice. She would be very glad to have him, I am sure. How would that answer?"

"What, live with that woman! Take care; you shook my knee, Helen."

Then Mrs. Morton said, her eyes filling, despite long years of self-control and her knowledge that a large part of all this evil-mindedness was the effect of illness, "Well, my dear husband, we shall try to make it easy for you; only don't worry me any more."

"Have I worried you?" he asked.

"Yes, you have worried me."

"Arrange it your own way, then; but don't make me discuss these endless questions."

"No, dear."

After this, Mrs. Morton said very little to her husband, and went on, as was her way, with sometimes a rather needless amount of energy, to make her preparations for a long absence from home. There were many talks with Mrs. Westerley and much counsel with Mr. Wilmington, on whose shrewd, quiet good sense Helen Morton greatly depended. Then, as I have said, her broken habits of a life of active thinking and doing for others had again become possible, and as usual, whenever her husband grew better, she began to concern herself anew in the plans and lives of those about her. This had always been her way. To what school her farmer's children went, whether they knew their catechism, what the local sanitary commission had been about in her long absence, and whether this or that dependent wore warm enough underclothing or not, were by no means unimportant matters to Helen Morton. There was a strong flavor of kindness in all her forth-

putting life, but its constant vigilance was sometimes an infliction on the victims of her good offices. She liked her own way, and generally had it, save only as regarded Morton, and, as Alice Westerley said, "She takes her revenge on the rest of us in a system of despotic philanthropy." In fact, nothing but obstinate resistance ever conquered her combination of sweet-tempered interference and gentle good manners. There was one other rebel of her household, beside her husband: Edward did and said what he liked, his independence being largely due to her own intense and admiring affection, now made yet more patient and tender by his delicate health. She had consulted, in his case, a dozen doctors, and, mother-like, was pleased with none, because none could be found to promise the impossible; so that at last she had given up all further effort,—a conclusion rare enough for her.

"You will kill yourself, Helen, before you leave home," Alice Westerley said to her, one morning. The widow sat in front of a roaring wood fire in Mrs. Morton's sitting-room. Her feet rested on the brass fender, and as she spoke she looked at them, and approved of them. They were pretty feet, and were beautifully shod, and she very well knew that she had not been alone in her appreciation. Mrs. Morton sat at a Chippendale table, covered with papers and account-books.

"No, I like the work," she replied. "It enables me to forget a good deal, which, as I have well learned, dear, it is quite wise to forget. Don't you think it is one of our great miseries that we have no exacting work which we must do, in the way a man's work has to be done?"

"I don't think you need complain of that, Helen! It seems to me that you have quite enough. If you had, or imagined you had, any more, you could not manage at all. For my part, I hate

work! I don't like even to sew, or do fancy work."

"I do not see how you stand it, Alice!"

"We are pretty much alike as to that. It tires me to look at you. You are never still. I dare say I think as much. In fact, everything in life interests me, but I do not bother myself about other folks' lives, as you do."

"I can't help it."

"I really suppose you can't. How cold it is! The thermometer was at thirty degrees, this morning. I wish I liked cold weather."

"For me it is the best of all tonics. But, good gracious, Alice, why do you wear such thin stockings?"

"To look the nicer, my dear."

"Some day you will die of consumption, if you are not more careful," observed Mrs. Morton, who was given to grim anticipations as to the future of those who despised her counsels. "You never would take advice! Now if you really would consider it, I should like to give you, dear, a very serious piece of advice. You would n't take it, I am sure, or you would laugh at it, which is worse; but that you do at everything."

"Ah, my dear Helen," said Alice, "when one has so soft a heart as I have, some kind of armor is needful for defense, and mirth is mine. I find it very useful. And as to advice, dear, do you ever think that you sometimes may, in your real goodness of heart, give an over-dose of that valuable drug? I am a little like Arty about that. If you advised me, Helen, as much as you do that sweet boy, I—I don't know what I should do. Do you never hate a clock for so persistently telling you what time it is,—I mean exactly what time it is?"

"How absurd you are, Alice!"

"Perhaps so," assented the widow, who was a little uneasy as to the possible nature of the threatened advice. "But here comes Hester Gray, across

the lawn," she added, with a sense of relief.

"Yes; I asked the doctor to let her spend the day with us. How glad the boys will be! I think I never saw a young girl I liked so much. But what a pity it is that she should grow up with that very definite old maid!"

"I rather like Miss Wendell," Mrs. Westerley replied.

"You like anybody a week at a time," returned her friend, laughing,—"anybody!"

"And some, longer, dear."

"Yes; I, at least, have no cause of complaint, Alice," and she patted her affectionately on the knee. "But, Alice, this child troubles me. I think I shall write to her people in the South, and get Mr. Stanton to send the letter through the lines; and yet I cannot expect any answer. She is an orphan. She says that she has no uncles or aunts, and, so far as I can see, is going to be left on the hands of the doctor. I was rather surprised, last week, when Morton asked me what had become of her. He does n't interest himself much in such waifs, as a rule. I was thinking I might send her to some good school."

"I don't see why you should not. But how on earth are you to attend to it?"

"I thought I might break it to the Wendells, and"—

"Break it!" exclaimed her friend.

"What is there to break?"

"Oh, nothing," said Mrs. Morton, "except that Hester really must go to school. I fancy the doctor has grown fond of the child; and as for Miss Wendell, she has a genius for opposition."

Alice Westerley smiled a little. "That is n't rare as a talent, but it does n't often reach to the level of genius! However, if they agree to it, I will arrange the practical part of it after you leave us. I ought to have thought of it myself, I am sure. You see I do not always reject advice. Does Colonel Mor-

ton have any feeling still, or did he ever have any, about that poor fellow's charge that he shot him? I was thinking about it yesterday."

"I don't know. John is rather reticent, and it is so hard to be sure what men do think! I should have no reason to suspect that he ever felt it at all except for what I just spoke of, — his interest in the girl. It is unusual for John."

"Has he ever seen her?"

"Two or three times only, I believe, since he has been up and about."

"It would be a droll thing for a man like your husband to entertain any such morbid idea."

"Yes, I think so. But here is Hester;" and so saying, Mrs. Morton raised the long window sash, and the young girl, glowing with the rough buffets of a northwester, came in, and with her a gust of cold, frosty air.

"Oh, Mrs. Morton, it was so hard to walk against the wind! It did blow so!"

Then both ladies kissed the girl, while her bonnet was taken off, and the shapely little head showed, with its coil of yellow hair, fast darkening year by year, above eyes of deep blue, whose size, as yet too great for the face, gave them a look of unnatural attentiveness.

"How you grow, child!" said Mrs. Westerley.

Hester, like most children, had heard this remark before. "Yes," she said; "but Dr. Wendell says that I ought soon to grow sideways, too, and Miss Ann thinks I must have longer gowns. Do you think they are too short, Mrs. Morton? They are awfully in my way now, when I climb trees or coast."

"They are not one bit too short," remarked the widow, cheerfully, wishing she too could go coasting.

"And I think," said Mrs. Morton, "that Miss Ann is quite right. I will speak to her about it."

"Oh, there is Edward!" cried the child, — "and Arthur!"

"I think I should say 'Mr. Edward,'" returned Mrs. Morton. "Don't you remember our talk last week?"

Mrs. Westerley smiled, though she made no comment. The girl replied, "But he said I must call him 'Edward.'"

"You must n't mind what young men say, my dear, and — What do you want, boys?"

"Oh," cried Arthur, "we want Hester to coast! The hills are grand."

"It is very cold."

"Oh, let her come, mother!" exclaimed Edward; and not waiting a reply, he said, "Come along, Hester. I can't coast, but I can look on."

"Well, if you wish it, Ned," said his mother. "Get my fur cloak, and wrap her up well;" and with this the younger pair sped away, Edward slowly and gravely walking after them, a faint sadness in his eyes as he watched their fleet movements. Presently they stopped, and coming back the girl asked Edward, "Don't you think if you put a hand on my shoulder you might go easier? It is very slippery."

The young man smiled, and, doing as she desired, said, "I am like an old man-of-war with two little eager tugs. Did you ever see a picture of the old *Téméraire*? I feel like the old *Téméraire*. I will show it to you, Pussy." Then he went on in silence, while the girl's tender eyes turned up to his at times with gentle, womanly consciousness of her helpful strength.

Wendell had builded his opinions about Hester better than he knew, and was right for wrong reasons. He believed, and truly, that the protection and advice of Mrs. Morton were good for Hester. He was learning that the friendliness of the lads and Colonel Morton's interest were of use to her. Ann Wendell found it hard, as yet impossible, to do more than care for the child's health and lessons. Love, and even liking, grew slowly with her. A few, a finely

moulded few, among middle-aged unwedded women have the ready hospitality of affection which comes to many married women as a natural acquisition. Most of all is this true of single women who live much alone, as did Ann Wendell, who felt now, while she accepted her new care,—and a care it was—that she should at least be left to control it as her conscience advised. Her sense of the child's probable future was definite, as Ann's views usually were, and inclined her to train the girl by endurance for a life of self-sustaining labor. Nor could she see that social sunshine and young companions were necessary to the growth of a nature which had a ready pleasure in all the pleasant things of life, and which would best get from the summer of joy the strength to battle with such wintry storms as life might bring.

The young people went slowly down the garden walks, halting a moment at the sun-dial, which for a century had kept noiseless note of time among the tall, clipped box rows.

"Yes, I should like to see the picture," rejoined Hester, "and I will remind you,—and what is that, Mr. Edward?"

"A sun-dial, Miss Gray. Why on earth should I be 'Edward' and 'Ned' yesterday, and 'Mr. Edward' to-day?"

"Mrs. Morton says I must n't call you 'Edward.'"

"Nonsense! No, I don't mean that. I will speak to mamma about it. I suppose Arty is not promoted."

"What? I don't understand."

"I mean, he is still to be Arty? I can tell you I won't stand that!"

"And did you never see a sun-dial?" exclaimed Arthur.

"No, never; but I have heard of them."

"My grandfather set it here when he came home after the war, and I dare say Washington has seen it, and old mad Anthony Wayne."

"It tells what o'clock it is," said Hester.

"Yes. See! it is twelve now."

"But when the sun is hid, it can't tell then!" cried the girl, triumphantly.

"No," coincided Arthur. "It goes to sleep, just as you do."

"How nice!" returned Hester, musingly. "I think I like a sun-dial."

"*Non numero horas*, etc.," said Edward.

"Like Mrs. Westerley," laughed Arthur. "Come along, Hester; that's Latin, and you have no business with it. I hope you never will."

"Tell her your lines about the dial, Arty."

"No, sir."

"Please do, Arty."

"No! A-coasting we go; and when I go a-coasting, I go a-coasting. But, Hester," he said aside, "some time I will." The ready little woman smiled, well pleased, and presently the two sleds were speeding down the long coasting-hill, where by and by Mrs. Westerley came, and to the lads' immense delight was persuaded to try it once with Arthur, and was soon the youngest of the party, until, as she toiled up the hill, glowing and joyous, she chanced to notice the elder lad painfully shifting his station as he leaned against a tall tulip poplar, and looked with a certain gravity at the wild career of the gliding cutters.

"Not tired?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. I'm an old woman, you know."

"I wish I felt myself as young a man," he replied, smiling, as he glanced with admiration at her straight, active figure and frank face.

"Oh, we shall get you well," she said. "Don't think about it, Ned."

"Yes, I know, of course. I try not to think of it, and sometimes life is so strong in me that I believe I shall yet be as other men; but I never shall be,—never! And last night, Mrs. Wester-

ley, I dreamed — You don't mind my telling you? Father says it is bad manners to tell your dreams."

"Oh, my dear Ned, what an old-fashioned notion! Go on. What was it?"

"I dreamed I was riding into the thick of a great fight behind Colonel Fox, — what that dear old Kingsley calls a melley, — and shots were flying, and I was riding, riding like mad, for a rebel flag; and then I had it, and the thought came over me, as I broke through the lines, 'Oh, what will mother say now!' And then I woke and — my God, I cried!"

"And you have made me cry, too, Ned. I wish I could help you! But perhaps God has other work for you in life than this; who knows, Ned?"

"Who, indeed?" he said. Then she grasped his hand, dropped it, and was silent. She was a woman who thought less about her words than her actions, and in whose life the undercurrents of tenderness and reverent feeling were strong, and the purer for the rarity with which they came to the surface.

Not the wisest sermon could have helped him like her few words, and the man-like grip, which filled him with a wholesome sense of being understood by a nature as noble as his own.

At last he mastered himself. He had been afraid to speak. "Thank you," he said. "How you help a fellow! Arty, my poet, says that you are just like the sun: you can never see the shadows."

"Oh, did he say that? I shall kiss him some time for that! How well he looks! I mean," she added, quickly correcting herself, "how handsome! They make a charming couple."

"I don't think him handsome," Edward returned, "but he has a strong face; and as to that child, — she is just the sweetest little person I ever saw. Don't you know, Mrs. Westerley, how sometimes, on bleak days, you wander into the sun, and suddenly feel

just comfortable, and you hardly think why for a time? That is the way I feel when that child is about."

Mrs. Westerley reflected a little. "There could hardly be a nicer girl," she returned; "but she does need a little forming."

"Now that's mother, Mrs. Westerley; that's mother all over."

"Oh, I think so, too! I do, indeed."

"Bother the forming!" said Edward. "Let's go in to lunch. Now come along, steam-tugs, — one to starboard, one to port!" And laughing and chaffing one another, they went into the house.

X.

"And so," said Colonel Morton to his younger son, "I understand that you have kindly consented to go to Europe with us, for six months, and that then you propose not to go to Harvard. How old are you, please?"

"Seventeen, sir."

"And you intend, I am told, in six months, to take command of the Poto-mac army."

"I want to enter as a private."

"Bless me, you are modest!"

The boy flushed. He and his father were never altogether in accord. The lad had his father's resolute will, and far more than his intelligence.

"I thought," he said, "until quite lately, that you would like it, sir. We have had somebody in every war, and I wouldn't like to grow up and feel that neither Ned nor I had had a share in this one; and Ned can't go, you know."

"Yes, I know. He has got that con-founded Irving constitution, — no stuff in it! What the deuce do you want to go into the army for?"

"Excuse me, father, but why did you?"

"Upon my word, I don't know! I rather think I was bored, in this enchantingly wide-awake town."

"And you won't say I must not go, father?"

"No, you young stupid. Your mother will have a horrible time over it; but really, I suppose it is a matter of breed, and I might as well tell my pointer Joe not to stand at a pheasant. The next thing you would go, whether I liked it or not."

"No, I would not."

"Then you would n't be your father's son. Why do you always contradict me?"

"But I don't."

"Yes, you do. What else are you doing now? If this war lasts, I will write to Stanton, or the governor, and get you a commission; but remember, sir, no nonsense about going into the ranks. There, your mother wants you to drive her over to the doctor's. Take Bessie, and don't lame her, and see that she is roughed."

"Yes, sir, and thank you."

"Oh, you need n't thank me!" And the boy left him, feeling half satisfied, and, as was usual after a talk with his father, a good deal hurt.

"He is worth all the rest of the lot," soliloquized the colonel. "I felt as if I were looking into a mirror."

Mrs. Westerley would have said, and with reason, that the colonel flattered himself. Colonel Morton had, in fact, made up his mind, before the boy spoke of it, that he should have his way; and that it would be a sore trial to the lad's mother was, he also felt, perfectly natural, but practically a matter to be disregarded. If he had been asked why his son should enter on a perilous career at eighteen, he probably would have said and thought that people of a certain position were pledged thereby to do certain things, one of these being to fight.

Meanwhile, the object of his parental reflections was driving Bessie, in a neat sleigh, at a rate to which the father would certainly have demurred, and at which the portly mother, coiled up in

furs beside him, was more or less disturbed. By and by he pulled up a little, and found time to talk over his plans.

"Father says that you won't like my going into the army, mother; but you won't say I must not? You know I would have to stay, then, and I ought to go. Jack Wilmington is only a year older than I am."

"But he has no mother."

"Worse luck for him. I have one who knows where a man's duty lies, in these days."

Mrs. Morton felt this to be a little artful, but, nevertheless, she liked it, and six months made up a long time. Europe was far away, and it is one thing to say yes for to-morrow, and quite another to say yes for six months off. She glanced at the boy's side face, and, noting its stern and powerful outline and its look of intense earnestness, said with some gravity, "It is — it will be hard, Arthur; but I never disagree with your father, though it seems a great sacrifice."

"But I don't mean to be a sacrifice," returned her son; "not to the Johnny Rebs, anyhow. Thank you, mother," and, leaning over, he kissed her.

"You foolish boy! you have put my bonnet all awry."

"Yes, ma'am," said the lad, well pleased.

Then they flew along the main street, and Bessie was pulled up at the doctor's door.

"Send Hester out, mother. Please don't forget!" So presently Hester came forth, laughing, in a gray fur hood of Miss Ann's, and was whisked along up lanes and by-roads at a rate which took her breath away; and was told the sun-dial verses and many others, and about the war, which concerned her more.

"And you might be killed!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he replied, "I might, but I won't. We have had all our ill luck al-

ready, and I may come back a general. No, I don't mean that, but perhaps a colonel."

"I won't be satisfied unless you are a colonel. I like colonels. I saw Colonel Fox, and I like him."

"But I won't have you liking any colonel but me, — and here we are at home, again. Stay with me till mother comes out."

"But I ought to go in."

"Don't go! I will tell you stories;" and the lad, whose fertile brain was full of Arthur and his knights, and Roland and what not, held the little lady tranced in the pleasant country of Romance, while within their elders discussed her future life.

It so happened that while Mrs. Morton drove over from her own home, Ann Wendell had been sitting upstairs, with her sewing in her lap, thinking a good deal, as was her wont, about her brother and his affairs; and a good deal, too, of the orphan, who seemed now to have been left to her care, with little or no chance that any relatives in the South would come forward to claim her as their own by superior right of kindred. With characteristic sense of duty, and of late with a vague feeling of jealousy at her brother's sudden attachment to the child, and yet with a kindly desire to please him in this, as in all else, Ann had set herself sedulously to see that she did not fail in the face of her novel obligation. At any moment she would gladly have been relieved of her task, but it had been put upon her by a Providence, which for her overruled all things, and she felt distinctly that she must answer the call, and so leave nothing undone.

When she was a teacher she had always taken a certain pride in the idea that she had some insight into the characters of her pupils, and now she had framed rather in haste a conception as to what Hester was and what she needed. The child's accuracy and exactness

in her tasks, as well as her notable conscientiousness, caused Ann to think that she in some ways resembled herself, as in fact she did, in these especial particulars; but Ann had in her own being no clue to the tangle we call character, and utterly lacked capacity to unravel into distinctiveness of appreciation its changing web and woof. The intelligence of each year of growth is commonly underrated by those who are called on familiarly to observe it, and very few apprehend the zones of change through which a clever girl, approaching womanhood, is apt to pass, or understand that temporary displays of capriciousness, or melancholy, or irritability are only expressions of physiological changes consistent with general healthy growth. Indeed, Ann looked aghast when, on complaining to her brother that Hester had been unmanageable for the last month or so, he said to her, "My dear Ann, children have moral measles sometimes. Only let them alone, and they will get well of themselves. There is a wise herb in the gardens, Ann, and it is called Thyme."

Ann felt that she had not received any very great assistance. In fact, Wendell saw one side of the girl's character, and his sister another, and a small one; for this bright little crystal had many facets.

Mrs. Morton was marveling, like Alice Westerley when she had paid her last visit, over the odd literature on the table. It had changed a little, for Wendell often haunted the cloistral alcoves of the old Franklin library on Fifth Street, and found a pleasure in books which a generation or two had left unread since James Logan had placed them upon its shelves.

Ann Wendell, coming down from her room, received her guest quietly. She did not like her overmuch, and was a little in awe of a woman who, without quite knowing that she did it, patronized her with such supreme gentleness, and

yet with so much sense of never asking anything but what must be right.

"Won't you put off your cloak?" said Ann.

"No, thank you; I have only a moment to stay. But — excuse me — who does read all these books, and are you a Swedenborgian?"

"No, I am not," replied Ann, severely.

"Oh, it must be your brother, then?"

"He reads all sorts of things," said Ann diplomatically; and then, taking herself to task for lack of exact truth, added, "My brother does not go to the church of those people."

"Oh," said Mrs. Morton, with the feeling that she had made a false step, "I suppose not, of course. It is such an absurd mysticism. I thought I should like, before I go away, to talk to you a little about Hester Gray. You won't mind it, will you? You know we are all so very fond of her."

"Of course not; why should I?" said Miss Wendell.

"I have thought that I would write to her people in the South, if you liked. We have ways of getting letters through the lines, and if you think well of it I can write to the cousin, Henry Gray, of whom she speaks."

"I believe my brother has already done so," said Ann; "at least, he said that he would. He has n't much time now, and he forgets. I ought to have asked him about it again."

"But even if he has written, it will be as well that I also write."

"If you please; but I don't think we shall hear, and I begin to believe that the little girl will be with us until the war is over."

"No doubt you must feel it somewhat of a burden."

"It was the Lord's doing," returned Ann, "and I try to see that it is my duty to take care of her." She would not say that it was not a burden.

"But still it must be a care. I think

that the whole weight ought not to fall on you, and that, if it be agreeable to you and to the doctor, I might send her to Miss Pearson's school, on Long Island."

"You are very kind," replied Ann, "but I teach her myself; and if I let her go away I should feel as if I had thrust aside what God had sent me. I should n't consider it to be quite right. At least, I don't think I should."

"But you can't teach her French, or drawing, and she has a good deal of talent that way."

"I don't see that French is needful," returned Ann. "I have never found any use for it."

"And yet she might," said Mrs. Morton. "And then — you will pardon me," she added, with sublime indiscretion — "but don't you think that as she has been brought up an Episcopalian she ought to go to the Episcopal church? Now, at Miss Pearson's" —

Ann flushed a little, and sat up a trifle in her chair. "No," she exclaimed, interrupting her visitor, "what God gave, I am responsible for to Him. I trust that in the essential matters of religion she will not be found wanting. You are very kind, but I cannot see it in your way. However," she added, conscious that she was addressing not only a very kind woman, but a valuable patient, "I will talk it over with Ezra."

And then Mrs. Morton, put to rout, but by no means defeated, resolved that she too would talk to Ezra Wendell, and so went her way to the sleigh, out of which the laughing Hester slipped as she came.

Mrs. Morton's campaigns were usually brief, and in one way or another decisive. She sent her sleigh to the doctor's in the afternoon of the same day, with a note to him, and desired her servant to await a reply. Dr. Wendell chanced to be at home when this message came. The note was only to the effect that Mrs. Morton wanted to see

him about the colonel, and in a post-script there was added, Would he be sure to bring Hester, as Mrs. Morton had a present for her, — a fur jacket, — and she wished to have it tried on, to see if it fitted.

Wendell knew that he must again, for the hundredth time, summon the girl from Ann's schooling.

"Ann," he called at the foot of the stairs, — "Ann, come down a moment!"

"What is it, brother?" she cried, tripping lightly down the staircase, and looking, as Wendell noticed, very bright and well.

"Why, Ann, you come down as if you were fifteen," he exclaimed; "and how good-looking you grow!"

"It's the good honest Yankee winter we have had, Ezra. But what is it? The child is at her lessons. I must go back to her. She does them so well that it is getting to be quite a pleasure to me. What is it?"

"I have a note from Mrs. Morton. There, read it, dear; and I am really sorry, Ann. I did mean to respect your hours, but I suppose this time she must go."

Ann's face rarely betrayed emotion. Her stern orthodox New England training had taught her such restraint of emotion as saved the features habitually from telling her secret thoughts. Whatever was, be it small or great, was to be endured. If there was little laughter in her life, there were also few tears. But now, if ever, she was very angry. She saw defeat in the distance, and knew that she must yield, and somehow be made to show a semblance of being grateful; and she also felt that Mrs. Morton's note was deceitful, and for herself there was no big or little in this matter of truthfulness. These thoughts went swiftly through her mind, and she hesitated a moment.

"I should like," she said, "to talk to you before you go. Mrs. Morton was here to-day, and"—

"But, sister," he returned, "I have to meet Dr. James in an hour, and I must go to Mrs. Morton's first, and her horses are waiting in the cold. We can talk to-night."

Ann felt that to-night would be too late.

"Very well," she replied, rather shortly for her, "I will send her down to you;" and she went upstairs, feeling that life was being made quite too hard.

Wendell and Hester found Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Westerley in the drawing-room, enjoying the cup of tea which Mrs. Morton well knew the doctor liked. After a few words in regard to the colonel and his coming voyage, they drew together about the fire. Then the boys were heard calling Hester; but Mrs. Morton said, "No, I want Hester myself, Edward. Come back in half an hour."

"And what's up now?" asked Arthur.

"Better ask," observed Edward.

"Not I, Ned;" and they went away from the door.

"I have been having a chat with Miss Ann to-day," said Mrs. Morton; "a talk about my friend Hester, here." The girl looked up, suddenly curious, and feeling a new importance. "We did not quite agree, but I think we shall. I am anxious that Hester should go to Miss Pearson's school on Long Island. I know Miss Pearson well, and the school is all we could desire. Colonel Morton also wishes it, and we both desire to have the pleasure of helping you and Miss Ann in this way."

Wendell's heart sunk within him. He was growing to love the small person at his side with a deep and strange tenderness, the strength of which discovered itself to him now abruptly, as he heard of the possibility of her being taken out of his life. He looked down at the child, and up at Mrs. Morton.

"Do you think it is really necessary?"

"I do. There are many reasons for

it, — many. She did not state them all, nor did she choose to do so. “However well able Miss Ann may be to teach her, there are things which she cannot teach. You of course know what I mean. Then, Miss Ann was not well last fall; and even if she is better now, the burden of Hester’s lessons will be felt some time, and then we shall be away, and it will be past remedy. So you see how desirable it is. Colonel Morton wished me to say to you that he felt that, having in a measure promised her father to see after the girl, he thought a share of the responsibility of her care lay with us, and that as we can well afford it we should have some part in providing for her.”

Wendell was perplexed. It did not sound much like the colonel.

“What do you think, Mrs. Westerley?” he inquired. “You will pardon me, Mrs. Morton, if I ask.”

The doctor was learning socially a good deal, and was a very different person from the Ezra Wendell we first knew.

“Miss Pearson was my own school-mistress, and is my friend,” said Mrs. Westerley. “She is a gentle, high-minded woman. If I were Hester, I should like it well. Don’t you think you will, Hester?”

Hester had a good deal of the caution of clever girlhood, the outcome of intelligence and inexperience.

“I don’t know,” she replied. “I like it at home. Every one is so kind to me — and — and — you all, and Arty, and Mr. Edward.”

“Well, go upstairs,” said Mrs. Morton, “and ask my maid for a present I have for you, and put it on, and then go and ask Arty how it looks.”

“A present?” exclaimed Hester. “Oh, thank you, Mrs. Morton!” and left the room.

“We were thinking,” continued Mrs. Morton, “that if this girl has no relatives who will help her, and has no for-

tune, as seems to be the case, a simple education, however sound, will be of little use to her; while if she can become an accomplished woman, she may be able to help herself, come what may. Does n’t that appear reasonable to you?”

He had to confess that it did.

“She draws cleverly now, and reads French well. It does seem to me, doctor, that a year at Miss Pearson’s, with what she could get afterwards here, would be of lifelong value.”

Wendell felt that his cause was lost.

“But my sister,” he rejoined.

“I was thinking,” returned Mrs. Westerley, “that I would see her. Mrs. Morton is very busy.”

“If you would,” he said. “I certainly shall do all I can to help the girl in whatever way seems the best, but Ann has her own ideas, as you will find.”

Mrs. Morton was well aware of this, but she thought that she saw her way now, and was beginning to feel that more obstacles than there was need for were put in the way of her kind intentions.

“I dare say that we shall make her come over to our side, and Mrs. Westerley will see her. Few people resist her.”

This was very much Wendell’s own opinion; so he thanked Mrs. Morton, finished his tea, and rose to go, as Hester came in with the young men, looking rosy and pretty in the little seal-skin jacket, which admirably set off her delicate complexion, in which the color came and went so ceaselessly.

“And you have n’t thanked me, Hester.”

Hester kissed her. “The boys think I look so nice,” she said, and she turned herself around for inspection. She was at that formless age of girlhood when the face anticipates in development the changes which yet are lacking in the frame; and now the heavy cloak hid what was as yet ungraceful, so that both of the elder women exchanged quiet glances of admiration at the girl’s appearance.

Then Hester and Wendell, after a little laughing chat, went away.

"I would like to take that girl to Newport, in two or three years," said Mrs. Westerley. "But do you ever think of what a tempting little personage she is going to be, Helen? Those boys of yours!"

"Nonsense, Alice. Ned is out of the question, and Arthur will possibly be away for years. I should as soon think of their falling in love with you."

"But they both have," affirmed her friend, laughing. "However, remember that I have warned you."

"If Dr. Wendell were a little more of a man of the world, I should think you ran rather more risk from him, Alice, than from my boys," returned Mrs. Morton, smiling, but regarding Alice attentively.

"I have seen enough of men of the world."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Morton.

"Stuff, Helen! You always misunder-

stand me;" but she had a queer sense of a suddenly widened horizon of the possible. What had she said or done to justify such a suspicion? "I must go," she said. "Please order my ponies."

"I am afraid I have vexed you, Alice."

"Yes, you have vexed me."

"I did n't mean to."

"No, I dare say."

"And you will come over to-morrow? If you don't, I shall think you are angry."

"Yes, I'll come. We have made too much of it, and I will see that rosy-faced, impassive Ann Wendell. Your account of her was immensely amusing. How can one live with such a conscience? I think they begin in childhood, in New England, with girls' consciences as the Chinese do with their children's feet, until when they grow up they can't stir, morally speaking, without discomfort. I have no patience with them!"

S. Weir Mitchell.

GOVERNOR THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

A FEW years ago, upon the crown of Milton Hill, seven miles south of Boston, there stood — and still stands, though reconstructed — a sightly mansion, upon which those who knew its history and associations have gazed for more than a century with interest. In the latter part of that period of time, it is safe to say that the memories and thoughts of many who have looked on it were mingled with sad and regretful feelings, as if from a reproaching reminder. The edifice, with its substantial and numerous outbuildings, had much of the aspect of an English manor-house. Though not ornate, it was comely, and had an air of comfort and dignity. The site of it and the outlook

from it mark it as unsurpassed in loveliness, and many charms, by any other of the beautiful suburban attractions of the environs of Boston. The ancient trees, with fair openings between them, the rich lawns, and, above all, the superb and far-reaching views over the not distant harbor and bay, with the numerous fair islands, give to the spot a combination of charms, of which, by night or day, by sunlight or moonlight, the eye does not weary.

A hundred acres of that site were purchased in 1743, and the mansion was erected by Thomas Hutchinson, the last of the civic chief magistrates of this province commissioned by the British crown. Descended from a family of

the earliest Puritan stock in this colony, serviceable and honored in all its generations, he was born in Boston, September 9, 1711, graduated at Harvard College in 1727, and, having for a while pursued general studies, he devoted himself to mercantile interests. He inherited wealth, to which he largely added. All his relations and associations identified him with the traditional spirit of his birthplace and home. He was received as a member of one of the Congregational churches of Boston in 1735. The pastor had married his sister. He had fine natural abilities, graceful and attractive manners, scholarly tastes, oratorical powers, and great business capacities. He became the idol of the people, who bestowed upon him successively all the honors within their gift. He was chosen one of the selectmen of Boston in 1737; was sent in 1741 as an agent of the province on important business to London, managing it successfully; was ten years a representative of the town, — during three of them the speaker, — doing most valuable service in the settlement of the province debt in 1749; he was a member of the royal council from 1750 to 1766; in 1752 he succeeded his uncle as judge of probate; he was commissioned lieutenant-governor in 1758, and chief justice in 1760. Thus he was at the same time the incumbent of the offices of judge of probate and chief justice, of councillor and lieutenant-governor. Strong objection was made to his retaining the place of councillor when commissioned lieutenant-governor, but we remind ourselves that the same arrangement is provided for in our state constitution.

We have, however, just passed from mentioning the honors for which Hutchinson was indebted to his own people, as tokens of their regard, to the first of those which made him a servant of the king. Before we proceed further in this direction, we must return for a moment to Milton Hill. This was for

many years the residence of Hutchinson only in the summer. He had a sumptuous house at the northern end of Boston, then the centre of the aristocracy. In the turbulent and disgraceful outbursts of popular mob spirit preceding the Revolution, this fine dwelling was sacked and gutted, August 26, 1765, though it is a relief to add that full compensation was afterwards made for the loss. Hutchinson, during his remaining years in the province, lived mostly at Milton. His house, furnished with all the appliances of comfort and luxury, was the scene of a generous and lavish hospitality. Here the owner, with his family, relatives, and congenial guests, tried to find intervals of quiet and solace during the troublous times of popular discontent and brooding rebellion. He was a florist and a farmer, and loved to employ himself among his laborers.

After his accession to the chief magistracy, under circumstances soon to be noted, the anxieties and vexations of his office led him, June 26, 1773, to ask permission of his sovereign — which was granted — for absence for a few months on a visit to England, that he might confer with the government on the state of affairs. Leaving his charming home and its contents in the care of his eldest son, Thomas, judge of probate, he sailed from Boston on June 1, 1774, the day on which the ire of the ministry closed and shut up the port, as a retribution for the destruction of the tea in the previous December. The governor had not conceived that his removal was to be a final one. During the six remaining years of his life he was an exile in England. The image of his delightful home was ever before his eyes, and the longing for it was in his heart, through those sad years. It is speaking but the simple truth to say that when Hutchinson sailed away from Boston, and for the years ensuing, during and immediately after the Revolutionary War, there

was not a man in the province more bitterly hated, more heavily laden with reproach, contempt, and every form of slander and vituperation, than himself. He was charged with having devised and prompted the oppressive measures of the ministry while he was in office here; and as the severest of the so-called tyrannical acts of the British government followed swiftly upon Hutchinson's presence in England, he was of course accused — how unjustly we shall soon see — of having instigated them. These burdens of abuse and infamy have attached to him in most of our current histories. The very excess of this severity and contumely would of itself suggest to the fair-minded a possible injustice and a probable exaggeration. And in the calmer years of retrospect, and of the keener study of the men and events of our troublous times, there have not been wanting those of intelligent and impartial spirit who have been thoroughly assured that Hutchinson has been misrepresented and grossly calumniated. Never was there born here a man who loved his native country with a fuller, warmer affection than did he, nor one who, in various spheres of activity and place and occupation, had done it better service. The crisis in his career is marked by his transition from receiving all possible trusts and honors from his own people to having new ones imposed upon him from the king. These, we now know, he did not seek: he accepted them with reluctance; he sought to be relieved of them. But, as we have said, his acceptance of a royal trust marked a crisis in his career. It presented to him, under circumstances soon to be noted, the sharp alternative, either to be faithless to his official oath, or to incur the exasperated odium of his fellow citizens, or at least that portion of them called "the people." He chose to be faithful to his king, and in his heart he believed that in so doing he could best serve his fellow-citizens. Had he conformed to the will

and temper of our patriots, he would have been to his king what Arnold proved to our Congress. Any rightful condemnation of him would need to rest on charging and proving that he was blinded by some lure of ambition or meaner passion, in his decision, when the alternative was before him. The way is open, however, to show that he made mistakes; that he was not always on fair and clear terms with himself. But that he ever merited the hate, vituperation, and obloquy heaped upon him, and on the strength of the grounds assigned for it, is a falsity the exposure of which all just men will rejoice to welcome.

The revising and rewriting of history and biography find their best if not their sole reason in a prompting to substitute truth for erroneous judgments, impressions, and false traditions, and to relieve those who wrongfully stand under reproach of all that is unfair and unjust. To go beyond this, by any artifice or special pleading, is only to work new mischief. It is not, as it is often said to be, a mere fond relenting of weak sentiment that prompts an attempt to rectify a false historical judgment against a man who was sorely tried by position and office. It is but a generous concession to strict justice. If Hutchinson is now, in his turn, to be the subject of a truthful and impartial revision of judgment, the occasion for it is most opportune, as new materials, of prime interest and importance and of full authenticity, are now before us for use. The first requisite for this, which ought to be a grateful task, is to have from the man himself, who is brought back for our study, a clear and frank disclosure of his position, aim, and sense of obligation, apart from any cloudings of his own inclination and interest. Governor Hutchinson took with him to England, and had sent after him, many important papers necessary to present his case to the British government. He was most industrious with his pen during his mel-

ancholy exile; writing unnumbered letters, of which he kept copies, preserving those which he received, and also keeping a very detailed journal of events, conversations, and reflections. The first efforts made by historical students in this country to obtain some of those papers were unsuccessful, his descendants and kinsfolk being still influenced by their natural resentment at the indignities which had here been visited upon the governor. Through the solicitation of James Savage, Judge Davis, President Kirkland, and Governor Gore, the Rev. John Hutchinson, of Trentham, Staffordshire, a grandson of the governor, consented to edit for publication, in England and in this country, a manuscript volume written by the governor in England. This volume contains a rehearsal of his own administration and of that of his predecessor, Governor Bernard. It is a manly, dignified, and thoroughly truthful record, though the harassments and vexations of spirit, the jealousies and provocations and sometimes petty insults, all too faithfully exposed in it, as marking the governor's struggle against acute and embittered opponents, make the volume anything but enjoyable in the perusal. Of this something by and by. But more engaging matter, of rich and varied interest, and of such a sort as will go far to relieve and rectify the aspersions burdening the character and career of Governor Hutchinson, is now within the reach of many who will be sure to welcome it. A great-grandson of the governor, Peter Orlando Hutchinson, residing in England, has assumed the editorship, with careful and elaborate annotations, of letters, journals, and other papers, which cover the whole period of the governor's residence abroad.¹

Before dealing with these valuable materials we must briefly rehearse the

governor's experience and discomfiture in office here.

The sagacious judgment of consenting minds, as uttered on both sides of the water during the last two score of years, is that at the period of our revolutionary strife the fitting time had *nearly* come for the colonies to drop away from the mother country by a natural, unaided, unimpeded ripening, as mature fruit drops from the tree. Some idealists have ventured to assert that this process of severance might have been peaceful and propitious. We have emphasized the adverb *nearly*, which in its place is significant. For the question left now is whether the process, a little premature, was violently hurried by one party, by pounding and shaking the tree, to anticipate the fruit before it was ripe; or whether the process was blindly and perversely, and also violently, resisted by the other party, in an obstinate refusal to allow the natural and the inevitable. He must be quite an opinionative person who, after balancing this alternative, ventures to assign the burden of blame to either party. That the patriot party did throw stones at the tree to anticipate and hurry the severance of the fruit would seem proved by several of the incidental accompaniments of our rupture with the mother country. There were acts of utter lawlessness, of iniquitous outrage, of tolerated havoc by mobs, and of wanton destruction of property which caused a reign of terror in this province, and in the prostration of all legal authority rendered redress impossible. There were artifices resorted to in debate and legislation which could hardly consist with sincerity and candor, when taken in connection with professions of loyalty that accompanied them. Large numbers of intelligent and excellent persons, who dearly loved their country, were subjected to scorn

¹ *The Diary and Letters of his Excellency Thomas Hutchinson, Esq., etc.* Compiled from the Original Documents still remaining in the possession of his Descendants. By PETER ORLANDO HUTCHINSON, one of his great-grandsons. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

and insult, and to the most vengeful and cruel treatment, because they halted hesitatingly about taking the first steps in rebellion.¹ The inconstancy, inconsistency, and seeming duplicity in our congresses, in their most solemn protestations, disclaiming all thoughts of independency of the mother country, as uttered up to the last moment before declaring it, were not as easily explained in those days as they are in our own. Franklin, John Adams, and Washington were fairly quoted in England, by those in the opposition to the British ministry who sympathized with our cause, as still loyal to the crown, and these sympathizers were confounded when the Declaration went abroad. It was not known in England at the time that that Declaration — when perhaps fifty members were in Congress, representing twelve colonies — passed simply by a majority of *one*, though an agreement had previously been made that whichever side carried the vote it should be declared to have been unanimous. And when our sympathizers in England learned that we had renounced our parentage and entered into alliance with France, the hereditary enemy of England, many of them shrank from giving us any further countenance. The English were sure not to lack full information of the backwardness of our enlistments, the powerlessness of Congress in its requisitions, the poverty of our armies, and the worthlessness of our currency. In December, 1780, there were eight thousand nine hundred and fifty-four loyal “provincials” in the British forces in America, being more than twice the number that had been in Washington’s army. Taking these and other facts into view, it is not strange that our patriots were

thought to have hurried our riddance of England before we were quite ripened for the process.

And when we, from our side, look across the water to judge if the king and his ministry were not stupidly and obstinately setting themselves to retard and baffle the natural dropping off of the colonies that had come to full age, we seem to see evidences of extreme obstinacy and folly in their course. Only England was not able to see them. She well knew that it would not have been wise for her or safe for us that we should have been weaned from her at any earlier date, while France still held her actual sway, and was seeking for conquest on this continent. Indeed, when it became known in England that the colonies were bent upon a severance from the mother country, a reasonable fear was expressed by our friends and enemies alike that we might be pounced upon by France, or Spain, or the Dutch. We can now see clearly that all the measures and schemes of the ministry and of Parliament were bewildered, tentative, and inconstant: instituting and then reversing a policy; imposing burdens, with conditional offers of release from them; and inflicting acts of spiteful severity, followed by wily solicitations that the colonies should seek relief from them by avowals of penitence. England mistook a teasing, fretting interference and a threatening announcement of her reserved indignation for a sagacious policy, dictated by a consciousness of being right and a willingness to be lenient and just. While the conflict was midway in its progress, her peace commissioners, and her humiliating proffers to concede the utmost which the colonies had ever demanded, if they would but stand

¹ John Adams, with his wonted energy of expression, has left for us his opinion of the “Tories.” In a letter written by him in Amsterdam, December 15, 1780, which was intercepted, and published next year in the Annual Register, he says that he thinks the king would have given up the contest had he not been reinforced by

recusant Americans in England and their sympathizers at the court. He adds that the Tories, as he had recommended at first, should have been fined, imprisoned, and hung. “I would have hanged my own brother had he taken a part with our enemy in the contest.”

by "the integrity of the empire," gave full proof that she had been pursuing a course of blind experimenting in resistance to a result which time and circumstance had well-nigh matured. The pages now before us, among their many other most significant revelations, disclose the haltings, confusion, indecision, with which that resisting policy of England was devised and pursued. Our space will permit us only briefly and concisely to state the condition and circumstances of the time and the situation when Hutchinson came into his arduous trust, to exchange the admiring regard and the unqualified confidence of his fellow citizens for alienation, hate, and obloquy.

Governor Bernard, after his harassed and stormy administration, though still retaining his office, left Boston August 2, 1769, to report himself in London. The lieutenant-governor, Hutchinson, acting in his absence, well says that he "entered upon his office under circumstances peculiarly difficult and discouraging. He was bound by a solemn oath, as well as by the nature of his office, to support an authority to which the body of the people refused to submit, and he had no aid from any of the executive powers of government under him." The house and the council were alike strongly in the opposition, and Boston was the chief seat of disaffection.

And here, though it may seem to be in defiant reversal of the contemporary and the historically renewed and popularly accepted judgment passed upon Hutchinson, the writer will plainly and frankly express the opinion which a careful and candid study of the subject has led him to adopt. Having accepted his office, and bound himself by his official oath to his sovereign, no charge of faithlessness, self-seeking, inconstancy, duplicity, or intentional wrong of any kind can be sustained against him. He neither said nor did, proposed nor

advised, adopted nor pursued, anything beyond or inconsistent with the purpose and the duty of a thoroughly upright, well-intentioned, and kindly hearted man. For the most part, he controlled his temper and guarded his utterance under exasperating provocations. He tried to follow the rule of moderation. He took time for thought to calm excitement. He was ready to accept advice and to be influenced by it when he had good assurance that the source of it was sincere and wise. Still, we have a word, and a very emphatic one, to speak in abatement of a full approval of the course of Governor Hutchinson. We hold him censurable — that is not too strong a word — even for consenting to accept, and still more if ambition led him to crave, an office in which he knew he must be in sharp antagonism with and draw on himself the odium of those who had heaped upon him honors and trusts, and who would necessarily regard him henceforward as an instrument for oppressing them. Better than any other man then living Hutchinson knew the inheritance and temper of the Puritan lineage of Massachusetts. He knew that civil as well as religious independence of the mother country germinated in the first field-planting of the colony, and had been bearing and resowing its own crops, strengthening on their stalks through the generations. He knew that there was entailed here a jealousy of all oversight, interposition, and interference by the mother country, which had even become an antipathy. We say this very positively, because Hutchinson was so thoroughly read in the history of Massachusetts. Its original records and illustrative papers had all been in his hands, faithfully studied by him, and admirably digested by his own pen in those volumes of his for which we are so greatly indebted to him. Whether he, as have many of us of later generations, took in the humor and the sly impertinence, the effrontery and the cajoling hypocrisy,

of some of those addresses, compliments, and professions offered to the monarchs of England in our early records, while their advice and injunctions were utterly evaded and defied, it might be difficult to decide, for Hutchinson was a grave and serious man. But his own historical volumes, written before his time of trial came, afford abundant evidence that he had well apprehended not only the latent but the frankly avowed conviction of the colonists here, and of their children, that they had set up for themselves, had formed a constitution of their own, and a parliament too, with a civil and military chest, which they had filled from their own resources, and from which they would draw only for such expenditures and such paid officials as suited their good pleasure. Here are some sentences from Hutchinson's historical pen. Speaking of the plans of the first intending colonists, he says they seem to have had "very strange apprehensions of the relation they should stand in to Great Britain, after their removal to America." "That they thought themselves at full liberty, without any charter from the crown, to establish such sort of government as they thought proper, and to form a new state as fully, to all intents and purposes, as if they had been in a state of nature and were making their first entrance into civil society," — "this will in a great measure excuse the same mistake, which will appear to have been made by our first settlers, in many instances in the course of our history." "Such a scheme would have consisted very well with their notions of civil subjection, as we shall see in many instances. I do not say their notions were just. Allegiance in an English-born subject is said to be perpetual, and to accompany him wher-

ever he goes." The excellent historian was entitled to his opinion on this subject; only those of whom he was writing came to hold another opinion of their own.¹ "However pleasing these principles were in speculation, or whatever foundation they may have in nature, yet they could not continue to practice upon them, nor would they bear the test when adopted by English subjects."² Writing of "the ecclesiastical constitution of Massachusetts," the historian says,³ "It was one great design of the first planters of the colony to obtain for themselves and their posterity the liberty of worshiping God in such manner as appeared to them to be most agreeable to the sacred Scriptures. Upon their removal, they supposed their relation both to the civil and ecclesiastical government, except so far as a special reserve was made by their charter, was at an end, and that they had right to form such new model of both as best pleased them."⁴

If the first comers here started with such principles, it was hardly likely that their descendants, steadily enjoying self-government in the free air of the wilderness, would do otherwise than grow up in the confirmation and practice of them. Evidence that they did so is presented by the historian in his successive pages. He faithfully recognizes the not always latent spirit working through all the religious, civil, military, and commercial energies of the colony and the province as indicating an intent and habit of managing all their own affairs and serving their own interests as assuredly as if they were simply guided by a law of nature. The less, then, should he have been surprised by any self-asserting or truculent manifestation, in his own day, of this familiar

statements about the non-acquiescence of the colony in the authority of Parliament were quoted. He replied that the instances he had alleged were the effect, and about the time, of the anarchy in England.

¹ Hutchinson's *History of Massachusetts*, vol. i. chap. i.

² Chap. ii.

³ Chap. iv.

⁴ In the sharp conflict between Hutchinson and the representatives, some of his own historical

willfulness of spirit. One is almost tempted to suspect him of disingenuousness when he speaks of some single exhibition of disaffection as if it were not in the line of everything that had gone before it. His predecessor, Governor Pownall, had wisely interpreted the temper of this people, and had frankly given Parliament a warning from it. Hutchinson well knew that his official duty would require him to dam a current that had already become dangerously swollen. For we must take note of the significant fact that the period and circumstances of his accession to the highest office were precisely those in which parliamentary and ministerial authority were asserted for the first time, in most obnoxious ways, over this province. A novel policy, involving measures most offensive and most hostile to the traditional and wonted usages, principles, and, if we must in candor admit the term, the assumptions of its inhabitants, had just been inaugurated. Its novelty as well as its coerciveness roused antagonism to it. The extinction of French empire on this continent, after a severe seven years' war, fought by the united British and provincial forces, has been recognized as marking the year 1763 as a period of more cordial relations between Massachusetts and the mother country than had ever existed previously. The province had received a large sum from the British exchequer, in partial reimbursement of its expenses in the war.¹ But the same date marked the device of oppressive and alienating measures by the mother country. She had become jealous of the increasing wealth and power of her colonies, which she sought to repress, or to turn to her own account. The ministry planned for establishing here a standing army, to be supported by, but independent of, the colonies; to forbid all manufactures

here, so that all cloths, hats, implements and tools of every kind, should come only from Britain; to prohibit commerce in goods of all countries except through British ports, or submitting such commerce to exacting duties; and this condition was enjoined in all traffic between one colony and another. All moneys thus raised were to go into the English exchequer, to be at the disposal of Parliament. This was the first attempt to raise a revenue from the colonies. It came to be called an *internal* tax, as distinguished from the *external* duties, which had been willingly paid—bating a vast amount of smuggling—as rightfully required in the regulation of the commerce of the whole empire. The colonies refused to pay an internal tax in any form in which it could be defined. They had come to regard their local legislatures as organic constitutions, as in fact Parliaments of their own, where they were represented in all their domestic affairs, in raising and spending all colonial revenues at their own pleasure, as they had done before the French war, and as is now done in the Canadian provinces. Then began among us, in our legislatures and our congresses, the ingenuity and subtilty of trying to distinguish between owning “allegiance to the crown” and denying any “subjection to Parliament.” Hence came the Stamp Act, with the mobs, resistance, and protests which made it null. When Parliament, though mortified and provoked, repealed it, it accompanied the concession with a Declaratory Act that “Parliament had a right to bind the colonies in all cases whatever.” This assertion of power utterly annulled the right, heretofore maintained and exercised by the colonies, of exemption from all taxes not self-imposed. Pitt, in the House of Commons, defined the distinction between an *external* tax for regulating commerce, which he said was right, and an *internal* tax, extorted for revenue, which he condemned. When

¹ It is asserted that Britain, in defense of her colonies, had spent more than the gross value of all the property in them, real and personal.

Franklin was asked, at the bar of the Commons, how the colonies would regard this general, sweeping "Declaratory Act," he shrewdly answered, "The resolutions will give them very little concern, *if they are never attempted to be carried into practice.*" So Fox, in the debate on the Remonstrance, said, "The right simply is not regarded; it is the exercise of it that is the object of opposition." An attempt was made to exercise the right, and the consequence was that the British customs officers in Boston were left to collect from the fishes in the harbor the duties on nearly four hundred chests of tea, valued at about one hundred thousand dollars. Such was the crisis in the dispute when there came upon Hutchinson the responsibility attaching by his oath as the viceroy in this province. About three fourths of the representatives of the people opposed the prerogative. Their nominations for the council were subject to the governor's veto. But he would have had no council at all, or not one for business, if he had rejected all objectionable nominations. So he had no executive reinforcement. Magistrates and juries would not bring legal processes to bear on mobs and rioters. The single stay for confidence or authority which the royal magistrate had was the stoutly reiterated avowal of all the disaffected parties that they cherished a loyal allegiance to the king, and disclaimed all purpose of independence. Could Hutchinson, as a wise observer, have thought these professions thoroughly sincere, seeing that no practical method was proposed for proving allegiance, and that resistance to every scheme and measure which assumed allegiance seemed to proceed upon a certified independence?

As an opinion of our own, we have held Hutchinson wholly blameless in

the discharge of his office, but as censurable for having accepted it, and more so if he had sought it. Did he seek it? We have his own plain assertions that he had serious misgivings as to accepting it, and that he first declined and afterwards sought to resign it. That he did not at once relieve himself of a position which it was utterly impossible for him to hold without incurring the opposition, scorn, and hate of those who had highly honored him shows at least his weakness in some element of character. He could have retired into private life — as he afterwards so earnestly wished he had done — with dignity and respect. He would then have been just the man and in just the position to serve any uses of mediation, if that were possible. If then the people had visited upon him insult, confiscation, and banishment, the act would have been one of dastardly meanness. We turn now to some of his own avowals as to his office. We have already quoted his words on his entrance, as lieutenant-governor, upon the duties of the chair, during the supposed temporary absence of Bernard. He says that he "stood absolutely alone," knowing well the vexations and animosities encountered by his predecessor, and seeing that the opposition to government was steadily strengthening. He wrote within the year to the royal secretary, asking to be excused from his office, and also from that of lieutenant-governor. His wish was again to become the chief justice, as in that high trust he had enjoyed universal approbation for ten years. Before his letter seeking relief from all further share in the administration reached the secretary, commissions were in preparation constituting him governor, and Andrew Oliver, who had been secretary of the province, lieutenant-governor.¹ Instead of send-

¹ There were two lieutenant-governors named Oliver, nearly contemporaneous, but not of kin. Secretary Andrew Oliver, brother-in-law of Hutchinson, succeeded him in the second office, and on

his death Thomas Oliver was, in 1774, commissioned as lieutenant-governor, but was not allowed by the people to occupy the place.

ing the commission, the secretary wrote to him that opportunity should be left to him for further consideration, no other person being appointed in the mean while. The promise of support by his friends and a temporary lull of the turbulent spirit led him, unfortunately, to accept this commission, which arrived in March, 1771.

We have spoken above of the matter, tone, and temper of the volume written in England by Hutchinson, covering his own administration. On perusing it now, most readers will be likely to marvel at the self-control and the constancy of the writer, under the provocations, the hectorings and badgerings, and what he calls the "disingenuity and low craft" which were brought to bear against him in such variety of form and aggravation. So, at least, did all the ingenious and potent devices and methods of his opponents appear to him. But these devices and methods appeared quite otherwise to those who plied them, as they have appeared to the common popular judgment in the review of them ever since. They are regarded as the watchful, adroit, acute, perhaps occasionally subtle, efforts and resolves of a few of the ablest of the patriot party, who had sternly purposed to stand for the popular cause against all the ingenuities and wiles of tyranny. The measures and workings alike of the "prerogative" and of the "patriot" party seemed to each other insidious, artful, disguising treachery by false professions. To the last day of Hutchinson's presence here the patriots protested against any wish or purpose of severance from the mother country, while they resisted every injunction that carried with it authority in king, ministry, or Parliament. The grievances against Hutchinson were such as these: that he called the General Court to assemble at Cambridge to keep it clear from the "pestiferous influence of Boston;" that he prorogued or dissolved it when its debates or resolves

were "insufferable;" that he received "instructions" from the king which he did not always communicate, some of them leaving him to exercise his own judgment in an alternative; that he tried to break up legal town meetings when turned to "illegal" uses; that he received a salary from the king instead of trusting the people for due compensation, etc.

On the other hand, Hutchinson observed the steady advances of a disloyal, defiant, and independent spirit. The dissolution of the General Court did not arrest mischief, for this was kept alive by the ingenious device of committees of correspondence between towns and colonies, facilitating agreements for non-importation, etc. The representatives had come to speak of themselves as "his majesty's commons;" of their debates as "parliamentary debates," distinct from those of the "*British* Parliament;" of the old court or town house as their "state house;" and of the province charter as a "contract," they being the one party and the king the other. The controversial papers, arguments, and manifestoes of the patriot party were prepared with consummate skill by master minds and pens, gifted with an adroit ingenuity and power of adaptation to popular effect. Of these Samuel Adams was easily the chief.

There was an episode in this embittered fence between one man and a people that must have place here. One of the most grievous imputations upon Hutchinson's honor and patriotism was that he had misrepresented and slandered the province to the ministry, and had suggested the oppressive and humiliating measures against it. How wide of the truth this charge is his private journals, now in print, make fully to appear. He had wholly disapproved of the Stamp Act, and had written a remonstrance against it. But any evidence, however shadowy, of his alleged hostility to his country would be made the most of.

Few, if any, fair-minded persons of this day can read without wincing, as from a tinge of mortification, the calm and dignified statement given by Hutchinson, now illustrated and confirmed by other authorities, concerning the means by which some of his private letters were obtained, and the use made of them to blacken his character and official course. He had been to Hartford, in 1773, with commissioners, to settle a long-existing controversy between Massachusetts and New York about western boundary lines. His knowledge and ability in the case had accrued vastly to the advantage of this province, and he received a just recognition of his services. He returned to Boston to meet the development of a plot, "managed with great art," as he well says, and which was turned to his sore abuse. He had written some half dozen letters to his friend, Thomas Whatley, Esq., London, who, so far from being in the government, was in the opposition to the policy pursued towards America. Lieutenant-Governor Oliver and two other persons had written as many more letters to the same correspondent. In some secret way, never explained, — perhaps it may as well remain in the dark,¹ — Dr. Franklin, then in London, had got possession of these letters, and had sent them to the speaker of our Assembly, Mr. Cushing, with injunctions that they should be shown to only five other persons, should not be copied, and should be returned. These restrictions were enjoined that, as the doctor wrote, "as distant objects seen only through a mist appear larger, the same may happen from the mystery in this case." When Franklin's agency in this matter was disclosed it cost him his place in the post-office, drew on him the scathing reproach of Wedderburne before the privy council, and put him under the ban of society and of the philosophers while he remained in England.

¹ Mr. Bancroft has exercised his ingenuity, largely aided by his imagination, in conjecture on

The letters were kept in secrecy for six or eight months, when permission was obtained to show them to a few more persons. The awful mystery was well worked up to excite intense curiosity, through oracular utterances, vague disclosures of some dreadful covert treacheries, and then most alarming rumors that proofs and revelations had come to town of a long-working and an abominable conspiracy concocted here "for enslaving America." After these mutterings and dark revealings had wrought to the highest pitch the expectancy of the people, the letters were read, with scenic accompaniments, in a secret session of assembly, and a committee, chosen for the purpose, reported on them as "designed to overthrow the constitution of the province, and to introduce arbitrary power." Then, by a further device, which Hutchinson describes as "a pitiful expedient" and a "puerility," a member of the house announced "that a person in the street had put into his hands a number of papers, which appeared to him to be copies," etc. He suggested that they be compared with the originals. As the secret had thus become public, the letters were of course ordered to be printed and put in circulation. A certain "Tewksbury" pamphlet, under gubernatorial auspices, was recently the occasion of a strong excitement in this State, but that excitement was feeble compared with the clamor and indignation caused by the publication of the mysterious letters. A copy of the time-stained pamphlet is before me as I write, and the perfect harmlessness of its contents raises a sort of ludicrous wonder, relieving other soberer feelings which it might stir up. Phrases and sentences in the letters are *italicized* to give them an ominous significance, which otherwise they would not suggest. The whole affair is a marvelously strong illustration of the most vehement pos-

this mystery. See *Proceedings of Massachusetts Historical Society* for February, 1873.

sible cry, with the slightest possible amount of wool. There is not a sentiment, suggestion, or avowal in the letters which Hutchinson had not publicly uttered here in speech and message. Indeed, there is even much of a friendly and interceding tone in them. The attorney-general, Sewall, in a series of papers, exposed the utter folly and artfulness of the excitement. Nevertheless, the purpose of the scheme had been effected, and it was made the ground of an appeal to the king for the removal of the governor and the lieutenant-governor. But Hutchinson had the start in this matter. He was delayed for some months in availing himself of a permission which he had received for a temporary visit to England, by the illness and the death of the lieutenant-governor, as he hesitated to leave the administration in the hands of a distracted council.

General Gage, commissioned as both governor of the province and commander of the king's forces, arrived in Boston May 13, 1774, to serve during Hutchinson's absence. He had four days' conference with Hutchinson at Castle William. The governor says he did not receive, as he could not have expected, any marks of respect, on his departure, from the house, the council, or the people. He did, however, receive addresses of respect, confidence, and approval from some merchants, barristers, three Episcopal clergymen, and other gentlemen. For this, however, such of the signers as did not afterwards recant and apologize paid dearly, in proscription, banishment, and the confiscation of their property.

Before following Hutchinson to England we may mention here what is further to be said of his family and his possessions in Massachusetts. On May 16, 1734, in his twenty-third year, he had married a daughter of a Rhode Island minister. After nineteen years of a peculiarly happy domestic life, she died,

March 12, 1753, leaving five children. He remained a widower. His eldest son, Thomas, Jr., judge of probate, with his family, abode here for a while after the father, as did also his daughter Sarah, wife of Dr. Peter Oliver. His son Elisha — leaving his wife, then unable to accompany him, with her family at Plymouth — and his daughter Peggy sailed with Hutchinson. His son William, called Billy, had gone abroad in 1772, and soon joined his family on their arrival. Elisha's wife, after three years of forced separation, during which she met with many troubles, went to her husband. Thomas, Jr., keeping himself close, remained at Milton while the country around was in a state of confusion and lawlessness. Leaving everything in the Milton house, plate, furniture, etc., as if he might afterwards pass to and fro freely, he made a visit to Boston with his wife and two young children, as did also his sister Oliver and her husband and his father, the chief justice. The British troops made the town a "city of refuge." Confined here eighteen months, through the whole period of the dreary, pinching siege, the woe-begone group sailed off on the Evacuation, March, 1776. Thomas' wife gave birth, in the harbor, to a son, on board a small vessel crowded with sailors and passengers. This son, Andrew, was the father of Peter Orlando Hutchinson, whose editorial work we have so greatly enjoyed. All the family were cast upon the care of the governor, — five children, and the wives and children of three of them. His household at one time numbered twenty-five. His daughter Peggy died September 21, 1777. She was buried in Croydon Church, Surrey, as was also his son William, who died February 20, 1780. The father had died on June 3d of that year, at Brompton, near London; falling in apoplexy into the arms of his servant, as he was about getting into his carriage. He was committed to the tomb where his children rest.

Before Thomas, Jr., left Boston his father had been writing to him of his intention to return, now in the summer, now in the autumn, when he expected all the strife would be ended, and sweet peace would settle over the land. He sent gooseberry cuttings and flowering shrubs, and suggested improvements for the endeared home for which he was longing. In a very touching letter he gave his son directions for building a tomb in the burial ground at Milton, to which were to be quietly transferred in the night, by a friendly sexton, the remains of his wife, which had rested for twenty-one years in his tomb on Copps' Hill.¹ A place was also to be reserved for himself beside her. So strong was his yearning for the Milton home; so unconscious was he of the length and issue of the strife. On January 11, 1775, he wrote, "I had rather die in a little country farmhouse in New England than in the best nobleman's seat in Old England, and have therefore given no ear to any proposal of settling here. I think the controversy must be settled this summer." The governor was desirous that his friends here should know that he had not been slighted, and that none of his reasonable expectations had been disappointed in England. He had declined the proffer of a baronetcy and a place in Parliament. His heart was here. He sent over kind gifts to the library and museum of Harvard College.

While the father was thus writing to the son shut up in Boston, the son had learned that the Milton home had been turned into barracks for troops, and that it had been ransacked and plundered. The governor writes in his journal. November 14, 1776, "My property which was at Milton sold at vendue. Washington, it is said, rides in my coach at Cambridge." This coach had been im-

ported by the governor at a cost of £105, just before his departure. The provincial congress at Watertown took orders to secure some of his plundered effects, and purchased a large collection of his papers, supposed to be treasonable, which are now in our state house. The historian Gordon, to whose care the papers were committed, says that one letter "was suppressed, for the public good, as it had not a favorable aspect upon the staunch patriotism of Mr. Hancock." A portrait of Hutchinson, pierced by bayonets in his house, repaired as well as possible, is now in the keeping of the Massachusetts Historical Society. In May, 1776, the provincial congress, on a petition from the inhabitants of the town of Hutchinson, in Worcester County, that it might "no longer bear the disgraceful name of one who had acted the part of a traitor and a paricide," substituted the name of Barre, our champion in the commons. Pearl was substituted for Hutchinson, as the name of a street in Boston.

While all this execration was visited here upon the exile, what was his course in England? We have to remind ourselves that the series of arbitrary and exasperating royal measures which effected the final separation of the colonies was initiated as Hutchinson was leaving here, and followed on his arrival abroad. The shutting up the port of Boston, which he had neither advised nor approved, was the most mischievous possible measure, as it united the colonies in sympathy and resolve of action against foreign oppression. All sorts of substantial aid poured into the town from all parts of the continent, laying the grounds for that appeal for the return of favors by which Boston is first called upon for contributions when fire, flood, or pestilence ravage any section of the country. The port remained closed

¹ The Hutchinson family tomb, with all the other property, among which were twelve houses and valuable wharves in Boston, passed, by con-

fiscation, into the hands of strangers. Beneath the fine escutcheon on the tomb, another name takes the place of Hutchinson.

till Washington opened it from the inside. Two months after Hutchinson left Boston a futile attempt was made to enforce here a royal mandate, which, however it may have been provoked, was none the less arbitrary and tyrannical, and utterly subversive of the charter constitution of the province. The impossibility of obtaining a council of members, nominated by the house and subject to the governor's veto, had compelled him either to accept for that body men who would not sustain the prerogative, or wholly to dispense with a council. An act of Parliament, to take effect here August 1, 1774, authorized the king, by mandamus, to commission thirty-six men, nominated by him as supposed to be in sympathy with the government, as councillors. Less than half of the nominees dared to brave the popular temper by taking the oath, and the whole device proved null. Still other arbitrary acts empowered the governor in office to commission and remove all judicial officers, to forbid all town meetings unless the proposed business should be subjected to his previous approval, to send to England for trial all arrant political intermeddlers, and to provide for the quartering of foreign troops in Boston. The revelations now made to us from Hutchinson's private papers in England prove that, so far from prompting or encouraging these violent encroachments and vengeful measures, he disapproved of all of them. We must also remind ourselves that the first general congress was not convened till three months after his departure, and that that congress and its successors for nearly two years pursued the fast and loose policy of professing hearty loyalty, and denying all purpose of separation. And when at last "the birth of a new nation was screamed into the world by the declamatory rhetoric of the Declaration of Independence," Hutchinson, with many other persons on both sides of the water, might well

have been astounded. We must allow distinctly for two limiting conditions as guiding the opinions, the conduct, and the advice and influence of Hutchinson in England. First, he stood firmly and fondly for maintaining the unity and the integrity of the empire. The bond between the colonies and the mother country need not be a galling one; he would have it soft and easy as possible, provided only it were strong. It should secure mutual interests, and be relieved of all strictures and restraints not actually essential. But separation was not to be thought of or allowed. Second, he knew and affirmed that England, ignorantly or with ill-advice, had entered upon some oppressive or vengeful measures of which she had become ashamed, which she would have to retrace, and which indeed she was even wishing and ready to nullify. But he desired that a conciliating spirit might manifest itself in a way consistent with the honor and self-respect of England, and not as compelled by bluster and defiance.

Allowing for these two conditions, — and they certainly do not imply either malevolence or obstinacy, — the reader of the diary and letters of Hutchinson, now generously put into our hands, will find full proof that all his advice and influence with king and ministry, officials and social friends, indicate a man of high integrity, of good judgment, and of noble magnanimity. Not one word or utterance of an embittered or resentful feeling comes from his pen. When he is brooding over the scrutiny to which his private correspondence for eight years of contention would be subjected by his heated enemies, he cheers himself with the thought that they would find nothing there untruthful, dishonorable, or malicious. London soon became crowded by a most forlorn company of refugees from America, — poor, melancholy, distressed about their future; besetting the treasury for doles and pensions for their losses and sacrifices for

their loyalty ; forming a club, with headquarters, for comparing their grievances ; and catching sadly or hopefully at every rumor of what was transpiring at home, or the measures which the government was to take for vengeance or peace. It would have been natural for these dismal exiles to have sought Hutchinson as their representative and patron. He was never inconsiderate of any of them. With some of them he was in cordial intimacy. But he did not identify himself with the class. Happily, he had other associates. His interview with the king, on his arrival, with the conversation reported very minutely, presents him to us with dignity and as a peacemaker. He was intimate alike with the ministers, the friends, and the opponents of government. Proposed bills and measures were often submitted to him for suggestion and amendment. Invariably and earnestly did he show himself as in heart and purpose a true friend of what he believed to be safest and best for his native country. Well might Hutchinson write, "I hear one and another of the king's ministers say, There is no receding. And yet to think of going on makes me shudder." We have other revelations in this volume, disclosing, in fuller detail of forms and instances, evidence of what in substance we knew before of the ignorance, the indecision, the haltings and vacillations, of the British ministry in their bewildered and inconstant policy. There runs through it all a smarting consciousness that they had gone on a wrong course too far to retract, and that what they did further was to escape humiliation and to save honor, rather than to enforce the right. Hence came the desperate resolve for

vindictive measures, — to treat the colonists as they would enemies in France and Spain. Hence, too, the recourse to the petty principalities of the Continent for hiring men like cattle to fight against British subjects ; failing of willing recruits in the realm of England, and being baffled in an appeal for mercenaries from Russia and Holland. Was this a more honorable course for England than was that of her colonies in seeking a French alliance ?

The contents of this volume close with the year 1775. It discloses to us the contempt uttered in England over our first general congress, and the alternations of feeling, quickened by the rumors and the full accounts from Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill. The siege of Boston was midway in its course, a "mob of peasants" organizing into an army. The governor was suffering a distressing anxiety about his children, shut up there, he feared in a state of starvation. His lot was indeed a hard one. His honors had cost him dear. He had proved that the office of royal governor of Massachusetts, which, in time and circumstance, was an impracticable one for an alien, was an intolerable and an impossible one for a native of the province.

We should utter a word of grateful recognition of the industry and zeal given by the editor to the preparation of this volume. A kindly, considerate, and impartial spirit is manifested in his own comments, which have often the charm of the old-time moralizing and sentiment. Loyal as was his great-grandfather to the noble realm of Britain, the editor exhibits some fine inherited traits of his good old Massachusetts and Boston lineage.

George E. Ellis.

THE SILVER DANGER.

IN a populous town there was once placed a cage of wild beasts, and in the very beginning the frailty of the bars gave timid people considerable alarm; but the mere fact that the creatures did not get out convinced passers-by, in the course of years, that there was really no danger, after all, and men hurried past the animals, hearing the sounds of their baffled ferocity, but gave them no great attention. Therefore, when, on an uncomfortable day in late winter, an attendant of the beasts casually remarked that the bars of the cage were almost gnawed through (he was sorry he could not help it), and asked the bystanders what they thought of it, it is not to be wondered at that a sudden paroxysm of alarm seized even sensible men, and that there ensued a general attempt to put a barrier between them and possible harm.

When, in 1878, the owners of silver, supported by the class who in former years had been in favor of dishonest repudiation and depreciated paper money, induced Congress to pass an act by which an amount of silver purchasable for about eighty-six cents was to receive the familiar name of dollar, and the government was to give it out as an equivalent for one hundred cents in gold, so that the treasury should thereby gain fourteen cents on every dollar it issued, it looked very much as if the state had descended to help the silver owners in a questionable attempt to raise the market value of their commodity, and in return to receive a profit of fourteen cents on each dollar coined.¹ It was one method of increasing the revenues of the state, to be sure; but a very stupid way, of course, when the Secretary of the Treasury, knowing all about government move-

ments, might have taken the idle balances lying in the vaults, speculated in stocks on Wall Street, "bulling" and "bearing" the market in a way to make the oldest operator green with envy, and "made the fortune" of the United States! The difficulty with this unholy partnership between the state and the "bulls" of the silver market² was that when the bill passed the House and reached the Senate the friends of business prosperity and a sound currency in that body struck out the "free-coinage" clause of the act. By this provision any private person could have brought eighty-six cents' worth of silver to the United States mint, and had it changed (at no expense for seignorage) into a coin which should be of legal value with one hundred cents in gold, and have equal power in paying off debts. This would have been a boon indeed to bankrupts and dishonest debtors, for it would have reduced their debts by fourteen per cent., and cheated their creditors of that amount of their loans. This is the reason why the bill was supported by those who had formerly advocated a depreciated paper dollar as an easier means of paying off existing indebtedness. It was an attractive thing to men of a weak conscience. Imagine the nice satisfaction of the rogues who had broken-down wagons worth eighty-six dollars, on being told by Congress that they had been too often overlooked by legislation, and that if any of them owed another man one hundred dollars he might take one of his depreciated wagons, settle the whole debt, and let his creditor lose the other fourteen dollars! That is what, in effect, Congress would have said to owners of silver, had

¹ From July 1, 1878, to June 30, 1883, the profits of silver coinage were \$16,860,310 (including subsidiary coins).

² A "bull" is one who tries by speculative purchases to raise the price of a commodity or stock, in order to sell it for more than he gave.

not the "free-coinage" clause been stricken out. The Senate, however, permitted itself to consent to what was nothing less than class legislation, by saying, "We will stand by you silver owners, but only to the extent of taking \$2,000,000 of your commodity a month; and if no one will give us one hundred cents in exchange for the eighty-six cents of silver (which shall be a legal tender to any amount), we will store it away, draw that amount from the market, and help you to that extent in raising the value of your depreciated article." So the treasury long enjoyed that miser's pleasure of seeing bright new dollars filling up its own vaults without getting into circulation; nor did this legislation raise the value of silver. So far the situation resembled the cage of wild animals placed in the busy streets of our quondam city. They were shut in now, but the conviction that the slender bars would not always keep them in rendered cautious people apprehensive. What if the silver dollars got out?

To the present time silver dollars have given no trouble to the general public, and it is now six years since the passage of the Bland Bill. Why, then, has not the evil been felt long ago? In answer to this, it is clear that, while the government was the only purchaser of silver who could, under the act, have it coined into dollars, so long as the Secretary was able and willing to make his payments in gold, and did not pay out these false dollars (not receivable by foreign countries) in disbursements for appropriations, or for interest and principal of the public debt, silver would not get into general circulation. In a paroxysm of brotherly kindness for the silver owners the government was storing away silver in its vaults, paid for every month by \$2,000,000 taken in taxes from the people of the whole country.

But, in spite of this, it is not well understood how successful the treasury has been in passing out silver; for they offer it at the sub-treasuries to any one willing to take it. By October 1, 1883, there had been coined by the United States \$154,370,899 of the short dollars, of which \$114,587,372 were in the treasury, and \$39,783,527 in the banks and general circulation; but \$78,921,961 of the dollars held by the government had been deposited, and silver certificates to that amount issued upon them, so that \$118,705,488 in silver and certificates were virtually in circulation. Although each piece contains less pure silver than the depreciated trade dollar,¹ the "short dollars" would be received in limited amounts for two reasons: (1.) Silver dollars serve as change equally with small bills, and a considerable number can be absorbed in this way without depreciation. Yet, some may say, if worth only eighty-six cents, why should they be received? Of those it would be asked, Why do we take subsidiary silver coinage (halves, quarters, and dimes) at full value, when a dollar of it contains less pure silver than the Bland dollar? So long as silver dollars circulate in quantities sufficient only for "change" (instead of small bills), they will pass for full face value on the same principle as the lesser silver coins. (2.) It is to be remembered also that silver certificates are given for silver dollars deposited at the treasury in denominations as low as ten dollars, which are "receivable for customs, taxes, and all public dues." (§ 3, Act February 28, 1878.) Just such an amount, then, as could be used by merchants in paying duties and taxes would be able to remain in circulation without depreciating; but while gold alone is desirable for foreign payments, men will keep back the gold, and pay silver into the treasury. This acts to

¹ The trade dollar contains 378 grains of pure silver; the Bland dollar, 371.25 grains of pure silver; a dollar of subsidiary silver, 345.6 grains of

pure silver. That is, two half dollars are worth more than six per cent. less than a Bland dollar piece.

fill the treasury with the silver it may have just issued, and to that extent cuts off the only means of obtaining gold for ordinary purposes. It is authoritatively stated at the present time (March, 1884) that twenty-five per cent. of the customs collected are paid into the United States in silver, while, as we know, the treasury, in its payments through the New York Clearing House, constantly disburses gold in full. Of course it is the policy of the government to pay out silver dollars, for this reason, whenever persons will accept them; and that it has been very successful in getting them out is to be seen by the subjoined table.¹ The United States owns no more silver dollars now than it did a year ago: that is, by last year's experience, the dollars get out in the form of certificates practically as fast as they are coined. At present writing the treasury owns only 36.9 millions of silver.

It is scarcely realized that it is only in the form of certificates that silver

¹ The condition of the United States Treasury during the last year is seen by the following figures, which show the amount of silver dollars and of gold coin and bullion less the outstanding certificates. [00,000 omitted.]

DATE.	Gold Coin and Bullion, less Certificates.	Silver Dollars and Bullion, less Certificates.	Silver Certificates outstanding.	Silver Dollars in general circulation.
1883.				
March 31.....	\$142.2	\$36.5	\$70.6	-
May 1.....	139.4	37.7	72.0	-
June 1.....	133.6	41.5	71.6	-
June 30.....	136.7	43.8	72.4	35.3
August 1.....	141.7	43.6	73.8	-
September 2.....	149.7	43.6	75.4	-
September 29.....	150.4	40.7	78.3	39.8
November 1.....	157.1	35.7	85.3	40.3
November 30.....	158.8	34.6	34.6	-
1884.				
January 1.....	155.7	27.0	96.7	-
January 31.....	145.2	30.9	97.0	-
February 28.....	143.8	35.1	96.5	-
March 13.....	145.0	36.4	96.1	-
March 21.....	143.2	36.9	96.1	-

passes out more readily, since the cumbersome coin is not handled. The certificates, by being received for customs and public dues (although not legal tender), undergo practically a process of redemption as long as there is a use for them at par; and, still more, they have increased so much that they are in quite general circulation, and by custom have been taken in common with bank-notes. Bank-notes are redeemable in legal tenders (at present equal to gold); while silver certificates are based only upon silver dollars. November 1, 1881, outstanding silver certificates were \$66. mills.; November 1, 1882, outstanding silver certificates were \$65.5 mills.; November 1, 1883, outstanding silver certificates were \$85.3 mills.

From this it will be seen that for the year ending November 1, 1882, all the dollars coined were heaped up in the United States treasury, and the general impression is that this is the present movement also. But in fact, during the last year (to November 1, 1883), almost all the coinage is represented by an issue of silver certificates. People scarcely realize how near the pushing flood of silver is coming. Yet other events are bringing the possibility still nearer us.

So far the Secretary has offered, not forced, silver payments; for six years he has postponed the obligatory issue of silver, and has adhered to the gold basis on which we resumed specie payments in 1879. To a late date, then, the wild beasts — to go back to our illustration — have been so kept that alarm had quite subsided. But on the 21st of February, 1884, one of the sub-keepers carelessly sauntered in front of the cage, and began to discuss the probability of opening the doors. The expression of seriousness under the assumed carelessness of the sub-keeper's manner seemed to imply that he was acting under directions from his superior, and that it meant something. The alarm spread at once. The sub-keeper of the fable

was, in fact, Mr. Acton, the sub-treasurer in New York city, who addressed the manager of the Clearing House Association on the probable effect of his paying government balances at the Clearing House in silver. The Clearing House is only the chief paying counter of the United States. And it may be well to state that when the treasury joined the association it agreed to give thirty days' notice of any change in its method of payment.

Some months after the passage of the Bland Bill, the Clearing House Association (November 15, 1878) decided not to receive silver dollars for balances, — a decision which was met by counter legislation in 1882,¹ aiming to prevent the national banks from observing the rule; and inasmuch as national banks formed almost the entire Clearing House Association, they repealed their prohibition July 14, 1882. The same was probably done in other cities; so that if the treasury now orders it, nothing exists to prevent payments in silver.

The situation, however, is an interesting one to every student of finance. It seems probable that the Secretary has no intention of paying entirely in silver at the present time; but the fright given by Mr. Acton brings us face to face with what must inevitably come, if not to-day, at least in the near future. We are, if the silver coinage is continued, about to see before our very eyes the great commercial nation of the United States change its standard of payments, and unwillingly adopt the medium of semi-civilized countries. It is a dangerous experiment. Of course, every one knows that if silver coined at the obso-

lete ratio of 1 to 15.98 (the one adopted for conditions existing in 1834, while the market ratio is now about 1 to 17 or 18) were put into general circulation gold would be driven out. This is not a matter of discussion between bimetalists and monometallists, since both admit that this is what will happen. The interest centres now in the practical effects on business, as the process advances. If the Secretary orders silver payments, what will be the effect on gold? It is asserted by some that the present amount of gold, greenbacks, national bank-notes, and silver certificates, making up our total circulation, is all needed by trade to-day; for, if not, gold would go abroad, and reduce the quantity. This theory denies that there can be a premium on gold until silver has gone into circulation sufficient to drive out the whole of our 600 million dollars of gold. It must certainly be admitted that the recent rumors of a premium on gold arose probably from attempts of stock-jobbers to lower prices. It is quite possible, however, that individual cases have occurred where exporters, looking forward to meeting gold payments in the near future, have feared that they might be shut off from getting gold at the sub-treasuries, and so paid something for the right to "call" gold during the next year.² In short, our immediate danger is chiefly concerned with our exports, with the demand for bills of exchange, and with the shipment of gold abroad. For some time the price paid for a claim to a pound sterling in London (\$4.90) has been so much above par (\$4.8666) that it is more profitable to send gold than to

¹ Act July 12, 1882, § 12. . . . "Such [gold] certificates, as also silver certificates, when held by any national banking association, shall be counted as part of its lawful reserve; and no national banking association shall be a member of any clearing house in which *such certificates* shall not be receivable in the settlement of clearing-house balances." It will be noticed that in this act the banks are forbidden to join clearing-houses in which "such certificates" are not received.

"Such certificates," however, may be used to refer specifically to gold certificates, described at length in the previous part of the section. A question, consequently, has been already raised whether this prohibition can be strictly held to include silver certificates.

² A transaction is reported of a payment of one fourth of one per cent. for the privilege of calling gold at 101 during the year.

buy claims to gold (that is, bills of exchange). Naturally, the gold has been withdrawn from the sub-treasuries. If our exports were to fall off, bills of exchange would remain high, and all persons having remittances to make would be obliged to secure themselves against possible difficulties in getting gold when they might want it.¹ Such difficulties will arise the moment that silver alone (and not gold) can be got from the government vaults. For then the only accessible stock of gold will be in the reserves of the banks. At present, it is true, the reserves are protected by an unusually large excess above the legal requirement; but every banker knows what the effect would be of a great pressure on the reserves, caused by large shipments of gold abroad. Gold is now the basis of banking credit and of all business operations. Suppose silver coinage to be persisted in; silver alone to be paid by the Secretary for redemption of greenbacks, for appropriations, or for interest and principal of the debt; and then a default in our cotton and cereal products, a European war, or any movement which would cause a drain of gold to Europe. This would deplete the gold reserves of the banks, reduce the ratio of gold to cash liabilities, shake credit, and oblige them to suspend gold payments; and there would be no cause for it whatever but the insane silver policy. Then still another influence would begin to operate. The effect upon our national credit of paying interest and principal in a dollar fourteen per cent. less in value than that now used will put the United States treasury in company with the repudiators of Virginia and Tennes-

¹ One method of protection is interesting, in the theory of exchanges. As is known, long bills sell for less than sight bills. A, who wishes to anticipate danger, buys a long bill now, and remits the bill to his correspondent in Europe to lie to his credit. The banker who sold the bill to A draws gold, and sends it abroad to meet the coming demand on the maturity of the bill. When it has matured it is worth as much as a sight bill, and can be sold

see. The very possibility will work to send our bonds home from Europe, multiply the demand for bills, and increase the tendency to ship gold. For homecoming bonds require additional remittances in gold to be made in payment for them, and so add momentum to forces already in action, which will strip us of gold.

Moreover, as soon as silver certificates, and dollars also, become much more plentiful than they now are, and if a general belief should arise that they must eventually depreciate, cautious people will hesitate to keep them on hand; and of course banks will not receive them on long deposits. This feeling, if it were suddenly to assume the character of a general panic, might discredit all certificates and dollars now out and bring them below par at once. Good sense will doubtless prevent this; but even if gold is not at a premium, silver will then be below par, which amounts to the same thing. This might contract our currency, and vitally affect credit. If it be remembered that a contraction of national bank-notes has been gradually going on through a calling in of bonds on which their circulation is based, it certainly does not seem to be a safe time for Congress to permit a change in our standard of payments while trade is in its present critical condition. A serious responsibility rests upon our national legislature to save the business community from any further complications by an instant repeal of the Coinage Act of 1878. Every member of Congress who does not move in this matter to save the business interests of the country ought to be defeated at the next election.

at an advance on the price paid about equal to the Bank of England rate of discount for that time. By this means A hoarded gold against the coming emergency, and at the same time saved himself from loss of interest. During the flurry about March 1, 1884, a movement toward the buying of long bills for this reason was distinctly visible, and aided the impulse towards gold shipments.

J. Laurence Laughlin.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

GREAT social and political movements which end either in peaceful or in violent revolution develop two wholly distinct sets of leaders. First come the agitators and fanatics, crying in the wilderness, and cursing alike the oppressors and the Gallios, who "care for none of those things." By their appeals and their invective, by their sufferings and their martyrdom, these early pioneers, if their cause be just, sooner or later arouse the slumbering conscience of the world about them; and when this is thoroughly accomplished their work is really done. The great task then passes to other hands; for although the true fanatic may be able to call the people from their tents, he cannot organize them. He is, as a rule, incapable of leadership, or, in other words, of dealing with his fellow-men. He would not be what he is if this were not so; for men of that type must be, in the nature of things, different from the mass of their fellow-beings. They must have the solitary temperament in some form or other, for they are obliged to endure mental or moral, if not social, isolation; they must be imbued with the spirit of the mediæval ascetic, utterly given over to one idea, emotional and unreasonable. Such men have played great parts at all epochs, and are no doubt essential to the progress of the human race. In modern times, however, all great reforms are carried by organization and combination; and this is precisely what extreme and violent agitators, who appear as the precursors of great moral movements, are unable to compass. Yet though the forces are marshaled and the battle is won by others, the extremists who first raised their voices against vested abuses frequently have a compensation in the fact that if they live for some years after the triumph of their cause they are often

regarded not only as the champions of a once despised but now successful principle, but as the men who bore that principle to victory. Mankind love the striking and picturesque, and when they see among them some individual who in earlier days sustained a great cause in the midst of persecution and obloquy, and who now rests from his labors with all the world on his side, they are dazzled by the contrast; and not content with awarding him the praise which is rightfully his due, they give him credit for much that he did not do, and for achievements wholly alien to men of that type. Time, which sets all things even, remedies this injustice. In history the agitator finds his proper place; and while he obtains the high commendation which he really deserves, he is no longer burdened with praise which injures because it is misplaced and inappropriate.

In our anti-slavery struggle, leaders of the two very different classes to which I have alluded were of course developed, and I have been led to make the preceding remarks because there has of late been a disposition to treat the original and extreme abolitionists as if they were the men who not only began the great movement, but who finally carried the conflict for freedom to a successful termination, and as if they were in fact the chief, if not the only, persons concerned. The radical abolitionists deserve, and will always receive, great honor for their sacrifices, their courage, and their success in awakening the sleeping conscience of the country. This they did, and they are entitled to the whole credit of the great work. No one would think of denying their heroism in support of a grand and noble principle, or the value of their services to the cause of humanity. At the same time, they

are not, except in this indirect way, as the original and exciting cause, the men who actually stopped the extension of slavery, saved the Union, and destroyed human bondage in the United States. To meet and overcome the slave power it was necessary to form a great political organization, or, in other words, to obtain the concerted action of large bodies of men. This the abolitionists could not do as a party. They did not even have coherence among themselves. Some of them acted politically; others refused even to vote. Some of them wished to push the cause of women's rights; others thought one issue at a time enough. Some favored a choice between the two great parties; others would vote for no candidates except their own. They were continually extending and strengthening the anti-slavery sentiment, but they could not add to their own numbers; for the avowal by many of them of secession principles shocked thousands who deeply sympathized with their objects, and they were unable to formulate a practicable platform which was capable of obtaining substantial support. There were of course all shades of opinion among the abolitionists, and no general description can possibly be just to each individual. There can be no doubt, however, that as a body they powerfully affected public opinion, but were unable to convert their principles into effective political questions, and thence into legislative acts.

In one division, the political abolitionists, we find the germs of a party which, after various modifications and transformations, developed into the Free-Soil party, which was constitutional, practical, and therefore possible; but which, in becoming so, separated from the uncompromising abolitionists of the most extreme and well-marked type. The work of the new party was to point out and define a ground to which anti-slavery men who had clung to the Whig and Democratic parties could come, and

where they could unite for concerted action. This the Free Soilers accomplished; and so well did they succeed that when the crash came and political bonds were loosened a place was provided where all anti-slavery men could gather. From less than two hundred thousand votes in 1852 the constitutional anti-slavery party rose to over a million in 1856. This quick and mighty increase could not have come by purely natural processes of growth during four years. In reality, it was due chiefly to the sudden concentration of all the opponents of slavery. Public opinion, aroused and formed by the abolition propaganda, was, it is true, terribly stimulated in those four years by the aggressions of the slave power, but the main elements had been developing for a much longer period. When the inevitable operation of the slave question had shattered the Whigs and divided the Democrats, great bodies of men who had been for years in real sympathy, but who had been working with different methods and in different directions, were at last set free. They needed only a rallying point, and that the Free Soilers offered them in the policy of resistance to the extension of slavery in the Territories. When they came together and polled their votes, they were themselves startled at the magnitude of the powerful organization which almost seemed to have sprung into existence in the night. Now for the first time were the enemies of slavery united. They came from all sides,—Abolitionists, Free Soilers, Democrats, and Whigs. The waiting had been long, but they at length met under one roof and on one platform, the only anti-slavery men who held aloof being the little band of non-political abolitionists. In this way the Republican party was formed, and the largest addition to its strength was composed of Whigs, who came under the leadership of the distinguished statesman whose name stands at the head of this article.

The advent of Seward marked the period when resistance to slavery ceased to be mere agitation or the object of isolated efforts, and became a political question, capable of solution by ordinary and constitutional methods, and the watchword of a compact and organized party. Seward represented fully the second class of leaders, who, taking up a great reform, are able by their wisdom, moderation, firmness, and above all by their capacity for combination, to secure a large popular following, and thus carry their principles to victory. These new leaders were men of great ability and vigorous character. Some came, like Hale and Julian, from the old liberty party; others, like Adams, Sumner, and Wilson, had been engaged in the Free-Soil movement; but most of them were fresh from their affiliations with the Whig and Democratic parties, which they now left forever. Coming from every political quarter and from every part of the free North, the Republican chiefs were all imbued with a common purpose. They had taken upon themselves a heavy burden, and if they had known that in addition to the conflict with slavery they were soon to be brought face to face with civil war, and charged with the salvation of the Union, their courage might not have been so cheerful as it was when they faced the country with Fremont and Dayton as their candidates.

To the younger generations in the United States no period is so vague and unfamiliar as that which extends from the compromises of 1850 to the first election of Grant. It is neither contemporary nor historical, and those who cannot remember it have as yet but meagre opportunities of understanding the course of events during those momentous years. The time has come, however, when it is most important that just ideas should

prevail in regard to the men who confronted the slave power in its last desperate struggle for supremacy, first at the ballot box, and then on the battlefield. There ought to be no misapprehension in regard to these men. Their characters, abilities, and services ought to be fully and thoroughly understood, and for this reason the appearance of Seward's works¹ in a new and handsome edition, now extended to five volumes, and covering the years of the war, ought to be generally welcomed and widely read. Nowhere else can we obtain an equally just idea of the purposes and principles of the men who put the anti-slavery movement into such a shape as to assure practical success, and then performed the far greater work of saving the Union and carrying the civil war to a triumphant conclusion. This could not be said of the writings of many party leaders; but Seward was so temperate, so reasonable, so lucid, and at the same time held such a commanding position before the country from 1850 to 1861, that his speeches must be regarded as the best authority for the wishes and intentions of the masses of the Republican party at that period. Any one ought to be well satisfied to let the case of the North and of freedom go to the tribunal of history on Seward's presentation; and there is nothing which shows more clearly the absolute criminality of the slave-ridden South in plunging the country into war than the fair, vigorous, and courteous exposition of anti-slavery principles and purposes which was made by the New York Senator.

By a fortunate coincidence the life of Thurlow Weed, Seward's closest friend, also comes to the public at this time.² I intend, therefore, with the aid of this new material and of other authorities as well, to discuss briefly the career and character of the man who led the anti-

¹ *The Works of William H. Seward.* Edited by GEORGE E. BAKER. In five volumes. New edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

² *Memoir of Thurlow Weed.* By his grandson, THURLOW WEED BARNES. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

slavery movement from 1850 to 1860, and who afterwards held the seals of state during the direst perils which have ever beset us as a people.

William Henry Seward was born in Orange County, New York, in May, 1801. His father was a man of education, and apparently not without ability. Bred a physician, he not only practiced his profession, but was a farmer, store-keeper, politician, and local magistrate. He was a true Jack-of-all-trades, but was sufficiently master of them to thrive in his various undertakings and amass a considerable fortune, a large part of which he devoted to founding an academy. He was evidently an eccentric man, and very unwise in his mode of bringing up his children. On one occasion he made his son William, when a very little boy, recite a poetical address before some of his neighbors. At the conclusion one of the bystanders asked the child which of his father's somewhat numerous professions he should follow. The boy innocently answered that he intended to be a justice of the peace. Thereupon his father took him severely to task for speaking of an office in the gift of others as if it were the proper subject of a "usurping ambition;" and this unreasoning severity apparently continued and was habitual.

Seward's evident precocity, joined with early delicacy of health, led to his selection as the member of the family who should receive the highest education then attainable. After the usual school preparation, therefore, he entered Union College, where he was successful in his studies, and popular with both professors and students. Although he was far from being a spendthrift, his father's ill-judged parsimony finally induced the young collegian to run away, and seek his fortune in the South. In Georgia he at once obtained a position as instructor in a newly established academy; but before he could enter on his duties he was discovered, and summoned home

by his parents. In this excursion he caught his first glimpse of slavery, to which he conceived a strong and instinctive aversion, little dreaming then that under his hand and seal would one day issue the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln.

On his return he went back to college, graduated in due course, and received his degree. His father's treatment was evidently not forgotten, and it is obvious that there was a marked coolness between them for many years. Seward's affection in boyhood and youth was given to his mother, by whose influence he was brought back from the South, and whom he loved, cherished, and mourned with an exhibition of feeling quite unusual to his calm nature. Through his mother he received a tinge of Irish blood, to which we may attribute his easy temper, sanguine disposition, and constant sympathy with the people of that race.

On leaving college Seward studied law in the city of New York, and thence moved to the little village of Auburn, where he established himself, married well and most happily, and began the diligent practice of his profession. With untiring industry and a remarkable capacity for hard work, he soon gathered clients, and his fortunes rose with those of the little town in which he had made his home. The country lawyer was an important man in those days, and Seward was soon drawn into the current of politics, for which he had a strong natural aptitude. He was deeply patriotic, and had already delivered one or two addresses which show much thought and power for so young a man. He had been bred a Republican, as the Democrats were then called, and had been taught to believe that all Federalists were traitors and aristocrats. Yet, as he himself remarks, when he came to choose his side in politics, he allied himself with the opponents of the Democracy, and voted against that party ever

after. The fact is that by instinct Seward was one of the men who became the political heirs of the Federalists, and no amount of education or artificial prejudice could alter his nature. In theory he was one of the "regular" Democrats, or, in the slang of that day, the "Buck-tails;" but as soon as he entered active politics he went into open opposition to his supposed party. Western New York was deeply interested in canals, and the policy of building these great water-ways strongly appealed to Seward's far-seeing mind. This feeling, strengthened by the friendship then formed with Thurlow Weed, led him into the opposition, which then was composed of a portion of the Democrats and of those who had once been Federalists. In this way the would-be Democrat found himself speaking, writing, and voting for DeWitt Clinton, the champion of internal improvements, whom he had always distrusted, for Governor, and for John Quincy Adams, the opponent of the Virginian dynasty, for President. The action was characteristic of the man. He chose his side deliberately, and on broad, public grounds, at an age when prejudice and impulse are far more apt to rule than a cool consideration of general principles.

Once engaged, however, he never let go his hold, although there were intervals subsequently when he persuaded himself that his public career was over. It was of course impossible that this should be the case, for he could not have lived without political action. Natural genius and capacity are the strongest agents in shaping a man's destiny, and this was especially true of Seward. In 1833 he writes, "Enthusiasm for the right and ambition for personal distinction are passions of which I cannot divest myself; and while every day's experience is teaching me that the former is the very agent which must defeat the latter, I am far from believing that I should be more happy were I to withdraw alto-

gether from political action." This correct bit of introspection was true when it was written, and equally true of all periods of Seward's life, from the beginning to the end.

When he had once fairly started he moved forward rapidly, for ability, pleasant manners, ingenuity, and facility stamped him as a leader. His first political success came to him in a curious way, through that oddest of all political movements, anti-masonry. Even when they were old men, writing their autobiographies, after the close of most active careers, both Seward and Weed were unable to rid themselves of the idea that there was real meaning and force in the anti-masonic agitation. Beginning as a local excitement, induced by the folly and violence of a few headstrong and determined men, anti-masonry developed into a political crusade against secret societies. So far as we can judge now, the only peculiar principle of the anti-masons was to exclude masons from office. In other respects, their creed was that of the National Republicans, or Whigs. They succeeded sufficiently to carry one State in a presidential election, and cast a considerable vote at various times in other States. They crippled the Whigs, then in their infancy, they enlisted the support of such men as John Quincy Adams and William Wirt, and they elected here and there a number of local candidates. It is a matter of profound surprise that they should have accomplished even as much as this, or that they should have contrived to exist even for several years. One cannot help suspecting that Weed saw in the violent local feeling about Morgan's abduction an opportunity for a movement which should break the dominant party in the State, and that almost any issue, if once fairly started, would spread and flourish, in the absence of broader questions. There is no evidence that prior to the Morgan case the masons, as such, took part in politics; and

it is inconceivable that intelligent men and shrewd politicians should have supposed that any party could really endure, when it had no principle except opposition to secret societies, which were perfectly legal and proper, beneficial to their members, and wholly harmless to every one else. In Western New York, the scene of Morgan's abduction, the anti-masonic feeling was of course most intense, and there, at least, the anti-masons effected one excellent result by taking up Seward, who had thrown himself into the movement with great vigor, and sending him to the state senate for two successive terms, placing him in this way in the line of political advancement.

In the condition of politics at that time, when everything was in a state of solution, it mattered comparatively little whether the anti-masons were a sound party or not, provided that they opened the way for young and energetic men to enter politics. Seward owed them much for giving him his opportunity, which is all any man can demand of fate, and he certainly made the most of his, for he had this great quality of success strongly developed.

It is amusing to read his own account of his first speech at Albany, which he delivered in a condition of blind confusion, and to reflect that this embarrassed orator was the man who, in the Senate of the United States, faced for ten years a desperate and fierce majority of slaveholders, and argued with unsurpassed clearness and courage the cause of freedom. After the ice was once broken, Seward moved on easily enough. He had a fine gift of speech, and was fortunate also in being, during these first four years, one of a hopeless minority, — the best training which a young man can have for a political and parliamentary career. The senate of New York was then a highly important body, for, in addition to its legislative functions, it sat as a court of last appeal, after the fashion of the House of Lords. Seward thus

had an opportunity to establish his legal as well as his parliamentary reputation. How well he succeeded is shown by the fact that his skillful and bold resistance to the measures of the all-powerful Jacksonian Democracy and his ability in dealing with all local questions made him at the close of his second term, and when he was only thirty-three years old, the acknowledged leader of the opposition in the State. This was so universally admitted that in 1834 he was put forward as the candidate of the young Whig party for governor, and, although defeated, made a fine run and polled a large vote.

Thus thrown out of the race, Seward returned to the law, avowing that his political career was ended, and resolved on professional success. His business rapidly revived, but the abstention from politics, which was to have been absolute, was in reality so purely imaginary that in 1838 he was again nominated for governor by the Whigs, then just on the eve of their first great success. This time he was triumphantly elected, and on the 1st of January, 1839, before he had attained his thirty-ninth year, was duly inaugurated at Albany.

Space forbids that I should trace in detail the busy years of Seward's governorship, except in so far as he was concerned with the great question to which his life was to be devoted. He made an admirable governor, and in regard to all issues of the day, on internal improvements, education, prison reform, and other less important matters, he exhibited the breadth of view, the foresight, and the courage of opinion which were his most conspicuous qualities as a statesman. Seward was naturally prudent and cautious; he was always regarded as a keen and wary politician, and in his later career his enemies charged that he was given to cunning and time-serving. Yet if any one now dispassionately studies his course as governor, the most marked characteristics

of the man, and those which, if we take the pains to understand him, were never, either then or afterwards, lost or impaired, were his entire courage and complete superiority to clamor and prejudice. This was shown by his fearless independence of party and popular feeling on many state questions, and especially by his liberality toward Roman Catholics. His course on various matters, deliberately adopted in opposition to the views of his more careful friends, caused him to fall several thousand votes behind the ticket when he was reëlected; but he neither heeded warnings when they were uttered, nor grieved over their subsequent fulfillment, because he was satisfied that he was right. In nothing was his independence better shown than in the constantly recurring questions of pardons. The rich, prosperous, strong, and well educated, who had fallen into crime, and came with powerful and influential support in search of mercy, were sent to prison or to the gallows, to meet their merited punishment. The poor, unfortunate, and neglected were those who received executive clemency, which was exercised with kindly wisdom, and at the same time with a moderation which is in strong contrast to the indiscriminate abuse of the pardoning power now so unfortunately common.

There was one question, however, then just beginning to cast its ominous shadow over the land, which dwarfed all others, and brought to a crucial test the mental and moral strength of the young governor of New York. It was, in fact, at this time that Seward was first brought into actual conflict with the slave power. Before the election the New York abolitionists addressed a series of questions to both the Whig and the Democratic candidates for governor and lieutenant-governor. The latter, avowed pro-slavery men, treated these inquiries with silent contempt; the former returned respectful answers. Seward's response shows a touch of the

adroitness which was popularly attributed to him. He contrived to manifest his entire sympathy with the opposition to slavery, but he declined, properly enough, to make ante-election pledges, and left his position to be guessed at rather than known. It was the only utterance of his life on that great question which any one could think of calling evasive, and his acts quickly showed that his prudence had no touch of timidity. Very soon after his election he was called upon by the governor of Virginia to surrender three negro sailors, accused of helping a slave, who had been since recaptured, to escape from servitude. Seward declared that the evidence on which the demand was based was wholly insufficient, and not content with this took up the broad ground that New York did not recognize assistance to a fugitive slave to be a crime, and therefore he could not comply with the requisition. He said to the governor of Virginia, "I need not inform you, sir, that there is no law of this State which recognizes slavery,—no statute which admits that one man can be the property of another, or that one man can be stolen from another. On the other hand, our constitution and laws interdict slavery in every form. Nor is it necessary to inform you that the common law does not recognize slavery, nor make the act of which the parties are accused in this case felonious or criminal. The offense charged in the affidavit, and specified in the requisition, is not a felony nor a crime within the meaning of the constitution, and, waiving all the defects in the affidavit, I cannot surrender the supposed fugitives, to be carried to Virginia for trial, under the statute of that State." These were bold words, and we can hardly realize the shock they produced in that day, when Northern office-holders were wont to hasten, with bated breath, to do the bidding of the South. Such language people expected from abolition fanatics;

but coming from a man who held a high and responsible office, it had a startling effect. The enemies of slavery took heart, and it was evident to all who looked beyond the immediate present that a new leader had appeared in American politics.

Through the long controversy which ensued Seward never abated by one tittle the high, firm, and yet courteous tone which he had adopted at the outset. He remained unmoved by the retaliatory measures of Virginia, which threatened to prevent the surrender of ordinary criminals escaping from New York. He also defended the New York law, then a subject of much irritation at the South, which gave to fugitive slaves the right of trial by jury. He refused to comply with a requisition from South Carolina, similar to that made by Virginia; and when, in his second term, a Democratic assembly undertook to disapprove his action, he declined to transmit their resolutions to the Virginian authorities. At the close of his second term he voluntarily retired from office, and renewed the practice of his profession; but his conduct in regard to fugitive slaves had sunk deep into the public mind. He probably did not realize it himself, but the calm, high courage which, as governor, he had displayed on this question had marked him out as the future leader of the anti-slavery movement. It was now inevitable that when the time came men would turn to him, and put him at their head as the chosen captain in the warfare which was to check the extension of slavery through the virgin Territories and free States of the North.

When Seward left Albany in January, 1843, the first period of his life closed, and he himself felt that his career as a public man was at an end. He had received the highest honor with- in the gift of the people of his State, and was content. But the real work of his life was still to be done, and the

time was to come when he would be called forth by that imperious public necessity which at the appointed hour surely brings the man. Before that hour came, there was a long interval of six years, which he devoted to his profession, and when he made his fame as a lawyer. Seward possessed legal abilities of a very high order, and his time was constantly occupied with arguments before the Supreme Court of the United States and the highest state tribunals. The most extensive and lucrative part of his profession was in patent cases, an intricate branch which he took up comparatively late in life, and in which he speedily became proficient by his quick, clear perceptions, his versatility of mind, and his unfailing industry.

It was as a jury lawyer, however, that Seward touched his highest point professionally, and achieved a reputation which very few advocates have equaled. Some of the cases, notably the defense of Greeley in Cooper's libel suit, and of the Michigan rioters, made a great stir in their day, although they are now well-nigh forgotten. His arguments before the Supreme Court of the United States in two famous fugitive-slave cases, although not addresses to a jury, had some of the popular qualities belonging to the latter, and by their fearless ability attracted widespread attention. There is one case, however, in which Seward was engaged at this period that cannot be passed over with a mere allusion; for there is scarcely any event in his life which displays his highest and strongest qualities in a better light.

In 1846 Seward had voluntarily acted as counsel for a convict named Wyatt, who had murdered one of his keepers, and he had rested the defense on the ground of insanity. There was a good deal of feeling about the case, and when the jury disagreed Seward came in for much animadversion. Before Wyatt could be brought again to trial a whole

family, respectable and prosperous people, were butchered at Auburn by a negro named Freeman, recently discharged from the state prison. The popular excitement was intense. Freeman narrowly escaped lynching, and the universal rage at his atrocious crime reached even to the bench. So strong, indeed, was the feeling that it was generally believed that no one could be found who would dare to undertake to act as counsel for the murderer. Seward was satisfied of what was unquestionably the truth, — that the wretched criminal was not only demented, but so hopelessly idiotic as to be little removed from the brutes. A jury was summoned to pass upon Freeman's sanity, and when the court asked who appeared for the prisoner Seward rose, and undertook the defense. The jury decided in substance that Freeman was sane enough to be hanged, and he was at once put on trial. The miserable wretch, deaf and idiotic, could not even plead guilty or not guilty, and when asked who was his counsel replied that he did not know. Then Seward rose again, pale with excitement, but cool and determined, and announced that he would act as counsel. Hoarse murmurs of indignation ran through the crowded court-room. Friends and neighbors turned their backs on the daring lawyer, and there was hardly anybody who would speak to him. With perfect courage, however, Seward conducted the case to the end, using every fair means of defense; but wholly in vain, for Freeman was in reality condemned before he was tried. After the sentence Seward appealed to the governor, but pardon was refused. He then moved the Supreme Court for a new trial, which was granted; but before it came on Freeman died in jail, and the post-mortem examination revealed a brain diseased to the last point.

Seward's action in taking this case shows not only humanity and generosity of the finest type, but courage of

an uncommon quality. It was no light matter to face, alone and unsupported, the fierce prejudice and intense excitement of the community in which he lived, in behalf of a low, brutalized criminal, belonging to a despised and hated race. There was no hope or prospect of reward of any kind. There was nothing to tempt any man in such a revolting task. Seward took up the ungracious work with nothing before him at the moment as a result but universal hatred and condemnation; and he made this sacrifice solely from devotion to the principles of law and justice in which he had been bred. Not content, moreover, with doing his simple duty as counsel, he appealed to the jury in a speech of impassioned fervor and consummate ability. I am aware of very few jury speeches which can be ranked above it, and that this statement is not an exaggeration is proved by the opinion of the greatest of modern English orators. Mr. Gladstone said to Mr. Sumner, "Mr. Seward's argument in the Freeman case is the greatest forensic effort in the English language." An English gentleman who was present said, "The greatest? Mr. Gladstone, you forget Erskine." "No," replied Mr. Gladstone, "I do not forget Erskine; Mr. Seward's argument is the greatest forensic effort in the language." With such praise from such a man I am content to leave the question of Seward's powers as a jury lawyer and forensic orator.

Although Seward, during these years of devotion to the law, believed that he had permanently withdrawn to private and professional life, he found it impossible, after having held the office of governor and having been an acknowledged leader of public opinion, to keep entirely aloof from politics. His aid and direction were constantly sought, and he could not, consistently with his views of public duty, refuse to give them. He supported Clay in 1844, Taylor in 1848, and Scott in 1852.

During this time his hostility to slavery strengthened and deepened from day to day, and he became more and more outspoken on that burning question. His well-known views on slavery, indeed, led to the unfounded charge that his support of Clay was insincere and half-hearted. No accusation was ever more untrue, but it arose from Seward's public, explicit, and repeated expressions of regret that the brilliant Whig candidate should be a slave-holder. With even greater heartiness, but still with the same reservation, he supported Taylor; and again, after his return to public life, advocated the election of Scott, despite the approval given to the pro-slavery compromises by the Whig platform. If Seward had been a timid shuffler, such a course would not have been surprising; but since he was so pronounced and hardy an opponent of slavery that he even received the encomium of Wendell Phillips, it seems at first sight somewhat inexplicable. We can in fact understand his action only by a perfect comprehension of his views in regard to parties, and as to the most advantageous manner in which any man could aid the progress of the principles he had most at heart. The subject is well worth study, especially by those who seek to promote some important reform; because in this way can be learned the philosophy of a man who by well-judged action did as much for the advancement of a great cause as any man of equal talent who has ever lived among us, and who, wasting nothing, made himself count to the uttermost.

When a very young man, Seward says, he came to the conclusion that, "whatever might be a man's personal convictions, and however earnestly he might desire to promote the public welfare, he could only do it by associating himself with one of the many religious sects which divided the community, and one of the two political parties which contended for the administration of the

government. A choice between sects and parties once made, whether wisely or unwisely, it was easy to see, must be practically irrevocable. . . . But though I thus chose my religious denomination and political party, I did so with a reservation of a right to dissent and protest, or even separate, if ever a conscientious sense of duty or a paramount regard to the general safety or welfare should require." In 1844 a young friend, of strong abolition principles, consulted him about leaving his church and party because of their weakness in respect to slavery. Seward said, "If you had the power, would you regard it as wise to abstract from the Presbyterian church of this country all its anti-slavery element, or would you desire to add to it all the anti-slavery reinforcement you could command? How much better off would that church be with all you anti-slavery men out of it? How much better off, to do any good, would you be if all withdrew? Would you thereby gain any more personal influence than you now have? Look at the Whig party of to-day. Everybody knows that I am an anti-slavery man. Whenever I write a political letter, or make a political speech, my words are reproduced in every Whig paper in the country, and reach the eyes and ears of everybody in the land. But it is because I remain in the party, and consequently enjoy their confidence. They will hear me and consider what I say. But should I leave the Whig party, and join the radical anti-slavery party, although my speeches and writings would doubtless be read by that class who do not need my influence, they would not reach the much larger class who do need to know the truth. No; I think I can do more good where I am. . . . Stick to the ship, and work away. In a few years you will see that we anti-slavery men in the Whig party will not have labored in vain. Do you be as faithful in your church as I will try to be in the Whig party, and you

will see that, if you would do your fellow-men any good at all, you must not withdraw yourself from their association because you think you know more or are better than they are." In 1848, he spoke at Cleveland, where there was great danger of a serious defection of anti-slavery Whigs. In the course of his speech, which was most eloquent and effective, he said, "You expect to establish a new and better party, that will carry our common principles to more speedy and universal triumph. You will not succeed in any degree, neither now nor hereafter, because it is impossible. Society is divided, classified, already. It is classified into two great, all-pervading national parties or associations. These parties are founded on the principles, interests, and affections of the people. Society cannot admit, nor will it surrender either of the existing parties to make room for, a third. The interests, the sentiments, and the habits of society forbid:—

"The stars in their courses war against Sisera." It is in the power of a seceding portion of one party, or of seceding portions of both, to do just this, and no more, to wit: to give success, long or short, to one of the existing parties. Those who do this, whatever be their objects or motives, are responsible for the consequences. Theirs is the merit if the consequences are beneficent, and theirs is the blame if the result is calamitous." Seven years later a new party was founded, and Seward made one of his greatest political speeches at Albany on The Advent of the Republican Party. A few brief extracts show his line of thought: "You, old, tried, familiar friends, ask my counsel whether to cling yet longer to traditional controversies and to dissolving parties, or to rise at once to nobler aims, with new and more energetic associations. I do not wonder at your suspense, nor do I censure caution or even timidity. Fickleness in political associations is a weakness, and

precipitancy in public action is a crime. Considered by itself, it is unfortunate to be obliged to separate from an old party and to institute a new one." Then, in discussing the question whether the time for a new party had arisen, he made that famous exposition of the "privileged classes," or slave power, which rang from one end of the country to the other; and when he came to the end of his description he asked, "What, then, is wanted? Organization! Organization! Nothing but organization! Shall we organize? Why not? Can we maintain the revolution so auspiciously begun without organization? Certainly not. . . . How shall we organize? The evil is a national one. The power and the influence and the organization of the privileged class pervade all parts of the Union. Our organization, therefore, must be a national one." After depicting the character of the organization required, he says, "It is best to take an existing organization that answers to these conditions, if we can find one; if we cannot find one such, we must create one. Let us try existing parties by this text. . . . Shall we report ourselves to the Whig party? Where is it? Gentle shepherd, tell me where! . . . The privileged class, who had debauched it, abandoned it because they knew that it could not vie with its rival in the humiliating service it proffered them; and now there is neither Whig party nor Whig south of the Potomac. How is it in the unprivileged States? Out of New York the lovers of freedom, disgusted with its prostitution, forsook it, and marched into any and every other organization. We have maintained it here, and in its purity, until the aiders and abettors of the privileged class, in retaliation, have wounded it on all sides, and it is now manifestly no longer able to maintain and carry forward, alone and unaided, the great revolution that it inaugurated. He is unfit for a statesman, although he may be a

patriot, who will cling even to an honored and faithful association when it is reduced so low in strength and numbers as to be entirely ineffectual, amid the contests of great parties by which republics are saved. Any party, when reduced so low, must ultimately dwindle and dwarf into a mere faction. Let, then, the Whig party pass."

It must not be forgotten, in considering Seward's utterances on these matters, that he was as far removed as possible from being a thick-and-thin partisan. I doubt if any man of modern times has left a collection of political speeches, delivered for the most part at a period of intense excitement, which are so absolutely free from partisanship; for Seward rarely discussed men, but confined himself to measures and principles, and he never appealed to party allegiance for votes. He was not a partisan, but he was a strong believer in parties, because he thought that only through parties any practical and beneficent result could be achieved. History and experience taught him that in representative governments there could be at once only two great parties having any effective life. A third party, while the two leading parties held their strength, was simply a faction, and the multiplication of parties was the multiplication of factions, with all the evils incident to political anarchy. His primary test of a party was its capacity for efficient work, and this was to be largely determined by its numbers and the vigor of its organization. He also well understood that a third party could have but one result, — the defeat of the organization to which it was most nearly allied in character and purpose. For this reason he opposed third-party movements, and he maintained his party standing because he deemed it the most efficient weapon he possessed for the successful advancement of a cause which he placed above party. From such motives he refused to leave the Whigs, although he held quite as

radical views about slavery as the Free Soilers in 1848 and 1852. Thanks to his sanguine temperament, he continued to hope that the Whigs could be made the party of freedom; but when that party perished, not in the least through the third-party action, but by the operation of the slavery question and by its own inherent vices, no one recognized its dissolution more quickly than Seward. In 1855 the time had come for him to move, and then was seen the force of his position. He marched not alone, but with thousands at his back, and wielding greater influence than ever to join the ranks of the Republicans, who sprang at once to the front, not as a third or fourth faction, but as one of the two great political divisions of the country. In this way the overthrow of slavery was made certain, and in no other manner could it have been brought about.

Seward's course teaches the wholesome lesson that men may work in thorough sincerity for the same end, although in very different ways; and that attacks on parties, under our system, simply because they are organizations, is idle nonsense. There is no necessary or peculiar virtue in remaining outside of parties, or in belonging to third parties or small factions, although they may be important and useful factors in solving political problems. There is no greater mistake or more illiberal habit than to assail men for belonging to parties; and no greater injury can be done to any cause than by belittling a leader who, earnestly favoring it, has at the same time party standing and influence, or by persuading such a man to cast away that which increases his value and effect enormously, and to come out of his organization while it is still powerful, and reduce himself to mere isolated action. Seward would have been a leader, and a great one, whatever position he might have chosen to occupy; but by his wise course he counted a hundred-fold more

for the cause of human freedom than he could have done in any other way.

The wave of Whig success which carried Taylor to the White House made Seward Senator from New York, and the great period of his life began. His influence opened Taylor's eyes to the plain fact that the South was the real aggressor, and that her outcries against Northern interference were merely intended to mislead. When his mind was once made up the old soldier did not hesitate. Although unversed in the ways of politics, he saw clearly that the duty of the hour was to admit California; and he gave it to be clearly understood that if Congress would perform its part he would do his, and would see to it that the republic was not injured or the Union impaired. This policy Seward advocated with great force in the Senate; but neither he nor the President could hold his own party. The Whigs gave way in all directions, and their fate was sealed. Seward had hoped, and he continued to hope, that the Whigs might become the party of freedom; and if they had followed his lead and Taylor's in 1850, they might have done the work and reaped the glories and the reward of the Republicans. They failed at the supreme moment, and thus went down into the dust; for great issues are inexorable, and when they are not obeyed they crush.

From the great Whig chiefs themselves came the policy of compromise — or, in other words, of concession — to slavery. Webster fell on the 7th of March, and Seward, with unflinching courage, stepped into the vacant place, and grasped the standard of the free North as it dropped from the hands of the great Senator from Massachusetts. He stoutly contested the compromises, but all in vain. That policy succeeded, and its brief victory cost the Whig party its life. There were a few years of seeming peace, and then the strife broke out again. The South tore the compromises

of 1850 asunder; they seized Kansas by the throat, and kept her in anarchy and misery because she would not accept slavery, and thus made it clear that only slave States were to be admitted to the Union. Goaded on by the inherent weakness of their cause, they destroyed next the Missouri Compromise, and in so doing bent even the Supreme Court to their purposes. At last everything was theirs. They had thrown open the Territories to slaves; they would admit no States but slave States; and the next step would have been to force slavery upon the free States, and make them, if not slave-holders, slave-catchers. But in winning these Pyrrhic victories they sealed their own ruin, and it fell to Seward to lead the new party, which Southern madness did so much to build up.

The years preceding the war are so murky with the tempests of passion and hate which raged through them that it is even now difficult to see them clearly. On that dark background a few figures stand out luminous and distinct, — men with clear and definite views and perfect courage, and conspicuous among them is Seward. In his speeches in the Senate we can trace all the phases of the struggle. We see him beaten on one question after another, and then the tide turns, and he moves forward to success. It is on that period and on the debates of that time that Seward's reputation as a parliamentary orator must rest. There is a very even excellence in these speeches. The Kansas-Nebraska speech of 1854 is very noble and fine, and the careful and cutting attack on Pierce in 1856 is extremely effective; but selection is difficult and unfair, for the whole series deserves high rank. Seward was not eloquent after the manner of Webster and Clay. He lacked the grandeur as well as the dramatic force and sweep of the former, and the impassioned fervor so marked in the latter. His speeches, however, have

outlived those of Clay, and will always be read with pleasure and interest both for their subject and their style. Their most striking trait is the blending of grace and strength, which is a very rare combination. Graceful speakers as a rule have little force, and are the most ephemeral of orators. But Seward, despite his smoothness and grace, had the real stuff in him, and all he said went home with telling effect. In his earlier days he had a tendency, which was very common at that time, to indulge in rhetorical outbursts. He did not become turgid at such moments, but he occasionally was guilty of commonplace fine writing. As he grew older his taste improved, and by the time he reached the Senate of the United States he had freed himself entirely from this fault, and his style, although not particularly simple, was pure and clear. He had, too, a remarkable power of strong, lucid, and ingenious statement and great variety in presentation. He was never dull, and yet at the same time he had a reason and moderation in expression which rendered all he said convincing, and made him especially valuable to an unpopular cause which needed converts. His speeches did more than anything else to formulate a creed by which all the anti-slavery elements in the country could live and work unitedly. Seward had also considerable felicity of quotation; for although not a scholar, he read widely and well, and remembered much. He was gifted likewise with a fine humor, dry and quizzical, but very attractive and singularly effective in debate. This quality comes out strongly in many passages of his autobiography, which is very charming, and has by no means the reputation that it deserves. He employed humor discreetly and with much effect in his speeches. In 1853, in a speech on Continental rights and relations, he said, "Secondly, the Senator from Michigan invokes our attention to what Lord George Bentinck

has said in the British Parliament. Well, sir, that is important, — what an English lord has said, and said in Parliament, too; that must be looked into. Well, what did Lord George Bentinck say? Sir, he said very angry things, very furious things; indeed, very ferocious things. Prepare yourself to hear them, sir. Lord George Bentinck did say, in so many words, — and in Parliament, too! — what I am going to repeat. His lordship did say that — 'he quite agreed with Captain Polkington.'"

The whole passage runs on at a length too great for quotation, but in the same vein; and the Senator from Michigan must have devoutly wished, at the conclusion, that he had never alluded to Lord George Bentinck. Further extracts might be made if space would permit, but those who desire to use fun and irony in debate, without degenerating into buffoonery, cannot do better than study these speeches. They are good models in that way as well as in many others.

After the repeal of the Missouri Compromise there was a short period when even Seward's constitutional cheerfulness gave way; but he made no sign at the time, and hope soon returned. We can detect the tone of rising confidence in everything he says, as he became convinced that Kansas could not be conquered, and that the spirit of the North was at last aroused.

When 1860 came Thurlow Weed felt that the time had arrived for Seward's candidacy for the presidency, and this feeling was shared by the mass of the party in the strong Republican States, and by the ablest leaders everywhere; for Seward was their acknowledged chief and their most conspicuous statesman. When the Republican delegates assembled at Chicago there was no man in the country who had such claims and such a reputation, or who was such an exponent of their principles, as the New York Senator. But Seward was now to

reap the reward of years of eminence and conflict. There was a strong movement made against him on the ground of availability, and instigated by personal hostility, which was at first laughed at, but which steadily assumed more formidable proportions. The attack was headed by Horace Greeley, and Greeley and those who thought with him prevailed. The convention became convinced that Seward was not available, and Lincoln was nominated on the third ballot. When the Republicans made this choice they builded far better than they knew; for they took by chance the one man who had all the elements of greatness, and all the qualities which fitted him beyond any one else in the country to stand at the head of a great nation in the agonies of civil war. By their selection they also made it possible to unite Lincoln and Seward in the cabinet, — each in the place for which he was best adapted. But all this the Republicans at Chicago could not know at the moment, and their action carried dismay and bitter regret not merely to Seward's immediate friends, but to the masses of the party in the Eastern States. Seward himself showed no sign of the disappointment he must have felt. With perfect and hearty cheerfulness he gave his adhesion to the ticket, and, feeling that he was still the responsible leader of the campaign, he put himself in the forefront of the battle. The entire magnanimity of Seward's course shows that with him devotion to his cause was far stronger than any personal ambition.

The speeches which Seward made during this campaign must be taken in conjunction with those which he delivered during the campaign of 1856, and together they form a complete presentation of the case of the anti-slavery party. At the outset he portrayed the manner in which the slave-holding aristocracy had gained entire possession of every department of the government.

He then delineated the "irrepressible conflict" of freedom and slavery, and brought home to the North the conviction that one or the other must perish; that even the North American continent did not afford verge enough for their joint existence. He defined the Republican position so that it was plain to all men that it was constitutional and lawful, and that, while his party proposed to stop the extension of slavery, it would not interfere with the guaranteed rights of the States. Finally, in the Senate he demonstrated the truth of Sumner's proposition, that "freedom was national, and slavery sectional," by inviting the Southern senators to come to the North and argue their cause before the people, who there would give them fair hearing and free speech, while in the South a man who dared to speak in public against slavery was hunted to death, or driven from the State. A cause which thus stifled free speech was in its nature irredeemably vicious and sectional, and nothing was more effective than the manner in which Seward drove this fact home.

To Seward's speeches at this time men will always look for the official announcement of Republican principles prior to 1861, and by them it is proved, if proof is needed, that the cry that the election of Lincoln meant the destruction of Southern rights and Southern property was the meanest excuse ever put forward to cover a great political crime.

According to Seward's argument, the election of Lincoln meant the stoppage of slave extension, and that the South would have no choice but to submit to the popular will, or to go into open revolution. To his sanguine mind and loyal temperament the latter alternative seemed incredible; but when he returned to Washington, after the election, he found civil war actually at the gates. Seward believed, and believed correctly, that the fact of the election of Lincoln

really settled the question of slavery ; because when the people said to slavery, Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, the end had come, inasmuch as without extension slavery must sooner or later perish utterly. With this belief Seward saw the far greater question of national existence open before him. The Union was in danger, and if the Union were to dissolve it mattered little what became of the slave question, with two confederacies, — one wholly free, and the other wholly slave-holding. He therefore pushed the slavery question aside, and threw his whole energies into the work of saving the Union. He advocated the cause of conciliation and peace in a great speech ; and while he did not abate one jot of the true result of the election, the stoppage of slave extension, he set it aside for the time being as inferior to the work of maintaining the Union. From heated partisans, and from radical men generally, there went up a cry that Seward had lost heart, and was about to betray the cause of freedom ; and from this time dates the notion, assiduously cultivated in hours of great excitement, that he was a timid time-server. Nothing could be more unjust. Seward felt that his first duty, and that of every loyal citizen, was to save the Union ; and that the danger from slavery, except as a means of destroying the Union, had passed. He also saw clearly that the government must be held together in some way until the new administration came in. Largely through his efforts treason in Buchanan's cabinet was checked, and together with Stanton and Dix he then labored to keep the peace and strengthen the Federal power. Lincoln, with intuitive wisdom, had selected Seward to abide at his right hand, in the trial that was upon them ; and when they at last took the helm they agreed wholly about the course which they ought to steer. Lincoln perceived, without any instruction, that the first thing was to

preserve our national existence. So he and his secretary strove to keep the States together by peaceful means, and failed. They struggled next to narrow the limits of the rebellion by holding the border States ; but as is always the case when revolution is afoot, the extreme men were at the front on both sides, the strong tide of passion was sweeping all before it, and they failed again. They made one further great effort. They resolved to make the war wholly and distinctly a war for the Union, and not allow it to be placed on any other ground. In this they succeeded, and by so doing they stopped disintegration in the North, broke down party lines, and brought a thoroughly united people to their side, entirely imbued with the determination to maintain the nation. This task of uniting the loyal people of the country was the first and essential step toward victory, and it was peculiarly the work of Lincoln and Seward.

If we study the war purely as history, the most striking fact is the inevitable character of the result, although at the time it appeared as if the result hung in grave doubt down to the very end. There was only one moment, if we thus survey that period, when it seems as if the outcome might have lost its inevitable character, and that was at the time of the Trent affair. If Lincoln and Seward had wavered and yielded to the popular clamor, and we had rushed into war with England and France, it is doubtful if we could have crushed the South with one hand, and beaten off the two greatest powers of the civilized world with the other. Lincoln, as the head of the administration, was responsible for the action of the government, and with all his good nature and easy ways he was too great a man to be other than master in his cabinet. Still, there can be no doubt that he leaned on Seward in this question. Seward of course wrote the letter, which was en-

tirely right both in law and policy, and it was a production which bore all the characteristics of its author. At the time, fierce passions were aroused; the people were justly incensed at the attitude of England; and the young men of the country, with arms in their hands, were eager to fight all comers. On Seward fell the responsibility of the action, and history will record it as one of the wisest and greatest acts of his and the President's life. But at the moment it caused an increase of the feeling that Seward was adroit and timid, and this mere prejudice became so strong that it is only now that Seward is beginning to receive the place which belongs to him and the praise which he merits.

The diplomatic diary and correspondence, contained in the new fifth volume of the works, are extremely interesting, and enable us to form a just estimate of their author's great services during the war. Mr. Lincoln allowed him in large measure to select his ministers to foreign courts, and this momentous work was performed with great skill. The volume throws light only on the general course of the war and on our relations with foreign nations; but nowhere else do we obtain such striking evidence of the inevitable character of the result of our struggle, to which I have already alluded. This arises from the fact that Seward took a comprehensive and a sweeping view of the whole situation. Behind the operation of armies, which he surveyed on a large scale, he saw the other aspects of the conflict. He perceived and understood the inherent feebleness of the insurgent States, which was lost to others in the din of arms and the smoke of battle. He detected and rightly valued the innate weaknesses of the Confederacy, arising from the nature of their cause, the existence of human slavery among them, their lack of resources, the ruin caused by the blockade, and their financial unsoundness. It was well for the Union

that Seward was a man able at once to see, appreciate, and express all these things. Our representatives abroad, depressed by the hostile influences about them, by the seeming slowness of our military progress, and by the constant disappointment of their hopes, often lost heart. All their gloomy forebodings were poured out upon the Secretary of State, to whom they confided also all their troubles and anxieties. Nothing, of course, was more essential than that the United States should have a confident and calm demeanor before Europe, and it rested with Seward to see that our ministers did not forget this all-important fact. Fortunately for us, no man could have been chosen who was better prepared, by temperament and by training, for this most trying and difficult task. By nature extremely sanguine, Seward had also a profound confidence in his country and in the American people. His dispatches have a clear ring in them, which must have aroused even the most faint-hearted. Gloom and despair might settle elsewhere, but at no time were they permitted to rest upon the department of state. Seward never boasted unduly, he never sought to disguise defeat, but he always reviewed the whole situation so reasonably, so vigorously, and in such a masterly way that his correspondents caught his spirit, and believed with him that the end could be nothing but victory. No one can question that Seward himself had his dark hours, but his self-control was never lost, and to the European world, looking and longing with scarcely disguised eagerness for the destruction of the republic, he bore himself with a proud and assured confidence, which was of infinite value in that time of stress and doubt.

There is the same tone in all that relates to the perilous and difficult complications with foreign powers produced by the war. At home the disposition was to consider Seward over-cautious.

Abroad, the reverse was the case. In reality Seward's policy was both bold and aggressive, and yet was so tempered by prudence that it never degenerated into rashness. He convinced foreign powers of our readiness to fight, which was of inestimable value, and which enabled us better than anything else to keep clear of actual hostilities. This comes out very strongly in the treatment of the Mexican question, and in the determination and tenacity with which the Alabama claims were pressed. There is a great debt of gratitude due to Seward for his wisdom and courage as minister of foreign affairs at the most trying period of our history.

When the war closed Seward sympathized fully with the generous and magnanimous policy which Lincoln marked out in his second inaugural. The death of the President threw the country into the hands of Johnson, and confusion followed. Seward believed that Johnson's intentions were honest, and that he meant to follow the policy of Lincoln; but he also saw plainly the hopeless errors of the President's manner and methods. He thought that Congress, too, made mistakes, and yet purposed well. In short, he perceived that there was good in both the contending parties, but he could not allay the strife. So he contented himself with pushing forward various negotiations which he had much at heart, and referred in a speech at Auburn to the conflict between the President and Congress with the dry humor which had been a good deal eclipsed during the days of battle. The truth was that partisanship had become impossible to Seward. It died within him when, standing by the side of Lincoln, he had looked down into the seething gulf of civil war and faced the awful thought of a divided empire. The saying of Douglas, "Henceforth there can be only two parties, the party of patriots and the party of traitors," had entered deep into his soul. Like Andrew, "he had stood

as a high priest between the horns of the altar, and poured out upon it the best blood of the country;" and he could not be a partisan after that.

His work, in truth, was done. At the close of Johnson's administration he withdrew to private life, and gratified his love of roaming by a trip to Alaska, another to Mexico, and by a journey round the world. Everywhere he was received with the honor which was his due; and when his travels were over he returned to Auburn, and devoted himself to writing an account of his wanderings and the first chapters of his autobiography. In these employments a few months were passed, and then he died, quietly and peacefully, having just entered his seventy-second year.

No fit life of Seward has yet appeared, and perhaps it is still too early to write his biography. Any brief sketch of his career must of necessity be utterly inadequate, because he played such a great part during years crowded with momentous events. It is not too soon, however, to begin to study him and the work which he did, and even an imperfect estimate of such a man is better than none.

Seward was a favorite of fortune. He was fortunate in his gifts, his surroundings, his successes, his career, his temperament, his friendships. He was peculiarly blessed in the last respect by having as a lifelong friend Thurlow Weed, one of the most astute and powerful politicians we have ever produced, who relieved Seward of many of the burdens of politics, and left him free to work out the principles they both had at heart. It was a rare chance which gave Seward such a friend, and he made the most of it, as he did of all his opportunities, after the fashion of successful people. Very few men have made themselves count for more than Seward, in proportion to their ability. This arose from his wonderful capacity for dealing with his fellow-men, from his robust

common sense, and from his cautious firmness. The qualities, however, which made him great were his wisdom and his courage, and on these his place in history will rest. Apart from the military leaders, the great figure of the civil war is that of Abraham Lincoln. He will always stand preëminent, not only by his wisdom and his moral greatness, but by his hold upon the popular affection. He appealed to the hearts of the people both in his life and in his death. They loved him, because in him they saw a true and profoundly sympathetic representative of all that was best in themselves, and because he personified as no other man did the infinite pathos of the war. But among the statesmen who followed and sustained Lincoln Seward will occupy the foremost place. The memory of the adroit politician may

perish, but that of the broad-minded statesman will endure. The subtleties of his arguments will fade, but his presentation of great principles will ever grow brighter. The champion of anti-masonry will be forgotten, but the man who first appealed to the "higher law" and who first described the "irrepressible conflict" will always be honored and remembered. We may read the epitaph which Seward chose for himself in the simple inscription on the tomb at Auburn, "He was faithful;" and with this praise he was content. But history will also record and give high place to the calm wisdom, the loyal courage, and the undaunted spirit with which he defended the cause of freedom in a slave-holding Senate, and stood by the side of Lincoln through all the trials and perils of four years of civil war.

Henry Cabot Lodge.

MARÉCHAL NIEL.

BEFORE those counterscarps of lace,
Which offer such undreamed resistance,
I have so fallen into disgrace,
O Marshal, that I crave assistance.

In vain I send my Jacqueminot
Each day to speak her fair and tender;
With scornful lip the lovely foe
Each day refuses to surrender.

I cry you help, O flower of knights,
Upon my bended knee I sue it;
If any man can scale those heights,
You, Marshal, you're the man can do it!

To plant above that heart of steel
(In front of which I bend despairing)
Your golden ensign — Marshal Niel,
It were a venture worth your daring!

T. B. Aldrich.

THE PROGRESS OF NATIONALISM.

"I AM still laboring to prop the frail and worthless fabric," wrote Alexander Hamilton to Gouverneur Morris, in 1802, a little more than two years before his death. He had done his utmost, in the convention of 1787, to secure for his country a strong constitution, and had been defeated. Persuaded, nevertheless, that the Constitution which that convention had framed was a vast improvement upon the old Articles of Confederation, he bent his energies in favor of its adoption; and by means of his force and perseverance the adhesion of New York to the charter was, tardily it is true, obtained. After five years of service at the head of the most important department of the executive branch of the government, to which, more than did any other man, he gave form, direction, and impulse, followed by seven years of close and interested observation, as a private citizen, of the working of the government in the hands of others, he passed upon the Constitution the judgment above quoted, — that it was "a frail and worthless fabric."

It was not the fault of his political opponents that the judgment was not a true one. There is no fact of our early political history more obvious than that the people of the United States were opposed to a strong central government. They accepted the Constitution with a half-suspicious reliance upon the assurances of the leading Federalists that the new government would not be what they dreaded, and rejected the advice of the anti-Federalists with a strong apprehension that the forebodings of that party might be justified. But the existing condition of things was intolerable, and they were forced to take the risk.

Their dislike of "consolidated" government, however, remained, and was deep and all-pervading. "I own," wrote

Jefferson to Madison, from Paris, in December, 1787, "I am not a friend to a very energetic government. It is always oppressive." Not only from a fear that an energetic government might be oppressive, but because they were fearful that their state governments, to which they were attached, might be extinguished or reduced to insignificance by the central authority, did the people agree with Jefferson. As soon as they decently could, they placed him at the head of affairs. Jefferson was the man for them. He believed, as a large majority of them did, in a strict limitation of the national authority, and in the inviolability of state rights. The theory that the Constitution gave any other rights to the general government than those which were expressly conferred, that there were any "implied" powers, was utterly abhorrent to him. He and his school, which is even now not quite extinct, set themselves sternly against the exercise of any power for which no express warrant could be found in the Constitution. Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe were all in favor of using the public money to build roads and canals, — to make internal improvements. But they could not deduce the right from the Constitution; and so they vetoed bills appropriating money for such objects, while warmly advising Congress, in the same breath, to propose an amendment to the Constitution authorizing such appropriations.

But even Jefferson was too late with his resistance to the tendency to find more in the Constitution than was in its words. The master-mind of Chief Justice Marshall had already laid the foundation of a school of constitutional interpretation which is now completely in the ascendant. There is no longer a vestige of pure Jeffersonianism in our

politics. When the exercise of any new power by the general government is proposed, the objection that that power is not expressly conferred by the Constitution is never heard. One party is very prone to deny that such new power is *implied* by any other grant of power; but all the great principles for which the old party of "strict construction" battled have been, one by one, abandoned. This statement requires not a single exception to be made.

How this great change has been wrought it must be left for the political historian to relate. It is the combined result of political consistency and of inconsistency, — of men preaching nationalism from a conviction of its truth and wisdom, and of men driven by temporary party necessity to take the national view; of foreign and domestic war; of the acquisition of new territory; of the growth of a railroad system; and of a series of legal decisions. The fact that the change has come about is sufficient for our purposes. But it is essential to appreciate the extent of it. Let the student of political history read the dreary dissertations contained in the messages of early Presidents upon the strict division of powers between state and nation, and the narrow limitations of "federal" authority; let him, if he can, read through to the end Monroe's diffuse and hair-splitting memorandum of 1822 on internal improvements; let him analyze the doctrine of nullification, which originated with Jefferson and was first embodied in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, and which survived long after the time of Jackson; let him recall the official sanction given to the principle that, though a State might not secede from the Union, the power did not reside in Congress to coerce a sovereign State; let him review the old controversies over the Bank, over the national control of the militia, — in the war of 1812, over the public-land fund, over slavery, — and then let him con-

sider what are the undisputed powers of the national government to-day.

"The power to make the notes of the government a legal tender in payment of private debts being one of the powers belonging to sovereignty in other civilized nations, and not expressly withheld from Congress by the Constitution, we are irresistibly impelled," say all the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, — excepting only Mr. Justice Field, — speaking by Mr. Justice Gray, "to the conclusion that the impressing upon the treasury notes of the United States the quality of being a legal tender in payment of private debts is an appropriate means, conducive and plainly adapted to the execution of undoubted powers of Congress." . . .

The question of the constitutionality of the legal-tender issue, and the further question as to the effect of the recent decision upon the future of our currency, are matters by themselves. It is not proposed here to touch upon them even remotely. The significance of the decision, for present purposes, lies wholly in the assertion of a new source of power to the general government.

For let it be observed that Mr. Justice Gray, at the beginning of the paragraph from which the above quotation is taken, refers to Congress "as the legislature of a sovereign nation; . . . being clearly authorized, as incidental to" certain enumerated powers, "to emit bills of credit, to charter national banks, and to provide a national currency for the whole people in the form of coin, treasury notes, and national bank-bills," etc. The emission of bills of credit, the charter of national banks, and the provision of a national currency are all implied or derived powers. Not one of them is found expressed in the Constitution. And now we have the new doctrine that any power possessed by other sovereign nations, not expressly withheld from Congress, which is adapted to the exercise of an implied power, may

be constitutionally exercised by Congress.

It is needless to say that this decision thus takes us a longer step toward nationalism than did the great decision of Chief Justice Marshall in the Bank case, — longer than has any other former decision, — and that it bears us to a point much further from the position in which the fathers of the government stood than we have ever yet occupied.

Heretofore it has been held in a vague way, even by those who were most willing to discover implied and derived powers, that the government of the United States was a distinct creation. It gained authority, not as monarchical governments have gained it, by the rule of the strongest, sometimes the sovereign and sometimes the subject, evolving mutual rights and obligations as the result of successive contests, conquests, and compromises; nor yet as those republics have gained it which have arisen on the ruins of overthrown monarchies, wherein all the rights previously possessed by the sovereign have been transferred to the people and their representatives. In our case a number of sovereignties, self-styled, first banded themselves by a league, and then deliberately surrendered certain of their powers to a new general government which embraced them all. There was never a national government created out of nothing in a truer sense than ours was; and heretofore it has invariably been held that the national authority is derived wholly, either in a direct or in an implied form, from the Constitution, — no power whatever resulting from the fact that it is “a sovereign nation,” or from the fact that this or that power “belongs to sovereignty in other civilized nations.”

Furthermore, and as a sort of consequence of this now-exploded doctrine, it has been supposed that there were certain things which other sovereign nations assumed and exercised the right to do which no government could do in

the United States. There were powers not conferred upon Congress, nor yet reserved to the States, but reserved “to the people;” that is, they did not exist as governmental powers at all. No exact list of these rights could be made. Some of them are enumerated in state bills of rights; a few of them are named in the first nine amendments to the Constitution of the United States; and others, it might be reasonably contended, are “implied” in those amendments.

This idea of rights usually exercised by sovereign governments, and yet not possessed by any government in our own country, has not been much discussed, for the simple reason that the converse proposition that all legal powers in this land had their origin in a formal grant from the people was the broader theory, and covered this. But that it has existed every American knows. How often have we congratulated ourselves that in our favored country individuals had rights which were lightly treated by certain governments of the Old World, but which no authority, state or national, among us could legally take away!

In the decision of the Supreme Court upon the legal-tender case, Mr. Justice Gray remarks, “If, upon a just and fair interpretation of the whole Constitution, a particular power or authority appears to be vested in Congress, it is no constitutional objection to its existence, or to its exercise, that the property or the contracts of individuals may be incidentally affected.” This is a guarded way of asserting the right of Congress to pass a “law impairing the obligations of contracts,” which the States are expressly prohibited from doing.

But why should the right be affirmed in guarded language? Since it is “one of the powers belonging to sovereignty in other civilized nations, and not expressly withheld from Congress by the Constitution,” why should not the court be “irresistibly impelled” to hold that

a measure *directly*, and not merely "incidentally," impairing the obligations of contracts is legal and constitutional? For example, should Congress deem it necessary, in order to make the legal-tender clauses effective, and to defeat every attempt to evade them, to enact that all contracts calling for the payment of a specified number of dollars, even if it were a part of the contract that such payment should be made in gold coin of the United States of the present standard, might be legally discharged with treasury notes, — in such a case there would be a direct impairment of the obligations of contracts. Whoever agrees to receive "dollars," without specifying the kind of dollars, takes the risk of congressional interference with the monetary standard. If he specifies the metal and the weight of dollars, he endeavors to secure himself against such interference.

Certainly, Mr. Justice Gray and his associates upon the bench who concurred in his opinion and reasoning were not required, by the necessity of the case before them, to declare whether or not they believe Congress can pass a valid law which directly and necessarily impairs the obligations of contracts, as well as one which incidentally *may* do so. But neither was there any necessity for qualifying the assertion, as Mr. Justice Gray did, unless there was a doubt in his own mind, or in that of some of his associates, as to the constitutionality of such a law. If, as may be inferred without much risk, the court entertains such a doubt, that merely shows what we are just now endeavoring to prove: that some of the justices, if not the learned author of the legal-tender decision, have still lurking in their minds the old idea that there are certain attributes of sovereignty, not prohibited to Congress by the Constitution, that might conceivably be essential to the effective exercise even of undoubted powers, which Congress may not law-

fully assume. What becomes of the relics of this notion, after Judge Gray's decision, will be presently considered.

But let us here notice two important points. The first, while it most affects the particular matter which was before the court, has a bearing upon the general subject. It is this: Control over the money standard which extends so as to cover the right to debase the coinage and to change the terms of contracts is one of the highest, that is to say one of the most absolute, privileges of sovereignty. Congress has heretofore exercised this privilege without judicial rebuke, but never without at least a plausible excuse and a show of fairness. When the weight of the gold dollar was reduced, in 1834, — an act to which reference is made in this decision, — the country was without a gold currency. The old rating of gold and silver, established in accordance with Hamilton's mint report, was fifteen to one, and the result was that silver, being overvalued, stayed in the country, and the gold, what little there was of it, went out. When, therefore, Congress diminished the intrinsic value of the gold dollar it impaired the obligations of few, if any, contracts, since at that time no debts were accustomed to be paid in gold; and it had a distinct and very commendable object in view, namely, to supply the country with gold currency, which would stay at home, from the then newly opened Carolina mines. The excuse in the other case, the resumption of the coinage of the silver dollar, is well known, as the affair is quite recent. It was asserted that silver was demonetized by a "trick," and remonetization was demanded as an act of justice to silver — as though a senseless metal could be wronged — and to the people, although there was not a contract in existence which would not have been more easily satisfied with gold than with silver, at the time the silver dollar was demonetized. Silly as the argument was, it had

force with people who did not, perhaps could not, comprehend the excellent reasons why the coinage of the old silver dollar was discontinued. The only other interference with the money standard was made when the legal-tender act was passed. For that act there was the excuse of war. But, in the words of Mr. Sumner, it was "the medicine of the Constitution," which the court now virtually says may be legally made "its daily food."

These cases are referred to, with the excuse for each, in order to show that Congress has never claimed the right to debase the coinage for such reasons as have impelled European sovereigns repeatedly to take that step. That Congress possesses the power to do so, at least so far as coined money is concerned, is as little doubtful as that it may declare war and conclude peace. But it is matter of history that this right can be and has been used by tyrants for the oppression of the people, and to rob private citizens of their property without due compensation, more effectively than almost any other weapon of despotism. While no limitation of the power is expressed in the Constitution, Congress has evidently felt under a moral obligation to exercise it so that no citizen would be oppressed, his property or income diminished, or his contracts impaired in value. Only under the stress of war for the nation's life has this rule been disregarded.

The other point is that it makes no difference, in the exercise of such sovereign rights as involve loss to the individual, that the sovereign is the whole people rather than an absolute monarch. The good of all may require the sacrifice of one man, or of many men. But our government has been understood to differ from others in its implied and even expressed doctrine that each man has "unalienable rights;" and some of these are enumerated in the Constitution and its amendments, including certain

exemptions which no other power upon earth admits to their fullest extent.

We have, then, reached this point: Congress, under the recent decision of the Supreme Court, has a right, in its own discretion, and without regard to the incidental results of its act upon the property of individual citizens, to adopt a measure which is more capable than almost any other exercise of sovereign power of being used as a means of oppression, in the use of a right which is only implied in and derived from the Constitution. This is a second full step away from the letter of the Constitution. The first was taken when implied powers were discovered. Now it is pronounced competent to do what, not being prohibited, other sovereign nations might do, — to carry out the secondary and derived powers.

As has been said already, the discussion of this decision upon the future of the currency is no part of the purpose of this article. It is pertinent, however, to point out that its reasoning covers, with the protection of the Constitution, every form of tampering with the currency that is possible. If it should seem advisable to Congress to confer the legal-tender quality upon the notes of national banks, the court must logically sustain the act. Should it be deemed necessary to emit notes bearing the legend, "This is legal tender for one dollar," the court cannot pronounce the issue illegal. For the right to provide a national currency for the whole country being "undoubted," and the further right to attach the legal-tender quality to any money which the government may provide being a sovereign power not prohibited to Congress, the exercise of these rights in any form which it may please Congress to adopt will be permitted under the reasoning of the court.

What has been said thus far has been by no means written in a spirit of adverse criticism upon this very important decision, although such a purpose may

have been inferred from the form of the argument. The method adopted has been chosen in order to show how far the Supreme Court has carried us on the road which leads to nationalism.

We had nearly or quite reached the limit of national power, under the broadest interpretation of the Constitution which has at any time been given to it by any school of statesmen, and some close students of the operation of our institutions have feared that governmental progress would be soon impeded, if not altogether stopped, by the practical unchangeableness of a Constitution which apparently did not warrant the adoption of certain measures which are, or soon may be, necessary. But just as this point is reached we have this legal-tender decision, which broadens and lengthens the field of legitimate congressional action immensely. As the doctrine of derived powers was employed to give wider scope to a government which its founders intended to confine within narrow limits, so this new theory of powers, constitutional because they are not prohibited, provided they are designed to aid in the effective exercise of enumerated or derived powers, will be appealed to and relied upon, for the extension of national legislative functions.

The application of this new principle is for the future. But one or two conceivable examples of its usefulness may be given here, merely to show what a field of constitutional controversy and development has been opened.

It has heretofore been maintained, almost as a constitutional axiom, that all elections, state as well as national, must be held under the supervision and control of the States. No doubt, with regard to the choice of presidential electors and of Senators, such elections are a state concern, although it would not be difficult to discover a power in the government to ascertain whether or not the laws governing these elections had

been faithfully and honestly observed. But with reference to the House of Representatives the case is quite different. Representatives must have certain qualifications; they must be chosen by the people of the several States; and the power is directly granted to Congress to make or alter laws regulating the times, places, and manner of holding elections for Representatives.

Under this power Congress has passed a law prescribing a time for holding such elections; and by another law it has made provision in certain cases, upon application being made, for the appointment of supervisors of elections. These latter have, however, no actual control over the elections. They can only use their eyes, and report what they see. The registration is wholly independent of them. They cannot order an offered vote to be received or rejected. Their count of the votes is merely a verification, and is not the official count. The governing returns are made to the state authorities, and the credentials of the member-elect are issued by the governor. Why is this? Simply because it has always been assumed that Congress has no power to bring the national authority directly in contact with the people of the several States, and to take immediate, supreme, and exclusive control of an election of Representatives.

Yet Congress has power "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution . . . all powers vested by this Constitution . . . in any department or officer thereof." The House of Representatives is a department of the government, which has the power of judging "of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members;" and the power has been expressly conferred upon Congress to regulate the *manner* of choosing Representatives. Moreover, the fairness and honesty of elections for Representatives are especially a national concern, and of far

less importance to the State, which may be improperly represented if the election has been carried by fraud and corruption, than to the country at large, whose whole policy may be modified by local dishonesty.

If, now, we apply the broadly stated principle of Mr. Justice Gray's opinion to this matter, we shall see that the direction of a Representative election in all its parts, — the appointment of election judges, the custody of the ballot boxes, the reception or rejection of votes, the count and the returns, — being one of the "powers belonging to sovereignty in other civilized nations, and not expressly withheld from Congress by the Constitution," and "being an appropriate means, conducive and plainly adapted to the execution of undoubted powers of Congress," may be constitutional.

No other illustration is needed, at this time, of the possible effect which the new light cast upon the Constitution by the Supreme Court may have upon our future development. That it sanctions the use of more radical measures for carrying into execution the "undoubted powers" of Congress than have ever been regarded as within the legal capac-

ity of the government is conspicuously evident. It may be predicted with great confidence that this decision will be made to serve, on many future occasions, as the justification of an extension of the national authority in various directions. It leaves but one step more for the court to take, namely, to declare that all powers not expressly withheld from the Congress by the Constitution, which inhere in the sovereignty exercised by other civilized nations, are vested in Congress. It may require another century to bring us to that point, as it has occupied nearly a hundred years to develop the principle of nationalism in the United States to its present position. But when the point is reached we shall find the Constitution not the "frail and worthless fabric" which it appeared to Hamilton, after thirteen years of operation, but an instrument which really authorizes Congress "to pass all laws which they shall judge necessary to the common defense and general welfare of the Union," — according to Hamilton's scheme of a government, to which the convention of 1787 did not pay even the compliment of a vote, yea or nay.

Edward Stanwood.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

MISS FLETCHER, the authoress of *Kismet*, *Mirage*, and *The Head of Medusa*, reappears after long silence with a story of signal power and great finish.¹ If the world were less busy, a work of fiction like *Vestigia* could not fail to attract considerable attention. As matters are, the general public may fail to discover how much of genius, of thought and feeling, of charmingly natural art, has gone to the making of this excel-

¹ *Vestigia*. By GEORGE FLEMING. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884.

lent novel; but the few who retain an unaffected taste for good literature cannot afford to overlook it. We have in the first place a tale composed of simple but dramatic elements; we have next a faculty of character-drawing which is absolutely without flaw; and along with these we are vouchsafed a poetic sentiment that finds expression in terms never overstrained, never for an instant passing the line which divides the enduring style from the ephemeral. Then, too, there are many brief summaries of

experience or observation which attain to the value of apothegms; yet one is not made to feel that these have been sought for. The oppressive influence of George Eliot, traceable in so many writers who have tried to gain the fame of profundity by an involved and painfully philosophic statement, has not invaded the work of Miss Fletcher. "The view other people take of the less admirable consequences of our actions being apt to strike one as morbid;" "A woman loves what she can evoke, but what she *marries* in a man is not his best, but his average self;" "A woman betrays and remembers, where a man betrays and forgets," — these are not forced utterances, but they are for that reason extremely forcible. Miss Fletcher illuminates her page with flashes of this kind, but she does not allow her wisdom to assume the form of a wearying glare. Instead of the cold, electric light of modern omniscience, she turns upon us the glance of a kindly but keen and penetrating woman's eye. But the main charm about this book is its delightful simplicity, its truth, its reality. One does not suspect that the writer ever thought of her audience. It is only that Dino and Italia underwent this or that experience — that they loved, suffered, and came out at last with a prospect of happiness; while the other people concerned remained simply themselves, and went on about their affairs, more or less affected by the drama that was enacting. But with what warmth, what power, what grace, all this is told! Old Sor Drea, the father of Italia, and Italia's friend Lucia, the ancient dressmaker, who wore a look "of decent disappointment with life," are drawn with the finest completeness and gusto. Their speech is full of graphic phrases like this of Drea's: "I spoke too soon, and forgot to listen. My words were like so many kittens, that are born in such a hurry they 're born blind." Nor would it be easy to point to any instance of a girlish, unso-

phisticated heroine more engaging than Italia. The plot is simple. Dino, the young lover, being a member of a secret society, is appointed to attempt a dangerous and probably fatal task for the revolutionists; yet, while under this deadly obligation, he cannot refrain from declaring his love to Italia, and then there comes a struggle between love and duty. He cannot go back, cannot retrace his *vestigia*: accordingly, there ensue misunderstandings, separation, and suspense. But these elements are handled without exaggeration, and the success of Miss Fletcher in analyzing Dino's mental state under the impending crisis, and putting it before us in the form of an unlabored picture, pays a high tribute to her skill. The book makes no pretension to greatness, and the construction is weak in some places. The lesson, also, which it suggests — that having once taken a step in life we must go straight on — is rather vaguely set forth. One reads *Vestigia*, however, not for any lesson, but for its charm of characterization and its facile yet firm-touched art.

The Bread-Winners¹ has been fortunate in the curiosity as to its authorship which, with a good deal of artfulness, was created at the beginning of its serial publication; but it enjoys the further advantage of containing material almost new to American fiction. As a "social study" it can hardly, we think, lay claim to much value, being in this respect rather fragmentary and one-sided. One of the author's objects is apparently to show that the discontented workmen in this country are in the main idle, ignorant, and dissipated, like those in the brotherhood called the Bread-Winners, which gives the book its name, and that these occasionally entice into their ranks an honest, efficient artisan like Sam Sleeney; also that, while they do not fairly represent the laboring

¹ *The Bread-Winners. A Social Study.* New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884.

classes, they are able to contaminate them, and are undermining the social structure. No doubt there is much truth in the portraits here given of Bowersox, Offitt, and their fellows ; but there is hardly less doubt that among the actual laborers who occupy themselves with problems of improvement in their condition a great many hard-working, intelligent, serious men are to be found ; and of this kind of toilers no representative appears in the story. Neither is there any hint in it of a destructive tendency from the opposite side, — that of excessive monopoly and of the corruption which is frequently one of the results of great wealth. For these reasons the author's presentation of the case may be regarded as somewhat inadequate ; but his sketches of local politicians, their mean motives and petty wiles, though briefly done, are accurate and spirited. We are shown how easily Mr. Metzger, the market-man, controlled ward politics as against the gentle and upright reformer, Arthur Farnham, to whom he supplied steaks ; and the way in which a small position in the public library becomes the source of political combination and bargain is amusingly exhibited. Equally good is the willingness of Pennybaker, who describes himself as "open and square, like a bottle of bitters," to cooperate with Farnham, after being "frozen out" by his other colleagues. But the most vital contribution to the social study, if not the central figure in the whole composition, is the carpenter's daughter, Maud Matchin. To the gallery of national types — thus far a very limited one — she forms a distinct and significant addition. Those who have noticed the type will recognize at once the veracity of this representation ; and those who are not familiar with it will understand, from the decision with which she is modeled, that Maud is no make-believe creature. A beautiful, hard, sordid, and commonplace girl, whose mind is warped by

wild desires for social advancement, she is the exponent as well as the victim of a badly regulated education in the public schools. In this instance, the author has suggested unflinchingly, and with a great deal of discernment, one of the most curious and perplexing phenomena in that condition of things which is known as American civilization. Maud is not a pleasant person to contemplate, but she is alarmingly real ; and her destiny, in marrying a falsely acquitted murderer, very likely intimates only a tithe of the evil which the development of that sort of character is accomplishing in this country. Against the discouraging and possibly exaggerated background in which these coarser personages move the author sets his hero, Farnham, and his heroine, Alice Belding, with her worldly, well-disposed, but somewhat blunt-minded mother, surrounded by a group of outlined figures who stand for society in one of our lake-towns. It may be said in passing that the tone and characteristics of a town or "city" of that description are conveyed by this novelist almost to perfection, — a thing which, so far as we remember, no one has even attempted to do before. It would seem that we are expected to receive Arthur Farnham as a gentleman suffering from his misplaced situation in a municipality containing, chiefly, semi-barbarians ; but, owing to some fault in the author's conception or execution, it is hard to feel any very strong sympathy with this bland hero. He is rich, amiable, efficient, but in no way especially fine or admirable. Impressed by the beauty, the purity, and the well-balanced womanliness of Alice Belding, he is also exposed to the absurd infatuation of Maud ; and at the instant when she offers herself to him in marriage he kisses her, following the action with a brutally brief assurance that he does not love her. Mr. Temple, who began life on a Mississippi steamboat, and has risen to be the owner of iron-mills, the appreci-

ator of trotting-horses and good sherry, as well as a very profane talker, somehow appeals to one as a much more manly and respectable individual than Faruham. As a foil to Maud Matchin, the author has given us Alice Belding, who in herself is unquestionably charming; but he interposes a certain sensuousness in his treatment of her, which stands in the way of an unalloyed pleasure in contemplating her perfections. As a social study we have said that this story is inadequate. As a novel, although it displays in details the impress of a practiced hand, it is by no means satisfactory: we should rather incline to describe it as a massive study for a novel. The plot is vitiated by an inherent weakness, which becomes manifest in the falling-off that affects the process and the interest of the final chapters. The scene of Offitt's murder hardly rises above the plane of a reporter's bald narration; and however good this mode of description may be for a newspaper, it is not art. It may be said of the author that, although his lines are true, his graver cuts too deep at all points: the effect produced is not modulated enough. As an artist, he says too much, and suggests too little, in proportion; but although he has a great deal to learn before he can create a thorough work of art, he has concentrated in this story an amount of knowledge, of observation and reflection, that many artists may envy.

Mr. Fawcett in his recent novel¹ undertakes to pluck for us the consummate flower of fashionable existence in what is now recognized as "the metropolis," at the same time that he analyzes the growth and shows us some of the roots of the plant. It can hardly escape notice that Mr. Fawcett, like the author of *The Bread-Winners*, betrays a kind of patrician abhorrence for the low life which he describes; yet he is able to handle it with more genuine artistic sym-

pathy than his nameless competitor, and the view he takes is broader. To the one, all beings included in the humbler class are essentially the same; to the other, discriminations are apparent. Mr. Fawcett takes the case of a girl whose early years are passed in distressing poverty, except for one brief episode of attendance at a fashionable school. She is the child of an Englishman of gentle lineage and a hard, penurious, cheap American woman, who had won her husband by a transient, aggressive beauty. There is something very pathetic and engaging about the figure of this inoffensive, unsuccessful father, who is sketched with a charming touch; and the girl's relations with him are rendered with delicate appreciation. When his last hopes had failed, "He never spoke of his future. He never spoke of hers. She understood why. Each always met the other with a smile. There was something beautiful in their reciprocal deceit. They heard the dead leaves crackle under their footsteps, but they strove to talk as if the boughs were in bud." In this passage we catch the note of a genuine poetry. The father, Twining, offers one of the few portraits of a gentleman which have been vouchsafed to American fiction; and the way in which the girl Claire's aspirations lead her on, through many obstacles, to a position of temporary triumph in the circle towards which she has tended from the beginning is detailed with force and nicety. The author does not neglect, moreover, to contrast with the squalor and vulgarity of Greenpoint and with the heroine's dimly real mother the more glowing and successful but equally hopeless vulgarity of Claire's friends, the Bergemanns, and their associates. Opposed to these we have Thurston, the cultivated man of the world, and the talkative, nervous, *au fait*, kind-hearted Mrs. Diggs, both representing the older and more conservative element. Indeed,

¹ *An Ambitious Woman*. By EDGAR FAWCETT. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

the number of types that Mr. Fawcett has presented within the compass of this one story, and presented well, attests a wide range of observation.

Yet it is curious to notice that, with all this variety, the cleverness of his general idea, and the dramatic skill bestowed upon its working out, the novelist distinctly fails in the tone he adopts when treating that phase of life which is the goal of Claire's ambition. Take, for instance, his account of a dinner at Delmonico's: "Rare music stole to the guests while they feasted; the board was literally pavilioned in flowers; the wines and the viands were *marvels of rarity and cost*; beside the plate of each lady lay a fan studded with her monogram in precious stones. . . . The host had very carefully chosen his guests from among the autocrats and *arbiters of fashion*. Claire and Hollister were the only persons who did not represent *aristocracy at its sovereign height*." In other places Mr. Fawcett describes dresses with a minuteness and a professional pride suggestive of the man-milliner, or dwells, for an effect of luxury, on the fact that one "butler" takes a gentleman's hat, while another receives his overcoat. Details of this sort are obtruded. The author gloats over them, and the result is necessarily vulgar; but it is his manner of speaking about them that is most at fault. He everywhere shows a taste for gaudy and florid expression, which is a part of this defective manner; elaborating trifles of statement in overloaded and forced phrases, as, "Mrs. Diggs had been jocosely candid, and that was all. No baleful sarcasms had pulsed beneath her vivacious prophecies." In art, as in conversation, it is a mistake to insist loudly upon the point one is making; but Mr. Fawcett is constantly searching for means to do this very thing. He is so determined to make us see Claire's selfishness towards her amiable husband that we are simply annoyed, and are de-

prived of the pathos which belongs by right to the situation. Claire herself is very well studied, and, notwithstanding this too glaring method of presentation, is almost as much a success of fiction as Maud Matchin. The story is healthy, and ends with happiness and sunshine. Mr. Fawcett's faults spring from too great an enthusiasm for his subject — too much interest, rather than too little; and when he shall have tempered this with a better sense of proportion and emphasis, the fact of his being so thorough a believer in the value of what he is depicting will be to his advantage in using the equipment of technical resources, already considerable, which he possesses.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne's industry is manifest in the fact that his latest novel¹ is the third which he has published within eighteen months. It is evident, also, whatever else may be said about them, that these books have been written with a good deal of care. The style of Beatrix Randolph is neither strongly characteristic nor of a kind that wins much praise; but it denotes, although sometimes slipshod, a business-like attention to the work in hand. In this respect, as well as in the novelty of its plot and the arrangement of details, the new book recalls Mrs. Gainsborough's *Diamonds*, although falling below the mark of that excellent performance. The narrator's mood is here one of great good spirits, indeed of hilarity, as if he had enjoyed the joke of arraying before us such an airy tissue of improbabilities as he has woven; and he discourses with humorous cynicism upon the persons and events involved in it, saying with brilliant ease all that he has to tell. For his heroine only he shows enthusiasm. "Her body was in such fine harmony with her spirit that you could see a stirring thought turn to roses in her cheeks, or conjure diamonds to her

¹ *Beatrix Randolph*. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

lovely eyes. . . . She explained, without uttering a word, why the grass in spring is so deliciously green, the sky of so tender a blue." It is quite natural that she should be such a marvel, for she has a voice and a skill in singing which surpass anything in the world. By these means she is able, with only a month's notice, to take the place of the most celebrated diva of the time, Marana, and to personate her through a winter's engagement on the operatic stage in New York. The real Marana at length discovers the imposture, and comes over to unmask it; but on hearing Beatrix sing once, she gracefully retires forever from her profession. That these events should have happened in actual life, and that the public should not have detected the truth, is clearly impossible; but it required skill to fashion the realistic unreality so that we should accept it at all. Naturally, one does not look to these pages for depth, or pathos, or deep insight, nor can one expect from them striking sketches of the world as it is. The villain of the piece is a puppet, the impressario is vulgar without being entertaining, and the lover is a stick; but the father of Beatrix, an "ex-Virginian," is modeled with considerable truth and effectiveness. He is a type, and a rather amusing one. Another personage, Wallie Dinsmore, is so attractively sketched amid his characteristic surroundings that one parts with him reluctantly. In general there is a freshness about the atmosphere of the book, which suggests that Mr. Hawthorne's return to his native country has benefited him. He has been quick to catch some of the local traits of New York, and to avail himself of opportunities which it affords. Mr. Hawthorne has imagination enough and to spare, as well as nimble observation; and although his unduly fantastic strain continues in the invention of this story, it is encouraging to find that he has for a time freed himself from those gratuitously wild and

forced conceits which have often overlaid his natural strength with an appearance of weakness.

Much less ambitious than any of these longer productions, the short stories¹ which Miss Jewett has added to her former charming group reflect sundry quiet phases of American life with far greater precision. It is one of the difficulties of writing sustained fiction in this country that, society being in a state of flux, indeterminate and shifting, and there being no recognized theory as to its rules, structure, and movement, each novelist has to make his own theory. Thus every work of art becomes partly also an essay, giving the author's opinion as to how the society under his notice is framed; and as the whole matter is in dispute, it is hard for him or for any one to decide how near he is to the truth. Short stories, being less complex, escape that problem, and in few are the advantages of immunity so well employed as in Miss Jewett's. One can scarcely imagine anything that should approach more closely to real occurrences than these do. People are introduced, sitting in their quiet New England houses, or going about their small affairs, or living along-shore, with as little preparation or grouping as if we had come unawares upon the originals themselves; a single incident suffices for the machinery; and everything proceeds so exactly as it would in fact that when the quaint, veracious talk, the hopes and fears and little quarrels or joys centring upon that incident, have all been detailed, the story comes to a close because it could not go on without becoming a different story. This method would never do for a novel; and yet it includes a vast deal of refined art, little "composition" as there may seem to be about it. The modest sketches and studies which it produces are based

¹ *The Mate of The Daylight, and Friends Ashore.* By SARAH ORNE JEWETT. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

on long and sensitive observation ; they require delicate and ingenious imagination. Miss Jewett connects in the mind of an old maid a bit of twisted stick, grotesquely like a man's stunted figure, with her discarded lover, come back in mature years ; when the renewed episode of sentiment has again faded away, the old maid feels lighter hearted because the wind had swept the suggestive stick from her window-sill. A Landless Farmer tells the tale of a humble New England Lear, who, after surrendering his farm to one of his daughters, is painfully neglected and snubbed until his wandering son comes home to his rescue. Finally, when the daughter is going away, she strips the house of nearly everything, and is scorned by her brother for even rummaging in the pork-barrel. "Well, I'm glad, I'm sure," says the magnanimous farmer-Lear. "I should n't want any child of mine to be without pork." The scale is small, the detail prosaic ; but the effects are pathetic and humorous and true. *An Only Son* is the best piece in the

volume : its motive of suspense and emotion is a good one, and the reserve, the utter absence of exaggeration, in the author's treatment intimate a purity of feeling like Björnson's. But it is in the conversation of her people that Miss Jewett's nicest faculty appears. They talk idiomatically, with just a hint of dialect, which is hardly dialect and does not become a stumbling-block. They express ideas of an exact fidelity to their quaint bringing-up. And all this is brought before one so gently and incidentally, that to read Miss Jewett is like listening to the casual reminiscences of a lady, say, in a fire-lit study ; until the half-seen speaker gives place to the figures she calls up, and we find that there is a little drama going on. She has not sought the broader effects necessary to the novel ; but it is a thing to hope for that we may have novelists who shall use on a large scale, with stronger and more stirring situations, the same thoroughness and unstrained command of materials which in her work are so engaging.

TUTTLE'S HISTORY OF PRUSSIA.

It may safely be assumed that the early history of Prussia is known to the great majority of English readers only from the first four books of Carlyle's *Frederic the Great*. So powerful was the impression of that book that it seems to have deterred others from entering on a task which might be understood as an attempt to rival it. In Germany the case has been different. We can hardly imagine a German of to-day reduced to the necessity of consulting a work which offends in so many ways against the chief canons of modern historical science. He would find himself repelled by the very qualities that

have made Carlyle's book famous, and would turn rather to the less strongly individual, but for that very reason less dangerous, pages of Ranke, Stenzel, Droysen, or Pierson.

It is greatly to the credit of American scholarship that the first effort to break the tradition, and give to the English public a *History of Prussia* based upon the best results of modern science, should have been made on this side the Atlantic. In the volume before us¹ Professor Tuttle attempts to follow the

¹ *History of Prussia to the Accession of Frederick the Great, 1134-1740.* By HERBERT TUTTLE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

fortunes of the Prussian state only as far as the beginning of the reign of Frederic the Great; but this earlier period bears so distinctly a character of its own, it is separated from the following time by so sharp a line of demarkation, that it is well adapted for treatment by itself. Certainly, one does not feel that one is dealing here with anything fragmentary or incomplete. From first to last we see clearly that we are studying a development, not a mere succession of events. The author's method is as different as can well be imagined from that of his great predecessor. Indeed, one cannot help feeling that he has been governed by a definite purpose to resist every temptation to adorn his story with any of those telling points of personal character and dramatic incident upon which Carlyle so greatly depended for his effects.

The reader in search of fine writing will be disappointed. He will find rather a scrupulous avoidance of anything that could be called rhetorical, — a plain, unadorned style, severely simple and direct. It is evident that the guiding thought of the writer was not of the effect he might produce upon the reader, but how best to attach and keep fast hold upon the one single thread, the "rother faden," which runs through every page of his narrative. This thread is the growth of the Prussian constitution. Wars, negotiations, alliances, personal character, all are given weight only in so far as they tend to illustrate this one central and dominant fact.

We doubt if the book ever becomes popular, in the vulgar sense of that word. Its virtues commend it to the scholar rather than to the general reader, and to the scholar it must prove of great and permanent value. Its least satisfactory portion is that which treats of Brandenburg before the coming of the Hohenzollerns, — a period of three hundred years, disposed of within the compass of sixty pages; truly an un-

dertaking which could hardly promise a large measure of success. It appears clear that in these introductory chapters the author has not thought it worth while to make as careful or as extended studies as in the later portions. In the absence of any account of his sources, — an almost unpardonable omission, in these days, — it is difficult to tell how far his researches may have gone. Surely a writer on the feudal system must come down well beyond Montesquieu, Eichhorn, or even Waitz (quoted in the antiquated edition of 1844), if he would convince us that he has got at the best there is on a subject so full of uncertainties as this. Again, in his treatment of the municipal arrangements, one misses the later works of Karl Hegel and Giercke, and finds reference only to that of Wilda (1831). So as to the codifications of German law, but one comparatively unimportant work is referred to, while the extensive literature of the *Sachsenspiegel*, notably the text and commentary of Homeyer, is, for aught we know, unknown to the author. In all this early work there is hardly a reference to a contemporary authority.

Some slight errors would doubtless disappear on a more careful revision. It may well be doubted, at least, whether the power of the church to check the inroads and to soften the manners of barbarians was as great as is here made to appear. Neither Brandenburg nor any other state was created an electorate by the Golden Bull. The seven (or six) electorates appear in the *Sachsenspiegel* a century and a quarter before the year 1356, and were never created by any one. In the use of technical terms, it might be wished that a more uniform and reasonable system had been followed. Why, for instance, say "Margrave" and "Burggrave," words which are neither current English nor German, when by simply keeping "Markgraf" and "Burggraf," just as he has kept "Vogt," the author would have given us

good German words, well worth remembering? Is it not a little strong to call the Crusades "vast popular migrations"? They seem to us rather to have been distinctly military expeditions, designed to drive out an enemy from the holy places, and were none the less military because they were sometimes undertaken by an unruly mob under a fanatical impulse.

Yet in spite of these blemishes, the thoughtful reader, if not too unfamiliar with the events and incidents here summarized, will get a reasonably clear impression of the gradual emergence of Brandenburg from primitive barbarism to the semi-civilized conditions of the fifteenth century. At all events, he can hardly fail to grasp the one central idea, that here was a complex of classes and ranks of men, each with certain well-understood *rights*.

Basing his narrative now upon the assumption of these rights, the author enters upon the Hohenzollern period. Here matters begin to improve. The literature to which reference is made becomes more ample, and approaches more nearly the contemporary records. The task, always a difficult one, of showing the bearing of events apparently widely separated upon a single line of development is made somewhat more easy, in the present case, by a remarkable consistency in general purpose and endowment among the rulers of the Hohenzollern line. From the first moment when the Mark Brandenburg falls under the influence of that sturdily practical race, it enters upon a career of progress which it is within bounds to say has hardly been interrupted to the present day. That policy of "Get all you can and keep all you get," which observers of Prussian history in late years will recognize as the burden of its story, began squarely with the Hohenzollern, and has never been lost sight of. Not that these princes were alone in the hearty good will to carry out this pol-

icy; their neighbors had no higher political principle. But with this ambition for territorial gain there was joined, in most of the Hohenzollern princes, a plain, hard-headed, practical common sense; a power of acting vigorously at the right moment, and of sitting quietly by when action seemed dangerous; an unscrupulousness in the matter of engagements; a supreme disregard of all rights that could conflict with their own; in short, a combination of qualities which in any age must command a certain kind of success.

Let one but think of Bismarck, posing only a few years ago as the champion of the state's right to control its own affairs free from all influence of the Roman Church, and now coquetting with Rome, lest the rising tide of popular liberty mount too high for him, and one has a perfect picture of the ancient policy of the Brandenburgers. It cost the best of them no scruples to play fast and loose with every principle, so that their one central purpose of strengthening their own sovereignty were not impaired. It was just this dogged, brutal force, triumphing over every obstacle, which filled the hero-worshipping soul of Carlyle with admiration. Let us compare his view of one notable transaction with that of our author.

"Another gentleman," says Carlyle, "a Baron von Kalkstein, of old Teutsch-Ritter kin, of very high ways in the provincial estates and elsewhere, got into lofty, almost solitary opposition, and at length into mutiny proper, against the new 'non-Polish sovereign,' and flatly refused to do homage at his accession in that new capacity. Refused, Kalkstein did, for his share, fled to Warsaw, and very fiercely, in a loud manner, carried on his mutinies in the Diets and Court-Conclaves there; his plea being, or plea for the time, 'Poland is our liege lord (which it was not always), and we cannot be transferred to you except by our own consent, asked and

given,' which too had been a little neglected on the former occasion of transfer. So that the great elector knew not what to do with Kalkstein, and at length (as the case was pressing) had him kidnapped by his ambassador at Warsaw; had him rolled into a carpet there, and carried swiftly in the ambassador's coach, in the form of luggage, over the frontier, into his native province, there to be judged, and in the end (since nothing else would serve him) to have the sentence executed and his head cut off. For the case was pressing!" So that one gets the impression that after all the elector was only acting well within his rights, and punishing a traitor as he deserved. Mr. Tuttle, however, with no more words, but simply by bringing in the Kalkstein episode where it belongs, in the account of the elector's war upon the estates of Prussia, shows that his action here was simply a gross and brutal violation of international law, of the inherited rights of the Prussian people, of every principle of human justice.

It is in these parts of the narrative that we have found most to praise. Wisely, it seems to us, Mr. Tuttle has chosen to present the constitutional and social development of each period in a chapter by itself, giving also a separate treatment to the progress of territorial acquisition and other more purely outward matters. Particularly interesting to him, and therefore to his readers, is the account of the steps by which the Hohenzollern princes succeeded in annihilating the popular rights in each of the provinces which together formed the Brandenburg state. It has become, especially since 1870, the favorite device of the Prussian apologists to talk about the "inherited rights of the Prussian monarchy," the "historic rights of the kingdom," and so on. Mr. Tuttle's point is to show that this talk is mere dust in the eyes of a half-dazzled, half-paralyzed population; that in reality these

alleged historic rights of the crown have been built up on the ruins of far more ancient and well-established popular liberties. In every one of the Brandenburg provinces there was an active political body, representative after a fashion, at all events embodying what there was of popular right. These bodies were remorselessly sacrificed, one after the other, to the supposed interest of the crown. Instead of that balancing of rights and interests which was, with whatever interruptions, steadily maintained in England, we find the estates of Brandenburg, Cleve, and Prussia, after long and occasionally vigorous resistance, reduced to complete nonentity. Of course a ready answer is that a people which could not defend its liberties did not deserve them; but that answer does not cover the fact that the state of Prussia, like every other Germanic state, rested upon some form of checks and balances, and that the Hohenzollern monarchy, instead of being based upon any theory of inherited sovereignty, is based upon a violent usurpation of powers well defined and clearly understood. Furthermore, one cannot avoid the conclusion that all the modern attempts at parliamentary life in Prussia, with their cruel story of tyrannous and barbarous repression, were not rebellion, but only the re-assertion of rights long held in check by the iron hand of a military despotism.

Yet our author is not blind to that aspect of this despotism which has most often furnished its excuse: these tyrants, greedy or luxurious, passionate and violent, or careless and easy-going, felt themselves to be the fathers of their people; and is not the father in duty bound to assume that he knows better than his children what is good for them? This theory of the paternal government, false and degrading as it seems to us, has yet had many redeeming features. Good results were produced under it, though, as Mr. Tuttle wisely observes,

no argument can be drawn from that, for the excellent reason that the opposite experiment was never tried. That omnipresent watchfulness which caused the apple-women of Berlin to become producers of stockings, while waiting for custom, might perhaps have brought out far greater results if it had only taught its people to watch themselves for opportunities of self-development. A paternal government which beckons skilled laborers into the country with one hand, and crushes the life out of its subjects with the other, to get the means for enlarging its borders, and so adding, it fancies; to the true vigor of the state, may breed generations of grateful and stupidly happy subjects, but it will never breed ideas which will help the world upward and onward.

These extremes meet most clearly in the second king of Prussia, Frederic William I., the father of Frederic the Great, and almost equal to him in the eyes of the great hero-worshiper. A certain glamour is cast over his ugliness by Carlyle's admiration. Our author tries to show him as he was: an ill-conditioned, vulgar brute; insensible to every consideration of justice or mercy; cautious in expenditure beyond the line of meanness; not self-indulgent where self-indulgence had no attraction for him, but wildly extravagant in following certain freaks and whims, that really

suggest the folly of a madman. It is a dreary boast for any people that it needed the lash of such a "Landesvater" as this to whip it up to the point of honor in the civil and military service. And here again we are forced to admire the impartiality with which attention is called to whatever of explanation or excuse is warranted by the evidence. We are left with the final impression that this careful father honestly believed that a plate or two thrown at the head of a reluctant child was really the most effectual argument, and that to beat his daughter to the point of death for a trifling offense was an altogether kingly and judicious action. Nor can any disgust at his methods conceal the fact that in a time when the fate of nations depended upon material power this royal drill-sergeant did succeed, at whatever cost, in maintaining a military force which in the hands of his son became the terror of Europe.

At the death of Frederic William the forces, military, financial, and territorial, which were to be used in carrying Prussia to the very highest point in European politics were practically at the disposal of its sovereign. It is to be hoped that this volume, containing as it does the story of the gathering of these forces, will be but the introduction to a complete history of their future activity.

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.

SENTIMENTALITY, under some one of its many forms, is ever ready to fasten on literatures that have become polished, and on social coteries in whose culture the intellectual mode has any part; for there is a fashion in gentlemen's thoughts as in their cravats and waistcoats, — a ruling theory, a proper

temper of mind, an established canon of criticism, assented to like a code of manners as a basis whereon the half-savage but gregarious animal, man, may safely converse. And just as there is an eclique that dresses the body stylishly for the parlor, there is another that clothes the mind conventionally for the

dinner table. In London, during the years just before the Reform Bill, this species of the higher etiquette was languishingly romantic, as of late it has been languishingly picturesque; it was, like a mystery of the illuminated, the peculiar faith, the *bon ton*, of society. Byron was its high priest, Bulwer its neophyte, and, to carry out the figure, the young Disraeli its fanatic. Then the gilded youth had each outlived a passion, a crime, and an ambition, and as ocular proof thereof wore the cast garments of Lara, the shoon and scallop-shell of Harold; the maids, old and young, sighed for blighted affections in preference to happy love, and after dinner became lachrymose over the songs of Moore in the drawing-room. Now that Gladstone governs where Melbourne lolled, it seems a worm-eaten, theatrical mask, whose best use in history was to be the butt of Thackeray's banter. "What sort of a novel would Lady Caroline Lamb perpetrate today?" one involuntarily asks himself, as he reads of her sickly flirtations with the young-mannish Bulwer who was proud one day to wear Byron's ring, the public gyve of her lovers and chief sign of her favor, and sullen the next at finding the romance vapor away in a fiasco. In such hothouse society the precocious novelist grew up and tired, and early arrived at the cynicism that tempered his worldly wit, as well as at the knowledge of surfaces that gave *vraisemblance* and success to Pelham. All this — the artificiality, insincerity, affectation, not of manners, but of feeling, in a word the sentimentality of the fashionable coteries affected by literature — must be kept in mind in order to understand Bulwer's temptations, his brilliant entrance on his long career, and especially the sterling qualities of his mind and heart.

¹ *The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton.* By his son, the Earl of Lytton (OWEN MEREDITH). Vol. I. Au-

This autobiography,¹ with its supplementary letters, notes, fragments of novels, etc., begins, as is common since the discovery of the principle of heredity, at the root of the genealogical tree. The author had much of the pride of race, and he has gathered some entertainment out of his trunkful of old papers; but usually the family records are of more interest to himself than to his readers, though all the latter, by a curious lapse of his son's pen, are styled "his posterity." His maternal grandfather, the omnivorous, silent scholar, who in Dr. Parr's opinion was the first Latinist of the times, and second only to Porson in Greek and to Sir William Jones in Oriental tongues, was really worth description; for there were strong traits and fine humorous contrasts in the old bookworm, who, indeed, once attempted originality by beginning a drama in Hebrew, but abandoned the muse in disgust because he could not find Jews sufficiently versed in their own language to act in it, and at last, wearied with buried lore, "took the daughter of the vine to spouse" in the shape of an immense collection of the Spanish romances of chivalry. In the case of other ancestors, and especially in his mother's love affairs, Bulwer's own narrative is garrulous and in bad taste. Of himself he says but little, although he has written a good-sized book by the time he reaches his twenty-third year, when the autobiography stops.

One noticeable thing in this early period is that he was brought up by women. His father's death, when he was still a young child, left him a mother's boy, and her influence was the greater over him because he was removed from the company of his two brothers, and was never sent to a public school. He felt toward her a deep and grateful affection; but some part of his displeasing

tobiography. Vol. II. Biography. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1884.

peculiarities were probably due to this early seclusion from the intimate observation of men and the unrestrained criticism of the Etonians. He was a precocious child, but his mother was not a Cornelia. Obedience to parents was, in her creed, the first commandment, — upon it, as on a rock, two lovers and the happiness of her life had gone to pieces; the second was like unto it, — regard for the world, respectability. Of her mental calibre here is an illustration, and perhaps it is also a straw to show from what quarter the wind blew in the matter of Bulwer's foppishness: "The powdered locks; the double-breasted white waistcoat, with the muslin cravat in great bows, rising over a delicate pink silk kerchief, carelessly folded to answer the purpose of our modern undervest; the top-boots, shrunk half-way down the calf; and the broad-brimmed hat, set with easy impertinence on one side the head, — 'that,' said my poor mother, after finishing her description, 'that is what I call being well dressed!'" When Bulwer was advanced so far in childhood as to ask this guardian mother, "Pray, mamma, are you not sometimes overcome by the sense of your own identity?" she answered, "It is high time you should go to school, Teddy;" and, consequently, being nine years old, he went to Fulham, and was so shocked and so homesick that he was withdrawn in a fortnight, and after that was sent to other schools, which he left successively, as being too clever, too impetuous, or what not, until at one of these hostelries of learning he had his first, and it seems his last, love affair. The story is very dimly told: a youth of seventeen, a girl slightly older, walks in the green sequestered meadows by the Brent, a passionate parting, and then three years of repulsive marriage for the girl, with death at the end, and for the boy a touch of imaginative melancholy, growing deeper and tenderer as the man found he had missed wedded happiness,

— this is all; but from the frequency and the feeling with which Bulwer introduced the story alike into his earliest and latest novels, it was clearly one of the marked and lasting experiences of his life.

From school to Cambridge was only a matter of routine; and from Cambridge, where he had made a mark as a debater and poet beside Praed (who was then to the university what Byron was to the world), he naturally went to Paris and authorship, with an adventure in gypsy life, a flirtation with Lady Caroline, and much perfumed correspondence, half gallant, half literary, for incidents by the way. He had already published very early some volumes of imitative verse, and thereby had occasioned a flattering exchange of letters with Dr. Parr, in one of which that learned man indites thus wondrously to the versifier of eighteen: "Although in our politics we differ widely, yet I feel a pure, and I had almost said a holy, satisfaction in contemplating the moral properties of your mind." One queries whether or not the good old man felt the same "holy satisfaction" when he read Falkland, the first result of these "moral properties" in literature. Pelham followed, and laid the foundation of Bulwer's fame. He married, published three more novels, became editor of the *New Monthly*, and returned to the Reform Parliament. At this point, in May, 1831, when he was twenty-eight years old, the present installment of the work closes.

Before the reader has advanced far, he perceives that the Earl of Lytton has invented a new scheme for writing biography, and, if it can be kept up to a certain level of accomplishment, a highly entertaining one. In his lifetime Bulwer was thought to be his own hero, and with this assumption his son so far agrees as to assert that he used his own experiences very patently in his fictions; but Bulwer probably did not foresee the

ease with which the process could be reversed, and his novels turned into a biography by a copious use of his fragmentary manuscripts. This seems to be the purpose of his son. Bulwer is set before the world in the midst of the society in which he lived, the manners and characters of it being painted by his own hand, while his own part of hero, — Lionel Hastings, De Lindsay, Glenallan, Greville, — when not sufficiently defined by itself, is elucidated by letters or other ordinary biographical material. In this way the work gains merely as a story through Bulwer's really fine literary faculty; and he himself gains as a man through the judicious and timely disclosures and comments of his son. He remains the witty and brilliant man of the world, as he expressed himself in his characters, and he becomes in addition a more estimable man than he has been hitherto regarded. His conduct toward his mother, who violently opposed his marriage, and entirely broke with him on account of it, thereby depriving him of her pecuniary resources, on which he was practically dependent, was highly honorable. He engaged himself because he thought his future wife's affections too deeply interested to be rejected, and he married with a full knowledge of the distressing circumstances of alienation from his mother and of limited means in his household which would supervene; after he had thus done what he thought was his duty, — for his passions were apparently not strongly aroused, — he left no manly means untried to obtain reconciliation; and when that was at last arranged, he refused for a long time the money which his mother would have allowed him, because he felt that such an obligation was subject to misconception. Throughout the affair the consideration of loss or gain of property seems not to have weighed in his mind. He gains, too, by the mere revelation of the industry with which, as his biographer puts it, he fed the wa-

ters of oblivion through many obscure channels. Incessant labor, downright hard work, was involved in composing the hundreds of anonymous articles, by means of which he made enough money to pay his way, while still much under thirty, and living at such a high rate that the income of the four thousand pounds he owned was but a slight help. He had always been diligent; his boyish note-books show an active and wide curiosity about institutions, politics, and history, as well as society. Something of his grandfather's polyglot spirit had descended on him, for what his son says is quite true: "Certainly no other novelist of my father's own age and country has bestowed upon the enrichment and elevation of his art anything like the same opulence of literary knowledge." The novels themselves are not better than those of his contemporaries on this account, but the man himself is more highly accredited. One is glad that Thackeray withdrew with frank apology his satire in *Fraser's*, as being written under an erroneous idea of the author's character.

Unfortunately, Bulwer's defects were those most easily perceived and most exposed to the ridicule of sensible men; and, besides, his youthful judgment was not always good. He himself, in later days, suppressed *Falkland* as liable to have an immoral tendency, while still disavowing any immoral motive in its composition. Paul Clifford, it seems, was meant to help on reform in the penal code and in prison discipline. *Pelham* was mainly satirical, and intended to work against the Byronic ideal. Such assertions will surprise some readers, for certainly it is not any ethic purpose that gives life to his novels; but (to confine our remarks to *Pelham*) the precocious knowledge of the world, the wit, the cynicism of the first disillusionment, — this is the secret of their attraction. It is, perhaps, more pleasing to learn of the moral aim of an author

when it would not be easily discovered except by himself. Bulwer plainly considered that he did something of consequence in rendering antiquated the sentimental fashion then prevalent, of which we have said he was the neophyte. As sometimes happens, the neophyte apostatized. He could not, however, quite free himself from the taint of the school in which he was bred, as easily recognizable in these fresh, youthful manuscripts as in the novels of his first period. One of these fragments, *De Lindsay*, was printed years ago, in 1832, in *The Ambitious Student*, a fact of which the Earl of Lytton seems ignorant; at least, he publishes it as if for the first time. In themselves these literary remains add nothing, of course, to Bulwer's accomplishment; the libraries will have more of the same old piece, that is all. Nor, however much more highly Bulwer's character is rated for sense,

manliness, intellectual vigor, and moral purpose, can it be granted as yet that his early novels are substantially excellent. Even by their satire, by their very repulsion from the people they criticise, they are still essentially bound up with that society, and share in the affectation, hollowness, morbid and forced feeling, that characterized the literary age which Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot have made so remote from the present. Bulwer was in some respects of a finer strain than his companions, but he could not escape from among them.

It is to be hoped that the remaining volumes of this work will raise Bulwer's reputation for manliness as much as these initial ones; but some one should suggest to the Earl of Lytton that footnotes in such pages do not afford a proper platform for political sneers at Gladstone and the liberals.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I HAVE in mind that old saying of Lysander, "Where the lion's skin falls short, it must be eked out with the fox's,"—a saying which, I confess, I never much admired, though it has pleased my elders and betters, and has often served them well when they have been recommending the adoption of some politic measure. I have nothing to do with Lysander's application of his precept, but I find it hard to believe that a genuine hero could bring himself to put on this patchwork suit of leonine and vulpine characteristics. Even if he consented to do so, it seems doubtful whether the discomfiture he might experience would not exceed all the advantage derived from the mixed garb. If I had resolved to act the lion, I should not like to be harried by the fox-

hunters, as I should expect to be if I had eked out the garment of my valor according to Lysander's instructions.

It may be a wasteful outlay of feeling, but I cannot help pitying, in some degree, those persons who, by reason of their superior shrewdness, or faculty of vigilance and suspicion, are supposed to be further removed from harm's way than the generality of human beings. Of such a one it is often remarked, "Ah, but he is long-headed!" and a sigh goes with the comment, sometimes, as though the speaker felt it to be matter of regret that his own head was not of the maximum length. I cannot fully explain why I compassionate the shrewd person: it may be for the reason that he seems never to have been young, having always been shrewd (and youth

and shrewdness are seldom road companions); it may be because I see in his eye connoisseurship of the things which are least lovely and faith-inspiring in human nature,—traits which I, gifted with less acute discernment, have happily overlooked. The knowledge that he has never tasted the sweetness of generous trust in those around him touches the springs of pity; besides, the impression is somehow gained that his position is one of peculiar insecurity and risk. Were he sure of meeting only those of his own order, the suspicious and sinuous minded, he might never come to grief. Subtly matched in encounter with its own kind acquires greater strength and suppleness; but it has its moments of being “off guard,” its lapses from activity, and then it is very vulnerable: a random pebble flung by an unconscious David suffices for its undoing. Sir Giles Overreach, after a thousand sharp practices, is himself hoodwinked and trapped at last.

“The cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft overreached.”

Even in our homely experience it is seen that Nemesis lies in wait for all such as think to drive a sharp bargain with their fellow mortal. I know of a woman who prides herself on her ability to “beat down” the shopkeepers of the village, and whom nothing so much delights as to buy, if possible, a little cheaper than her neighbors. Deluded soul! she does not know what pains are taken to gratify her propensity; but how should she guess that upon her appearance in a shop prices are always somewhat advanced, in order that a few cents may be thrown off in her favor, the shopkeeper at the same time incurring no loss!

It may be that I have a weak sense of the beauty of retributive justice; but however that may be, the spectacle of a shrewd and crafty nature in defeat affords me no pleasure. I imagine that

such a nature, when baffled and undone, is overtaken by an intolerable atheistic despair. Perhaps I imagine this because of a theory I have that the ways of the sleep-walker, the child, and the under-witted are directly supervised by Providence, but that the over-wary soul is left to shift for itself; which if it cannot do by means of preternatural gifts, its fortunes are no concern to Providence.

—One night last winter I gradually became aware that conversation was being carried on in my room. I listened, with no such uneasiness as is usually inspired by a nocturnal disturbance; on the contrary, the fine, clear, musical tones proceeding from near the window were particularly pleasing to my ear and fancy. I could not see the speakers (two in number), but supposed them to be concealed by the curtain that hung before the window. As I afterwards fell asleep, my recollection of what I heard is not very complete, but the dialogue, as I remember it, was in the following vein:—

“Come, come, old friend and fellow, you have been in Arcadia; I have not, you know. Now tell me, does my picture appeal to you? Are these trees, sedges, and flowers like those you have seen in that blessed country? But wait a moment. I will just poise a butterfly on the foremost blossom of my nymph’s wild-rose crown, and I will put a wreath of pomegranate flowers around the neck of the lamb which the shepherd is presenting her. There! all these light touches help to tell the story. But you are silent.”

“My dear Jack, what shall I say? The form of beauty is indeed here, the drawing is faultless, and many a sweet thought worthy of your elfin genius appears in the details; but”—

“But what?”

“Color, warmth, life,—these are not here!”

“Alas, I know they are not: but re-

member my scant opportunities. I was never in Arcadia."

"But you *are* in Thule: is there nothing here to paint?"

"There might be for another; for me there is not. I paint from my dreams, and my dreams are all of the summer and the South. I am forbidden those happy regions, kept here in rigorous exile; so I set my imagination to work to compensate me for the deprivation I am doomed to suffer. You, who can range where you will, should not deny me the pleasures of imagination."

"A pine-tree loved a palm" —

"Ah, how well I know that pine-tree and that palm! I know all those who sing the songs of this human world, now sleeping. They and I are close kin, though they may not choose to recognize the tie. I feel for them, but they do not think of me."

"You speak of the poets. In what respect do you find they resemble you?"

"In this: they, too, have dreamed of Paradise, and all their care is to reproduce their lovely visions; they, too, bring their themes from far, spurning the near-at-hand and the familiar. Whatever they lack and most desire, that they strive to supply by methods not unlike my own. I have not seen the summer streams, the flowers and the grass, the winged creatures that live and rejoice in the sunshine; but out of my longing to visit the world which they adorn, out of my fancy, and with the aid of the hearsay that is always abroad in the air, I have produced these pale and transient semblances. Do you think I am satisfied with what I have done? Neither are those other artificers satisfied with their work."

"I wonder you do not address a sympathetic message to them."

"I have already done so; and if you will bring your taper a little nearer you may read for yourself. The writing is interwoven with the grass blades at the feet of the nymph.

"Thou mortal, who mayst scan this picture sheen,
Scorn not the artist, though thou blame his art:
His touch is cold, but white fire warms his heart;
Thou, too," —

"Hush! I think we are overheard."

The voices ceasing, I soon fell asleep. In the morning, drawing back the curtain with purpose to read the interrupted verse, to my great disappointment I found the window-panes were like plain ground glass; not a trace of nymph and shepherd, not a hint of glyphic writing. Shrewd pair, — Frost and Moonshine!

— Mr. Franklin Johnson, of Cambridge, has printed for private circulation an English version, in double rhymes, of the *Dies Iræ*. He very modestly says in his scholarly preface, "Perhaps the *Dies Iræ* will not take a permanent place among English hymns till some one shall choose from the many translations the best stanza of each, and shall weave his selections together. I venture to hope, as the utmost height of my anticipation, that when such a final version shall appear a few of my lines may be found in it."

It was at this passage that I chanced to open the little volume, and I instantly said to myself, "This person has likely enough produced an exceptionally fine version of the *Dies Iræ*, for such modesty does not go hand in hand with poor performance." I was wholly right, for Mr. Johnson's translation of the famous mediæval canticle deserves, as a whole, to rank with the best three translations we have, and in special stanzas it is quite incomparable.

The mob of gentlemen who write with ease, and will turn you off a copy of verses in the twinkling of an eye, may take a lesson from Mr. Johnson, whose work is the result of fifteen years of thought and study. The difficulties to be overcome in anything like an adequate English reproduction of the Latin hymn are admirably set forth in Mr. Johnson's preliminary essay and the notes which follow the text. These

notes are particularly interesting and valuable, showing what a critical and conscientious mood the translator brought to his task. I wonder that so careful a critic should commit the same error for which he arraigns Mr. Dix. Mr. Johnson's "splendor" and "tender" (in the eighth stanza) are quite as inadmissible as Mr. Dix's "morning" and "dawning" in his version of the first triplet. Mr. Johnson points out that Mr. Dix introduced this cockney rhyme into the *second* edition of his translation:—

"Day of vengeance, lo! that morning
On the earth in ashes dawning,
David with the Sibyl warning"—

a poor substitute for the stanza which he first wrote:—

"Day of vengeance, without morrow!
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from Saint and Seer we borrow."

This last line is a rather free paraphrase; but the preservation of the "David cum Sibylla" was scarcely worth while, at the expense of the feeblest rhyme in the English language.

— One day last February I received a little note, in beautifully formed and almost microscopic characters, signed "Alphonse Daudet," in which the famous novelist expressed a desire that an eminent American novelist, at that time staying in Paris, should be brought to see him. Alphonse Daudet offered a cup of tea, and around the tea-table "a dozen persons, — Goncourt, Zola, Coppée, Loti the sailor; . . . not many people, *mais de la haute gomme littéraire*." The American writer needed but little introduction: when he entered the modest bandbox-like apartment that Daudet occupies on a fourth floor, overlooking the garden of the Luxembourg, Edmond de Goncourt, Zola, and Daudet all remembered to have seen him formerly at Gustave Flaubert's Sunday receptions, where our countryman — whom for the sake of convenience we will call Mr. X — was frequently to be met with, when he was living in Paris, some years ago.

"Why, I have known you a hundred and fifty years!" exclaimed Daudet, with his southern expansiveness and exaggeration. And then began a long talk on literature, Mr. X having expressed to Daudet an immense admiration of his exquisite talent.

"What happiness," said Mr. X, "what joy, you must feel in writing, in composing your works, in all those finds, those *trouvailles*, of phrases and epithets!"

Daudet listened eagerly, nervously twirling the two points of his silky beard, his eye sparkling behind the fixed eyeglass, and with an expression of extreme attention on his worn, fine, delicate features, much drawn and yellowed and ravaged by incessant intellectual work. "My dear sir," replied Daudet, with warmth, "you are mistaken. I work with pain and misery, and I always feel that I have left the best in the inkstand. Beware of the literary fools who are always satisfied; the men who come up to you, rubbing their hands, and saying, 'Ah, my dear fellow, I am happy: I have just written a chapter, — the best thing I have done!' and then go and dine, happy. It is not the idea of a book, it is not the plan, the conception, that troubles me. I observe, I study, I brood over every detail of the proposed work. But when I come to put down my book on paper, then begin the tortures, the torments, of style. I don't know whether it is so in your language or not."

"Yes," replied Mr. X, "I know what you mean. We take less pains with our style than the French writers. We are less observant; our observation is less fine, less rich in shades and refinements and delicacies."

"Really?" said Daudet. "Ah, but if you only knew how unobservant most Frenchmen are! A man will travel with you, or take a walk with you, and afterwards, when you begin to talk with him about what you have seen, you will sud-

denly find him looking at you with a smile that betrays him: he has seen nothing! He thinks that you are a humbug. The other day an old acquaintance of mine returned from Australia, after five years' sojourn there. I asked him to tell me all about what he had seen: how people lived there; what the country was like, and the trees, and the towns, and the houses. All I could get out of him was this: 'Guess how much a pound of potatoes costs!' The poor devil had seen absolutely nothing, and the only thing that had struck him was the extreme dearth of potatoes."

"I understand; quite so," said Mr. X. "I have frequently remarked that in the English, who are constantly traveling and running about, and who rarely see anything in the course of their travels, and can talk about nothing but comparative hotel accommodation. Nevertheless, it seems to me that the average Frenchman is infinitely sharper in his observation than the average Englishman or American: he takes in more details; he is more appreciative of *nuances* and shades; he is finer, more delicate; and, for me, the proof lies in the wonderful richness of the French language in epithets expressive of the greatest variety and minuteness of variation."

Daudet, then returning to the theme of the pain and torture that his writing cost him, dwelt particularly on the condition of his material, namely, language. "The material is so worn out," he remarked: "everything has been said again and again; every theme has been exploited. There are quantities of subjects and situations and psychological states that we can no longer touch upon: we can no longer touch upon love and sentiment enveloped in nature; we can no longer talk about the influence of flowers, of landscape, of sea and sky. The public finds that kind of thing worn out, threadbare, done for. 'We dare not sing more of roses,' Sully-Prudhomme has said, in one of his

poems; and I assure you the poet's cry is one that has profoundly touched us. Then when we have found something new, some fresh combination, we arrive at the expression of it with infinite torment and suffering, and always with that horrible consciousness of having left the best part unwritten. And that combination having been treated, we can never return to it again. The public may forget, but the artist cannot repeat himself, and hash up the same thing again. It is the same with epithets. In a previous page we may have found the right epithet, the word that calls up the precise image; and then when we wish to reproduce a similar effect we cannot employ the same method, we cannot repeat ourselves, and in order to avoid rehashing we use, to our sorrow, some other phrase, less good and less appropriate. Every sentence in our books is wrought with pain and torment. There is no happiness, no joy, in it. The torture of style kills all that. Is it not so, Zola?" he asked, turning to the author of the *Assommoir*, who was sitting with his wife and Madame Daudet, and talking about the less absorbing topic of embroidery and silk.

"Yes," replied Zola. "It is a sad trade, — *C'est un triste métier*. The only happiness is when you are beginning, when you are planning. But when you have attained your object, when success comes, there is an end of happiness. Torture and misery all the time!"

It was curious to hear these men, Goncourt, Zola, and Daudet, the most celebrated men in modern French literature, all agreeing on the painfulness and misery of the exercise of their talent. It was curious, too, to remark how they attributed their torments to the preoccupation of style, — a question to which few of our Anglo-Saxon literary men pay much heed, or even understand. The Anglo-Saxon writer is rarely an artist, and many of our greatest writers have not been artists in the way the

modern Frenchmen are, and in the way the Frenchmen of the eighteenth century were. The public and most critics do not make any distinction between writers who are artists and those who are not. From the French point of view, when a man, however gifted he may be, concerns himself only with the matter he is treating or the thing he is relating; when he does not feel conscious that the veritable literary power is not in a fact, but in the manner of presenting and expressing that fact, he has not the sense of art. The profound and delicious enjoyment that invades you in presence of certain pages and certain phrases does not come simply from what those phrases say; it comes from an absolute accordance of the expression with the idea, — from a sensation of harmony, of secret beauty, that generally escapes the judgment of the profane crowd. It is the pursuit of this high, mysterious beauty, the search for this soul of words, that appears on contact with other words, and bursts forth and illumines the page with an unanalyzable, subtle light, that forms the constant care and study of the modern French novelists. They are perpetually toiling and moiling and racking their brains to find *the* word, the one and only word, verb, epithet, or phrase, that is the perfect and absolute expression of the thing. Then there is the besetting conviction that they have come too late in a world too old; they have present in their thoughts the immense stores of French literature, and the image of that poor and splendid French language, worn and torn by centuries of usage, — those verbs and epithets that have served and served over again, until they have become insupportably commonplace. “Ah,” exclaimed Daudet, the other night, “how I used to envy the calm serenity of Tourguéneff, working in a field and in a language the white snow of which had so few footprints! He had only to walk ahead; every step left a footprint that you could see!

With us, it is like walking over a shingle strand: we have to move boulders and rocks and cliffs in order to leave our mark.”

Another thing that strikes one in encountering French literary men of the highest grade — a point, too, which struck Mr. X in his talks with Daudet, Zola, and Goncourt — is the Chinese quality of their existence. They see very little beyond their art; their observation, delicate and complete as it is in a sense, is not very wide, and by no means coextensive with modern French life. To put the matter in a few words, French provincial life is entirely neglected by the modern writers; and of Parisian life the corrupt and often the ignoble aspects seem to captivate their attention, principally. This is of course putting the case too strongly; but without entering into lengthy details it is difficult to add the necessary qualifications to the statement, and to enumerate the exceptions. The point I am coming to is this: the modern French literary men, especially the novelists, are mostly men of humble origin, who have come to Paris and made their way by sheer force of talent, after passing through an epoch of Bohemianism. The life of the students in the Latin Quarter has no elements of social refinement; there is no life in common, no communication with the professors, no humanizing and polishing influence, such as are found in the English universities, for instance. The young Frenchman leads a free-and-easy café life, into which it is best not curiously to inquire. This existence continues when the student or provincial débutant enters the journalistic career, the invariable preface of the French literary career. Except in rare cases, decent society is closed to him until he has made himself more or less of a reputation. Then, after his first success, he will find certain literary salons open to him, and these salons form stepping-stones to other houses. But, in point

of fact, he seldom avails himself of his opportunities, and the explanation is simple: The literary man, accustomed to his loose Bohemian life, has not acquired the polish and tact necessary to secure him an agreeable position in society; he feels himself ill at ease in talking with society ladies; he does not understand them, and he may perhaps despise them; he has not the social culture that enables him to bring out his unquestionable intellectual superiority, and he feels irritated on that account; at any rate, coming late into society, and finding its ways new and strange, he is embarrassed and uncomfortable, and generally throws society overboard. The consequence is that he excludes from his field of observation a very large portion of contemporary life, and that not the least interesting, and limits his vision to the mixed society that occupies the front seats in the *external* life of Paris, in all its varieties, — political life, theatrical life, boulevard and club life, high and low vice, and the middle-class life, which he knows about more or less, owing to his original social position.

I make an exception of Edmond de Goncourt, who was an aristocrat before he became a novelist and historian; but it is a mistake to think that either Daudet or Zola goes into society. Zola lives like a hermit, in his country house at Medan, nine months out of the

twelve, — sulky, lumpy, and uncommunicative; and when he comes to Paris he visits none but his literary friends. Daudet, likewise, is never encountered in any but purely literary gatherings. He receives few but literary men at his own house, and at the houses of Paileron, Charcot, Madame Adam, and of his publisher, Charpentier, — almost the only houses where he goes, — he meets no one but authors and artists; and the talk is eternally and uniquely of literature and style, and the comparison of this man's talent and that man's talent. As Daudet said the other night, their whole existence is in the printed book; they live by it, and on it, and in it.

The preoccupation of style is laudable in the highest degree. Style, as Théophile Gautier has said, is the enamel that renders eternal the work that it covers. Only, it is to be feared that with their close Chinese life, their tendency to study the warts rather than the beauties of man, their neglect of large classes of contemporary life, and above all their absorbing care for form, the modern French novelists are not getting hold of that large humanity which is alone eternally interesting. The minute and exquisite fineness of their work may end by belittling their brains, until they finally become in literature what the Japanese are in art: incomparable, if you will, but incomparable in a very narrow way.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Theology and Philosophy. The Unity of Nature, by the Duke of Argyll (Putnam's), is apparently intended to bridge the logical gulf between the author's *Reign of Law* and his as yet unwritten work on *Law in Christian Theology*. He has sought to find a standing place from which to consider the relations of man to God, and thinks he has found it in the unity of nature. Once having demonstrated that, he is prepared to consider the question of man as the Great Exception. His whole system of thought is constructive, and has thus, at the outset, the sympathy of all those

who are unwilling to base their philosophy on the non-existence of whatever has been consciously most elemental. — *Creation, or Biblical Cosmogony* in the light of modern science, by Arnold Guyot (Scribners), is a work prepared by the eminent author just before his death. It comes as a bequest to his many admirers, and is the more welcome that it presents in compact form views which he has been offering, in one form or another, for the past forty years. It is in effect a scientific exposition of the order of creation as laid down in *Genesis*, rather than an attempt to press the terms of

that order into scientific use. — In President McCosh's Philosophic Series (Scribners), the fifth part is devoted to Locke's Theory of Knowledge, with a notice of Berkeley. It is rather historical than critical in treatment. — The Revelations of Common Sense, by Antipodes (E. W. Allen, London), is in form a dialogue of four hundred and fifty pages, between a semi-idiotic vicar of the Church of England and a self-sufficient being who calls himself Common Sense. As Common Sense created the vicar and his feebleness of intellect, it may be judged how much there was left for the creator. The subject of the book is religion and morals, and the world will still have both when these two disputers have gone their way.

History and Biography. — The Hessians and the Other German Auxiliaries of Great Britain in the Revolutionary War, by Edward J. Lowell (Harpers), is a historical study, more exhaustive than Professor Greene's *The German Element in the War for Independence*. Mr. Lowell has incorporated a good part of the Baroness Riedesel's Memoirs, and has aimed to make his book a narrative as well as a critical study. It is not too severe a book for general reading. — Mr. Justin McCarthy, whose *History of Our Own Times* has been so serviceable, has now abridged the work, and published it under the title *A Short History of Our Own Times* (Harpers), which has the readable qualities of the larger work. — The new and portable edition of Dean Stanley's works (Scribners) is continued by his *History of the Jewish Church*, of which the first volume has reached us. An admirable portrait of the author is prefixed. — *Life and Times of the Right Hon. John Bright*, by William Robertson (Cassell), is a newspaper article of nearly six hundred octavo pages. — *The Creators of the Age of Steel*, by W. T. Jeans (Scribners), is a collection of biographical chapters, devoted to Bessemer, Siemens, Whitworth, Sir John Brown, Thomas, and Snelus, and the inventions which have had so extraordinary an influence on material civilization. — The Appletons have issued the fourth volume of their new edition of Bancroft's *History of the United States of America*. The work, which is to be comprised in twelve volumes, has been carefully revised by the author. — *The Conquest of England*, by John Richard Green (Harpers), is a valuable work, in spite of the fact that the author did not live to give it the final revision. Nothing could be more pathetic than Mrs. Green's account of the manner in which this book and the companion history, *The Making of England*, were written. After reading that simply told story of heroism, one cannot look without emotion on the refined, heaven-lighted face which forms the frontispiece of the volume.

Fiction. The *Miz Maze*, or *The Winkworth Puzzle*, a story in letters by nine authors. (Macmillan.) Miss Yonge, Miss Peard, and Florence Wilford are the best known names of the nine authors, all of whom are ladies. The distribution of parts to the nine is not indicated. The reader is left to guess that. Whatever may be gained by such a device, we doubt if the difficulty of securing individuality in letters, when written by one person in the name of several, is so very great as the projectors of the volume seem to have imag-

ined. We suspect the book afforded more entertainment to the writers than it will to the reader.

— *Her Washington Season*, by Jeanie Gould Lincoln (Osgood), is also in the form of letters, but the form is all. The story is told by this means; but surely the most infatuated women do not pour out their love secrets in this way, observing all the rules of conversation and quotation. In an autobiographical story much may be forgiven, but when letters are made the vehicle of a story a closer approach to reality seems necessary. As to Washington society, Mrs. Lincoln hints more or less vaguely at public characters, but apparently says nothing that is not born of charity. — *Called Back*, by Hugh Conway, is a recent volume of the *Leisure Hour Series* (Holt), in which an ingenious incident is made to furnish a mystery with no key to the lock. The finding of the key carries the story-teller on long journeyings to Italy and Russia, and the reader goes with him contentedly. — *Cecil's Summer*, by E. B. Hollis (T. Y. Crowell, New York), is a pleasantly told religious tale, in which the summer boarder figures in a different style from what we have chiefly been accustomed to in literature. — *Pilgrim Sorrow, a Cycle of Tales*, by Carmen Sylva (Holt), is a translation by Helen Zimmern of a work by Queen Elizabeth of Roumania. The Queen was a German princess, who was at home in a tiny principality. Her early life was one of family trouble, and her married life was broken by the death of a child. She has thrown her experience into the form of a half-allegorical tale. The sentiment is pure and misty. A certain beauty of form may be discovered, but one needs to have had a long course of training in German mysticism to care greatly for the book. — *The Register* (Osgood) is a witty little farce, in which Mr. Howells has made the register of our modern civilization as useful as a nun's grating once was to mediæval romancers. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library, the latest numbers are *The New Abelard*, by Robert Buchanan; *Pretty Miss Neville*, by B. M. Croker; and *Red Riding Hood*, by Fanny E. Millet Nottley. — *The Vicar of Wakefield*, edited by Austin Dobson, and *English Comic Dramatists*, with introduction and notes by Oswald Crawford, are the two latest additions to the *Parchment Series*. (D. Appleton & Co.) In point of variety, choiceness of selection, and intelligent editing, this series of beautifully printed little books is quite without a rival.

Literary Criticism. *English Poetesses*, by Eric S. Robertson (Cassell), is a series of critical biographies, with illustrative extracts. Mr. Robertson reaches the conclusion that the best poetesses are inferior to the best poets, but he keeps his conclusion chiefly to his introduction, and is not devoid of sympathy as he proceeds to sketch the career of the various ladies who have climbed Parnassus with skirts in their hands. — *French Poets and Novelists* (Macmillan & Co.) is a new edition of Mr. Henry James's delightful volume published in 1878. The text has been reset, but not very carefully revised; De Musset being inaccurately quoted on pages 23 and 25, as in the original edition. It is to be regretted that Mr. James has not added to his paper on the *Théâtre Français* the long-promised chapter on Sarah Bernhardt.